LIVES
OF THE
POETS

VOL. 5
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THE

LIVES

OF THE

POETS

OF

Great-Britain and *Ireland*.

By Mr. CIBBER, and other Hands.

VOL. V.

LONDON:

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. MDCCLIII.

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THE LIVES OF THE POETS.

EUSTACE BUDGELL, Esq;

WAS the eldest son of Gilbert Budgell, D. D. of St. Thomas near Exeter, by his first wife Mary, the only daughter of Dr. William Gulston, bishop of Bristol; whose sister Jane married dean Addison, and was mother to the famous Mr. Addison the secretary of state. This family of Budgell is very old, and has been settled, and known in Devonshire above 200 years *.

* See Budgell's Letter to Cleomenes, Appendix p. 79.

Euſtace was born about the year 1685, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf very ſoon at ſchool, from whence he was removed early to Chriſt's Church College in Oxford, where he was entered a gentleman commoner. He ſtaid ſome years in that univerſity, and afterwards went to London, where, by his father's directions, he was entered of the Inner-Temple, in order to be bred to the Bar, for which his father had always intended him: but inſtead of the Law, he followed his own inclinations, which carried him to the ſtudy of polite literature, and to the company of the genteeleſt people in town. This proved unlucky; for the father, by degrees, grew uneaſy at his ſon's not getting himſelf called to the Bar, nor properly applying to the Law, according to his reiterated directions and requeſt; and the ſon complained of the ſtrictneſs and inſufficiency of his father's allowance, and conſtantly urged the neceſſity of his living like a gentleman, and of his ſpending a great deal of money. During this ſtay, however, at the Temple, Mr. Budgell made a ſtrict intimacy and friendſhip with Mr. Addiſon, who was firſt couſin to his mother; and this laſt gentleman being appointed, in the year 1710, ſecretary to lord Wharton, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, he made an offer to his friend Euſtace of going with him as one of the clerks in his office. The propoſal being advantageous, and Mr. Budgell being then on bad terms with his father, and abſolutely unqualified for the practice of the Law, it was readily accepted. Nevertheleſs, for fear of his father's diſapprobation of it, he never communicated his deſign to him 'till the very night of his ſetting out for Ireland, when he wrote him a letter to inform him at once of his reſolution and journey. This was in the beginning of April 1710, when he was about twenty five years of age. He had by this time read the claſſics, the moſt reputed hiſto-

historians, and all the best French, English, or Italian writers. His apprehension was quick, his imagination fine, and his memory remarkably strong; though his greatest commendations were a very genteel address, a ready wit and an excellent elocution, which shewed him to advantage wherever he went. There was, notwithstanding, one principal defect in his disposition, and this was an infinite vanity, which gave him so insufferable a presumption, as led him to think that nothing was too much for his capacity, nor any preferment, or favour, beyond his deserts. Mr. Addison's fondness for him perhaps increased this disposition, as he naturally introduced him into all the company he kept, which at that time was the best, and most ingenious in the two kingdoms. In short, they lived and lodged together, and constantly followed the lord lieutenant into England at the same time.

It was now that Mr. Budgell commenced author, and was partly concerned with Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Addison in writing the Tatler. The Spectators being set on foot in 1710-11, Mr. Budgell had likewise a share in them, as all the papers marked with an X may easily inform the reader, and indeed the eighth volume was composed by Mr. Addison and himself *, without the assistance of Sir Richard Steele. The speculations of our author were generally liked, and Mr. Addison was frequently complimented upon the ingenuity of his kinsman. About the same time he wrote an epilogue to the Distress'd Mother †, which had a greater run than any thing of that kind ever had before, and has had this peculiar regard shewn to it since, that now, above thirty years afterwards, it is generally spoke at the representation of that

* See The Bee, vol. ii. p. 854.

† 'Till then it was usual to discontinue an epilogue after the sixth night. But this was called for by the audience, and continued for the whole run of this play: Budgell did not scruple to sit in the pit, and call for it himself.

play. Several little epigrams and ſongs, which have a good deal of wit in them, were alſo written by Mr. Budgell near this period of time, all which, together with the known affection of Mr. Addiſon for him, raiſed his character ſo much, as to make him be very generally known and talked of.

His father's death in 1711 threw into his hands all the eſtates of the family, which were about 950 l. a year, although they were left incumbered with ſome debts, as his father was a man of pride and ſpirit, kept a coach and ſix, and always lived beyond his income, notwithſtanding his ſpiritual preferments, and the money he had received with his wives. Dr. Budgell had been twice married, and by his firſt lady left five children living after him, three of whom were ſons, Euſtace, our author, Gilbert, a Clergyman, and William, the fellow of New College in Oxford. By his laſt wife (who was Mrs. Forteſcue, mother to the late maſter of the rolls, and who ſurvived him) he had no iſſue. Notwithſtanding this acceſs of fortune, Mr. Budgell in no wiſe altered his manner of living; he was at ſmall expence about his perſon, ſtuck very cloſe to buſineſs, and gave general ſatisfaction in the diſcharge of his office.

Upon the laying down of the Spectator, the Guardian was ſet up, and in this work our author had a hand along with Mr. Addiſon and Sir Richard Steele. In the preface it is ſaid, thoſe papers marked with an aſteriſk are by Mr. Budgell.

In the year 1713 he publiſhed a very elegant tranſlation of Theophraſtus's Characters, which Mr. Addiſon in the Lover ſays, 'is the beſt verſion 'extant of any ancient author in the Engliſh lan-'guage.' It was dedicated to the lord Hallifax, who was the greateſt patron our author ever had, and with whom he always lived in the greateſt intimacy.

Mr.

Mr. Budgell having regularly made his progreſs in the ſecretary of ſtate's office in Ireland; upon the arrival of his late Majeſty in England, was appointed under ſecretary to Mr. Addiſon, and chief ſecretary to the Lords Juſtices of Ireland. He was made likewiſe deputy clerk of the council in that kingdom, and ſoon after choſe member of the Iriſh parliament, where he became a very good ſpeaker. The poſt of under ſecretary is reckoned worth 1500 l. a year, and that of deputy clerk to the council 250 l. a year. Mr. Budgell ſet out for Ireland the 8th of October, 1714, officiated in his place in the privy council the 14th, took poſſeſſion of the ſecretary's office, and was immediately admitted ſecretary to the Lords Juſtices. In the ſame year at a public entertainment at the Inns of Court in Dublin, he, with many people of diſtinction, was made an honorary bencher. At his firſt entering upon the ſecretary's place, after the removal of the tories on the acceſſion of his late Majeſty, he lay under very great difficulties; all the former clerks of his office refuſing to ſerve, all the books with the form of buſineſs being ſecreted, and every thing thrown into the utmoſt confuſion; yet he ſurmounted theſe difficulties with very uncommon reſolution, aſſiduity, and ability, to his great honour and applauſe.

Within a twelvemonth of his entering upon his employments, the rebellion broke out, and as, for ſeveral years (during all the abſences of the lord lieutenant) he had diſcharged the office of ſecretary of ſtate, and as no tranſport office at that time ſubſiſted, he was extraordinarily charged with the care of the embarkation, and the providing of ſhipping (which is generally the province of a field-officer) for all the troops to be tranſported to Scotland. However, he went through this extenſive and unuſual complication of buſineſs, with great exactneſs and ability, and with very ſingu-

lar diſintereſtedneſs, for he took no extraordinary ſervice money on this account, nor any gratuity, or fees for any of the commiſſions which paſſed through his office for the colonels and officers of militia then raiſing in Ireland. The Lords Juſtices preſſed him to draw up a warrant for a very handſome preſent, on account of his great zeal, and late extraordinary pains (for he had often ſat up whole nights in his office) but he very genteely and firmly refuſed it.

Mr. Addiſon, upon becoming principal ſecretary of ſtate in England in 1717, procured the place of accomptant and comptroller general of the revenue in Ireland for Mr. Budgell, which is worth 400 l. a year, and might have had him for his under ſecretary, but it was thought more expedient for his Majeſty's ſervice, that Mr. Budgell ſhould continue where he was. Our author held theſe ſeveral places until the year 1718, at which time the duke of Bolton was appointed lord lieutenant. His grace carried one Mr. Edward Webſter over with him (who had been an under clerk in the Treaſury) and made him a privy counſellor and his ſecretary. This gentleman, 'twas ſaid, inſiſted upon the quartering a friend on the under ſecretary, which produced a miſunderſtanding between them; for Mr. Budgell poſitively declared, he would never ſubmit to any ſuch condition whilſt he executed the office, and affected to treat Mr. Webſter himſelf, his education, abilities, and family, with the utmoſt contempt. He was indiſcreet enough, prior to this, to write a lampoon, in which the lord lieutenant was not ſpared: he would publiſh it (ſo fond was he of this brat of his brain) in oppoſition to Mr. Addiſon's opinion, who ſtrongly perſuaded him to ſuppreſs it; as the publication, Mr. Addiſon ſaid, could neither ſerve his intereſt, or reputation. Hence many diſcontents aroſe between them, 'till at length the lord lieutenant, in ſupport of his ſecre-

ſecretary, ſuperſeded Mr. Budgell, and very ſoon after got him removed from the place of accomptant-general. However, upon the firſt of theſe removals taking place, and upon ſome hints being given by his private ſecretary, captain Guy Dickens (now our miniſter at Stockholm) that it would not probably be ſafe for him to remain any longer in Ireland, he immediately entruſted his papers and private concerns to the hands of his brother William, then a clerk in his office, and ſet out for England. Soon after his arrival he publiſhed a pamphlet repreſenting his caſe, intituled, A Letter to the Lord * * * * from Euſtace Budgell, Eſq; Accomptant General of Ireland, and late Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices of that Kingdom; eleven hundred copies of which were ſold off in one day, ſo great was the curioſity of the public in that particular. Afterwards too in the Poſt-Boy of January 17, 1718-19, he publiſhed an Advertiſement to juſtify his character againſt a report that had been ſpread to his diſadvantage: and he did not ſcruple to declare in all companies that his life was attempted by his enemies, or otherwiſe he ſhould have attended his ſeat in the Iriſh Parliament. His behaviour, about this time, made many of his friends judge he was become delirious; his paſſions were certainly exceeding ſtrong, nor were his vanity and jealouſy leſs. Upon his coming to England he had loſt no time in waiting upon Mr. Addiſon, who had reſigned the ſeals, and was retired into the country for the ſake of his health; but Mr. Addiſon found it impoſſible to ſtem the tide of oppoſition, which was every where running againſt his kinſman, through the influence and power of the duke of Bolton. He therefore diſſwaded him in the ſtrongeſt manner from publiſhing his caſe, but to no manner of purpoſe, which made him tell a friend in great anxiety, 'Mr. Budgell was wiſer than any man

'he ever knew, and yet he ſuppoſed the world would 'hardly believe he acted contrary to his advice.' Our author's great and noble friend the lord Halifax was dead, and my lord Orrery, who held him in the higheſt eſteem, had it not in his power to procure him any redreſs. However, Mr. Addiſon had got a promiſe from lord Sunderland, that as ſoon as the preſent clamour was a little abated, he would do ſomething for him.

Mr. Budgell had held the conſiderable places of under ſecretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and ſecretary to the Lords Juſtices for four years, during which time he had never been abſent four days from his office, nor ten miles from Dublin. His application was indefatigable, and his natural ſpirits capable of carrying him through any difficulty. He had lived always genteelly, but frugally, and had ſaved a large ſum of money, which he now engaged in the South-Sea ſcheme. During his abode in Ireland, he had collected materials for writing a Hiſtory of that kingdom, for which he had great advantages, by having an eaſy recourſe to all the public offices; but what is become of it, and whether he ever finiſhed it, we are not certainly informed. It is undoubtedly a conſiderable loſs, becauſe there is no tolerable hiſtory of that nation, and becauſe we might have expected a ſatisfactory account from ſo pleaſing a writer.

He wrote a pamphlet, after he came to England, againſt the famous Peerage Bill, which was very well received by the public, but highly offended the earl of Sunderland. It was exceedingly cried up by the oppoſition, and produced ſome overtures of friendſhip at the time, from Mr. Robert Walpole, to our author. Mr. Addiſon's death, in the year 1719, put an end, however, to all his hopes of ſucceeding at court, where he continued, nevertheleſs, to make ſeveral attempts, but was conſtantly kept down by the weight of the duke of Bolton.

Bolton. In the September of that year he went into France, through all the ſtrong places in Flanders and Brabant, and all the conſiderable towns in Holland, and then went to Hanover, from whence he returned with his Majeſty's retinue the November following.

But the fatal year of the South-Sea, 1720, ruined our author entirely, for he loſt above 20,000 l. in it; however he was very active on that occaſion, and made many ſpeeches at the general courts of the South-Sea Company in Merchant-Taylors Hall, and one in particular, which was afterwards printed both in French and Engliſh, and run to a third edition. And in 1721 he publiſhed a pamphlet with ſucceſs, called, A Letter to a Friend in the Country, occaſioned by a Report that there is a Deſign ſtill forming by the late Directors of the South-Sea Company, their Agents and Aſſociates, to iſſue the Receipts of the 3d and 4th Subſcriptions at 1000 l. per Cent. and to extort about 10 Millions more from the miſerable People of Great Britain; with ſome Obſervations on the preſent State of Affairs both at Home and Abroad. In the ſame year he publiſhed A Letter to Mr. Law upon his Arrival in Great Britain, which run through ſeven editions very ſoon. Not long afterwards the duke of Portland, whoſe fortune had been likewiſe deſtroyed by the South-Sea, was appointed governor of Jamaica, upon which he immediately told Mr. Budgell he ſhould go with him as his ſecretary, and ſhould always live in the ſame manner with himſelf, and that he would contrive every method of making the employment profitable and agreeable to him: but his grace did not know how obnoxious our author had rendered himſelf; for within a few days after this offer's taking air, he was acquainted in form by a ſecretary of ſtate, that if he thought of Mr. Budgell, the government would appoint another governor in his room.

After being deprived of this laſt reſource, he tried to get into the next parliament at ſeveral places, and ſpent near 5000 l. in unſucceſsful attempts, which compleated his ruin. And from this period he began to behave and live in a very different manner from what he had ever done before; wrote libellous pamphlets againſt Sir Robert Walpole and the miniſtry; and did many unjuſt things with reſpect to his relations; being diſtracted in his own private fortune, as, indeed, he was judged to be, in his ſenſes; torturing his invention to find out ways of ſubſiſting and eluding his ill-ſtars, his pride at the ſame time working him up to the higheſt pitches of reſentment and indignation againſt all courts and courtiers.

His younger brother, the fellow of New-College, who had more weight with him than any body, had been a clerk under him in Ireland, and continued ſtill in the office, and who had fair for riſing in it, died in the year 1723, and after that our author ſeemed to pay no regard to any perſon. Mr. William Budgell was a man of very good ſenſe, extremely ſteady in his conduct, and an adept in all calculations and mathematical queſtions; and had beſides great good-nature and eaſineſs of temper.

Our author as I before obſerved, perplexed his private affairs from this time as much as poſſible, and engaged in numberleſs law-ſuits, which brought him into diſtreſſes that attended him to the end of his life.

In 1727 Mr. Budgell had a 1000 l. given him by the late Sarah, ducheſs dowager of Marlborough, to whoſe huſband (the famous duke of Marlborough) he was a relation by his mother's ſide, with a view to his getting into parliament. She knew he had a talent for ſpeaking in public, and that he was acquainted with buſineſs, and would probably run any lengths againſt the miniſtry. However this ſcheme failed, for he could never get choſen.

In

In the year 1730 and about that time, he cloſed in with the writers againſt the adminiſtration, and wrote many papers in the Craftſman. He likewiſe publiſhed a pamphlet, intitled, A Letter to the Craftſman, from E. Budgell, Eſq; occaſioned by his late preſenting an humble complaint againſt the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole, with a Poſtſcript. This ran to a ninth edition. Near the ſame time too he wrote a Letter to Cleomenes King of Sparta, from E. Budgell, Eſq; being an Anſwer Paragraph by Paragraph to his Spartan Majeſty's Royal Epiſtle, publiſhed ſome time ſince in the Daily Courant, with ſome Account of the Manners and Government of the Antient Greeks and Romans, and Political Reflections thereon. And not long after there came out A State of one of the Author's Caſes before the Houſe of Lords, which is generally printed with the Letter to Cleomenes: He likewiſe publiſhed on the ſame occaſion a pamphlet, which he calls Liberty and Property, by E. Budgell, Eſq; wherein he complains of the ſeizure and loſs of many valuable papers, and particularly a collection of Letters from Mr. Addiſon, lord Hallifax, Sir Richard Steele, and other people, which he deſigned to publiſh; and ſoon after he printed a ſequel or ſecond part, under the ſame title.

The ſame year he alſo publiſhed his Poem upon his Majeſty's Journey to Cambridge and New-market, and dedicated it to the Queen. Another of his performances is a poetical piece, intitled A Letter to his Excellency Ulrick D'Ypres, and C——, in Anſwer to his excellency's two Epiſtles in the Daily-Courant; with a Word or Two to Mr. Oſborn the Hyp Doctor, and C——. Theſe ſeveral performances were very well received by the public.

In the year 1733 he began a weekly pamphlet (in the nature of a Magazine, though more judiciouſly compoſed) called The Bee, which he continued for about 100 Numbers, that bind into eight

Volumes Octavo, but at laſt by quarrelling with his bookſellers, and filling his pamphlet with things entirely relating to himſelf, he was obliged to drop it. During the progreſs of this work, Dr. Tindall's death happened, by whoſe will Mr. Budgell had 2000 l. left him; and the world being ſurpriſed at ſuch a gift, immediately imputed it to his making the will himſelf. This produced a paper-war between him and Mr. Tindall, the continuator of Rapin, by which Mr. Budgell's character conſiderably ſuffered; and this occaſioned his Bee's being turned into a meer vindication of himſelf.

It is thought he had ſome hand in publiſhing Dr. Tindall's Chriſtianity as old as the Creation; and he often talked of another additional volume on the ſame ſubject, but never publiſhed it. However he uſed to enquire very frequently after Dr. Conybear's health (who had been employed by her late majeſty to anſwer the firſt, and had been rewarded with the deanery of Chriſt-Church for his pains) ſaying he hoped Mr. Dean would live a little while longer, that he might have the pleaſure of making him a biſhop, for he intended very ſoon to publiſh the other volume of Tindall which would do the buſineſs. Mr. Budgell promiſed likewiſe a volume of ſeveral curious pieces of Tindall's, that had been committed to his charge, with the life of the doctor; but never fulfilled his promiſe *.

During the publication of the Bee a ſmart pamphlet came out, called A Short Hiſtory of Prime Miniſters, which was generally believed to be written by our author; and in the ſame year he publiſhed A Letter to the Merchants and Tradeſmen of London and Briſtol, upon their late glorious behaviour againſt the Exciſe Law.

After the extinction of the Bee, our author became ſo involved with law-ſuits, and ſo incapable of living in the manner he wiſhed and affected to

* Vide Bee, Vol. II. page 1105.

do,

do, that he was reduced to a very unhappy ſituation. He got himſelf call'd to the bar, and attended for ſome time in the courts of law; but finding it was too late to begin that profeſſion, and too difficult for a man not regularly trained to it, to get into buſineſs, he ſoon quitted it. And at laſt, after being caſt in ſeveral of his own ſuits, and being diſtreſſed to the utmoſt, he determined to make away with himſelf. He had always thought very looſely of revelation, and latterly became an avowed deiſt; which, added to his pride, greatly diſpoſed him to this reſolution.

Accordingly within a few days after the loſs of his great cauſe, and his eſtates being decreed for the ſatisfaction of his creditors, in the year 1736 he took boat at Somerſet-Stairs (after filling his pockets with ſtones upon the beach) ordered the waterman to ſhoot the bridge, and whilſt the boat was going under it threw himſelf over-board. Several days before he had been viſibly diſtracted in his mind, and almoſt mad, which makes ſuch an action the leſs wonderful.

He was never married, but left one natural daughter behind him, who afterwards took his name, and was lately an actreſs at Drury-Lane.

It has been ſaid, Mr. Budgell was of opinion, that when life becomes uneaſy to ſupport, and is overwhelmed with clouds, and ſorrows, that a man has a natural right to take it away, as it is better not to live, than live in pain. The morning before he carried his notion of ſelf murder into execution, he endeavoured to perſuade his daughter to accompany him, which ſhe very wiſely refuſed. His argument to induce her was; life is not worth the holding.——— Upon Mr. Budgell's beauroe was found a ſlip of paper; in which were written theſe words.

What Cato did, and Addiſon approv'd *,
Cannot be wrong.——

* Alluding to Cato's deſtroying himſelf.

Mr. Budgell had undoubtedly ſtrong natural parts, an excellent education, and ſet out in life with every advantage that a man could wiſh, being ſettled in very great and profitable employments, at a very early age, by Mr. Addiſon: But by exceſſive vanity and indiſcretion, proceeding from a falſe eſtimation of his own weight and conſequence, he overſtretched himſelf, and ruined his intereſt at court, and by the ſucceeding loſs of his fortune in the South-Sea, was reduced too low to make any other head againſt his enemies. The unjuſtifiable and diſhonourable law-ſuits he kept alive, in the remaining part of his life, ſeem to be intirely owing to the ſame diſpoſition, which could never ſubmit to the living beneath what he had once done, and from that principle he kept a chariot and houſe in London to the very laſt.

His end was like that of many other people of ſpirit, reduced to great ſtreights; for ſome of the greateſt, as well as ſome of the moſt infamous men have laid violent hands upon themſelves. As an author where he does not ſpeak of himſelf, and does not give a looſe to his vanity, he is a very agreeable and deſerving writer; not argumentative or deep, but very ingenious and entertaining, and his ſtile is peculiarly elegant, ſo as to deſerve being ranked in that reſpect with Addiſon's, and is ſuperior to moſt of the other Engliſh writers. His Memoirs of the Orrery Family and the Boyle's, is the moſt indifferent of his performances; though the tranſlations of Phalaris's Epiſtles in that work are done with great ſpirit and beauty.

As to his brothers, the ſecond, Gilbert, was thought a man of deeper learning and better judgment when he was young than our author, but was certainly inferior to him in his appearance in life; and, 'tis thought, greatly inferior to him in every reſpect. He was author of a pretty Copy of Verſes in the VIIIth Vol. of the Spectators, Numb. 591. which begins thus,

Conceal

Conceal, fond man, conceal the mighty ſmart,
Nor tell Corinna ſhe has fir'd thy heart.

And it is ſaid that it was a repulſe from a lady of great fortune, with whom he was deſperately in love whilſt at Oxford, and to whom he had addreſſed theſe lines, that made him diſregard himſelf ever after, neglect his ſtudies, and fall into a habit of drinking. Whatever was the occaſion of this laſt vice it ruined him. A lady had commended and deſired to have a copy of his Verſes once, and he ſent them, with theſe lines on the firſt leaf ——

Lucretius hence thy maxim I abjure
Nought comes from nought, nothing can [nought procure.

If to theſe lines your approbation's join'd,
Something I'm ſure from nothing has been coin'd.

This gentleman died unmarried, a little after his brother Euſtace, at Exeter; having lived in a very diſreputable manner for ſome time, and having degenerated into ſuch exceſſive indolence, that he uſually picked up ſome boy in the ſtreets, and carried him into the coffee-houſe to read the news-papers to him. He had taken deacon's orders ſome years before his death, but had always been averſe to that kind of life; and therefore became it very ill, and could never be prevailed upon to be a prieſt.

The third brother William, fellow of New-College in Oxford, died (as I mentioned before) one of the clerks in the Iriſh ſecretary of ſtate's office, very young. He had been deputy accomptant general, both to his brother and his ſucceſſor; and likewiſe deputy to Mr. Addiſon, as keeper of the records in Birmingham-Tower. Had he lived, 'tis probable

probable he would have made a conſiderable figure, being a man of ſound ſenſe and learning, with great prudence and honour. His couſin Dr. Downes, then biſhop of London-Derry, was his zealous friend, and Dr. Lavington the preſent biſhop of Exeter, his fellow-collegian, was his intimate correſpondent. Of the two ſiſters, the eldeſt married captain Graves of Thanks, near Saltaſh in Cornwall, a ſea-officer, and died in 1738, leaving ſome children behind her; and the other is ſtill alive, unmarried. The father Dr. Gilbert Budgell, was eſteemed a ſenſible man, and has publiſhed a diſcourſe upon Prayer, and ſome Sermons *.

* There is an Epigram of our author's, which I don't remember to have ſeen publiſhed any where, written upon the death of a very fine young lady.

She was, ſhe is,
(What can there more be ſaid)
On Earth the firſt,
In Heav'n the ſecond Maid.

See a Song of our author's in Stee'e's Miſcellanies, publiſhed in 1714. Page 210.

There is an Epigram of his printed in the ſame book and in many collections, Upon a Company of bad Dancers to good Muſic.

How ill the motion with the muſic ſuits!
So fiddled Orpheus----and ſo danc'd the Brutes.

THOMAS

THOMAS TICKELL, Eſq;

THIS Gentleman, well known to the world by the friendſhip and intimacy which ſubſiſted between him and Mr. Addiſon, was the ſon of the revd. Mr. Richard Tickell, who enjoy'd a conſiderable preferment in the North of England. Our poet received his education at Queen's-College in Oxford, of which he was a fellow.

While he was at that univerſity, he wrote a beautiful copy of verſes addreſſed to Mr. Addiſon, on his Opera of Roſamond. Theſe verſes contained many elegant compliments to the author, in which he compares his ſoftneſs to Corelli, and his ſtrength to Virgil *.

> The Opera firſt Italian maſters taught,
> Enrich'd with ſongs, but innocent of thought;
> Britannia's learned theatre diſdains
> Melodious trifles, and enervate ſtrains;
> And bluſhes on her injur'd ſtage to ſee,
> Nonſenſe well-tun'd with ſweet ſtupidity.
>
> No charms are wanting to thy artful ſong
> Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil ſtrong.

Theſe complimentary lines, a few of which we have now quoted, ſo effectually recommended him to Mr. Addiſon, that he held him in eſteem ever

* Jacob.

afterwards;

afterwards; and when he himself was raised to the dignity of secretary of state, he appointed Mr. Tickell his under-secretary. Mr. Addison being obliged to resign on account of his ill-state of health, Mr. Craggs who succeeded him, continued Mr. Tickell in his place, which he held till that gentleman's death. When Mr. Addison was appointed secretary, being a diffident man, he consulted with his friends about disposing such places as were immediately dependent on him. He communicated to Sir Richard Steele, his design of preferring Mr. Tickell to be his under-secretary, which Sir Richard, who considered him as a petulant man, warmly opposed. He observed that Mr. Tickell was of a temper too enterprising to be governed, and as he had no opinion of his honour, he did not know what might be the consequence, if by insinuation and flattery, or by bolder means, he ever had an opportunity of raising himself. It holds pretty generally true, that diffident people under the appearance of distrusting their own opinions, are frequently positive, and though they pursue their resolutions with trembling, they never fail to pursue them. Mr. Addison had a little of this temper in him. He could not be persuaded to set aside Mr. Tickell, nor even had secrecy enough to conceal from him Sir Richard's opinion. This produced a great animosity between Sir Richard and Mr. Tickell, which subsisted during their lives.

Mr Tickell in his life of Addison, prefixed to his own edition of that great man's works, throws out some unmannerly reflexions against Sir Richard, who was at that time in Scotland, as one of the commissioners on the forfeited estates. Upon Sir Richard's return to London, he dedicates to Mr. Congreve, Addison's Comedy, called the Drummer, in which he takes occasion very smartly to retort upon Tickell, and clears himself of the imputation laid to his charge, namely that of valuing himself upon Mr. Addison's papers in the Spectator.

In

In June 1724 Mr. Tickell was appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, a place says Mr. Coxeter, which he held till his death, which happened in the year 1740.

It does not appear that Mr. Tickell was in any respect ungrateful to Mr. Addison, to whom he owed his promotion; on the other hand we find him take every opportunity to celebrate him, which he always performs with so much zeal, and earnestness, that he seems to have retained the most lasting sense of his patron's favours. His poem to the earl of Warwick on the death of Mr. Addison, is very pathetic. He begins it thus,

> If dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath [stray'd,
> And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
> Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
> And judge, O judge, my bosom by your own.
> What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
> Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires:
> Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
> Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Mr. Tickell's works are printed in the second volume of the Minor Poets, and he is by far the most considerable writer amongst them. He has a very happy talent in versification, which much exceeds Addison's, and is inferior to few of the English Poets, Mr. Dryden and Pope excepted. The first poem in this collection is addressed to the supposed author of the Spectator.

In the year 1713 Mr. Tickell wrote a poem, called The Prospect of Peace, addressed to his excellency the lord privy-seal; which met with so favourable a reception from the public, as to go thro' six editions. The sentiments in this poem are natural, and obvious, but no way extraordinary. It is an assemblage

aſſemblage of pretty notions, poetically expreſſed; but conducted with no kind of art, and altogether without a plan. The following exordium is one of the moſt ſhining parts of the poem.

Far hence be driv'n to Scythia's ſtormy ſhore
The drum's harſh muſic, and the cannon's roar;
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawleſs plain,
Where Tartar clans, and grizly Coſſacks reign;
Let the ſteel'd Turk be deaf to Matrons cries,
See virgins raviſh'd, with relentleſs eyes,
To death, grey heads, and ſmiling infants doom,
Nor ſpare the promiſe of the pregnant womb:
O'er waſted kingdoms ſpread his wide command,
The ſavage lord of an unpeopled land.
Her guiltleſs glory juſt Britannia draws
From pure religion, and impartial laws,
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid ſhe brings,
And holds in equal ſcales the rival kings:
Her gen'rous ſons in choiceſt gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

The Royal Progreſs. This poem is mentioned in the Spectator, in oppoſition to ſuch performances, as are generally written in a ſwelling ſtile, and in which the bombaſt is miſtaken for the ſublime. It is meant as a compliment to his late majeſty, on his arrival in his Britiſh dominions.

An imitation of the Propheſy of Nereus. Horace, Book I. Ode XV.——This was written about the year 1715, and intended as a ridicule upon the enterprize of the earl of Marr; which he propheſies will be cruſhed by the duke of Argyle.

An Epiſtle from a Lady in England, to a gentleman at Avignon. Of this piece five editions were ſold; it is written in the manner of a Lady to a Gentleman, whoſe principles obliged him to be an exile with the Royal Wanderer. The great propenſion of the Jacobites to place confidence in imaginary means; and

and to conſtrue all extraordinary appearances, into ominous ſigns of the reſtoration of their king is very well touched.

Was it for this the ſun's whole luſtre fail'd,
And ſudden midnight o'er the Moon prevail'd!
For this did Heav'n diſplay to mortal eyes
Aerial knights, and combats in the ſkies!
Was it for this Northumbrian ſtreams look'd red!
And Thames driv'n backwards ſhew'd his ſecret bed!
Falſe Auguries! th' inſulting victors ſcorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies againſt us turn!
O portents conſtru'd, on our ſide in vain!
Let never Tory truſt eclipſe again!
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye ſkies;
And Thames, henceforth to thy green borders riſe!

An Ode, occaſioned by his excellency the earl of Stanhope's Voyage to France.

A Prologue to the Univerſity of Oxford.

Thoughts occaſioned by the ſight of an original picture of King Charles the Iſt, taken at the time of his Trial.

A Fragment of a Poem, on Hunting.

A Deſcription of the Phœnix, from Claudian.

To a Lady; with the Deſcription of the Phœnix.

Part of the Fourth Book of Lucan tranſlated.

The Firſt Book of Homer's Iliad.

Kenſington-Gardens.

Several Epiſtles and Odes.

This

This tranſlation was publiſhed much about the ſame time with Mr. Pope's. But it will not bear a compariſon; and Mr. Tickell cannot receive a greater injury, than to have his verſes placed in contradiſtinction to Pope's. Mr. Melmoth, in his Letters, publiſhed under the name of Fitz Oſborne, has produced ſome parallel paſſages, little to the advantage of Mr. Tickell, who if he fell greatly ſhort of the elegance and beauty of Pope, has yet much exceeded Mr. Congreve, in what he has attempted of Homer.

In the life of Addiſon, ſome farther particulars concerning this tranſlation are related; and Sir Richard Steele, in his dedication of the Drummer to Mr. Congreve, gives it as his opinion, that Addiſon was himſelf the author.

Theſe tranſlations, publiſhed at the ſame time, were certainly meant as rivals to one another. We cannot convey a more adequate idea of this, than in the words of Mr. Pope, in a Letter to James Craggs, Eſq; dated July the 15th, 1715.

'SIR,

'They tell me, the buſy part of the nation are not 'more buſy about Whig and Tory; than theſe idle 'fellows of the feather, about Mr. Tickell's and my 'tranſlation. I (like the Tories) have the town in 'general, that is, the mob on my ſide; but it is 'uſual with the ſmaller part to make up in induſtry, 'what they want in number; and that is the caſe 'with the little ſenate of Cato. However, if our 'principles be well conſidered, I muſt appear a 'brave Whig, and Mr. Tickell a rank Tory. I 'tranſlated Homer, for the public in general, he 'to gratify the inordinate deſires of one man only. 'We have, it ſeems, a great Turk in poetry, who 'can never bear a brother on the throne; and has 'his Mutes too, a ſet of Medlers, Winkers, and 'Whiſperers, whoſe buſineſs 'tis to ſtrangle all 'other

'other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new 'translator of Homer, is the humblest slave he 'has, that is to say, his first minister; let him re-'ceive the honours he gives me, but receive them 'with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the 'approbation of his absolute lord, I appeal to the 'people, as my rightful judges, and masters; and 'if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear 'no arbitrary high-flying proceeding, from the 'Court faction at Button's. But after all I have 'said of this great man, there is no rupture be-'tween us. We are each of us so civil, and oblig-'ing, that neither thinks he's obliged: And I for 'my part, treat with him, as we do with the Grand 'Monarch; who has too many great qualities, not 'to be respected, though we know he watches any 'occasion to oppress us.'

Thus we have endeavoured to exhibit an Idea of the writings of Mr. Tickell, a man of a very elegant genius: As there appears no great invention in his works, if he cannot be placed in the first rank of Poets; yet from the beauty of his numbers, and the real poetry which enriched his imagination, he has, at least, an unexceptionable claim to the second.

Mr.

Mr. WILLIAM HINCHLIFFE,

WAS the ſon of a reputable tradeſman of St. Olave's in Southwark, and was born there May 12, 1692; was educated at a private grammar ſchool with his intimate and ingenious friend Mr. Henry Needler. He made a conſiderable progreſs in claſſical learning, and had a poetical genius. He ſerved an apprenticeſhip to Mr. Arthur Betteſworth, Bookſeller in London, and afterwards followed that buſineſs himſelf near thirty years, under the Royal Exchange, with reputation and credit, having the eſteem and friendſhip of many eminent merchants and gentlemen. In 1718 he married Jane, one of the daughters of Mr. William Leigh, an eminent citizen. Mrs. Hinchliffe was ſiſter of William Leigh, eſq; one of his Majeſty's juſtices of the peace for the county of Surry, and of the revd. Thomas Leigh, late rector of Heyford in Oxfordſhire, by whom he had two ſons and three daughters, of which only one ſon and one daughter are now living. He died September 29, 1742, and was buried in the pariſh church of St. Margaret's Lothbury, London.

In 1714 he had the honour to preſent an Ode to King George I. on his Arrival at Greenwich, which is printed in a Collection of Poems, Amorous, Moral, and Divine, which he publiſhed in octavo, 1718, and dedicated them to his friend Mr. Needler.

He

He publiſhed a Hiſtory of the Rebellion of 1715, and dedicated it to the late Duke of Argyle.

He made himſelf maſter of the French tongue by his own application and ſtudy; and in 1734 publiſhed a Tranſlation of Boulainvillers's Life of Mahomet, which is well eſteemed, and dedicated it to his intimate and worthy friend Mr. William Duncombe, Eſq;

He was concerned, with others, in the publiſhing ſeveral other ingenious performances, and has left behind him in manuſcript, a Tranſlation of the nine firſt Books of Telemachus in blank Verſe, which coſt him great labour, but he did not live to finiſh the remainder.

He is the author of a volume of poems in 8vo. many of which are written with a true poetical ſpirit.

The INVITATION *.

1.

O come Lavinia, lovely maid,
Said Dion, ſtretch'd at eaſe,
Beneath the walnut's fragrant ſhade,
A ſweet retreat! by nature made
With elegance to pleaſe.

2.

O leave the court's deceitful glare,
Loath'd pageantry and pride,
Come taſte our ſolid pleaſures here,
Which angels need not bluſh to ſhare,
And with bleſs'd men divide.

* This piece is not in Mr. Hinchliffe's works, but is aſſuredly his.

3.

What raptures were it in theſe bow'rs,
Fair virgin, chaſte, and wiſe,
With thee to loſe the learned hours,
And note the beauties in theſe flowers,
Conceal'd from vulgar eyes.

4.

For thee my gaudy garden blooms,
And richly colour'd glows;
Above the pomp of royal rooms,
Or purpled works of Perſian looms,
Proud palaces diſcloſe.

5.

Haſte, nymph, nor let me ſigh in vain,
Each grace attends on thee;
Exalt my bliſs, and point my ſtrain,
For love and truth are of thy train,
Content and harmony.

Mr. MATTHEW CONCANEN.

THIS gentleman was a native of Ireland, and was bred to the Law. In this profeſſion he ſeems not to have made any great figure. By ſome means or other he conceived an averſion to Dr. Swift, for his abuſe of whom, the world taxed him with ingratitude. Concanen had once enjoyed ſome degree of Swift's favour, who was not always very happy in the choice of his companions. He had an opportunity of reading ſome of the Dr's poems in MS. which it is ſaid he thought fit to appropriate and publiſh as his own.

As affairs did not much proſper with him in Ireland, he came over to London, in company with another gentleman, and both commenced writers. Theſe two friends entered into an extraordinary agreement. As the ſubjects which then attracted the attention of mankind were of a political caſt, they were of opinion that no ſpecies of writing could ſo ſoon recommend them to public notice; and in order to make their trade more profitable, they reſolved to eſpouſe different intereſts; one ſhould oppoſe, and the other defend the miniſtry. They determined the ſide of the queſtion each was to eſpouſe, by toſſing up a half-penny, and it fell to the ſhare of Mr. Concanen to defend the miniſtry, which

taſk he performed with as much ability, as political writers generally diſcover.

He was for ſome time, concerned in the Britiſh, and London Journals, and a paper called The Speculatiſt. Theſe periodical pieces are long ſince buried in neglect, and perhaps would have even ſunk into oblivion, had not Mr. Pope, by his ſatyrical writings, given them a kind of diſgraceful immortality. In theſe Journals he publiſhed many ſcurrilities againſt Mr. Pope; and in a pamphlet called, The Supplement to the Profound, he uſed him with great virulence, and little candour. He not only imputed to him Mr. Brome's verſes (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but thoſe of the duke of Buckingham and others. To this rare piece ſome body humorouſly perſwaded him to take for his motto, De profundis clamavi. He afterwards wrote a paper called The Daily Courant, wherein he ſhewed much ſpleen againſt lord Bolingbroke, and ſome of his friends. All theſe provocations excited Mr. Pope to give him a place in his Dunciad. In his ſecond book, l. 287, when he repreſents the dunces diving in the mud of the Thames for the prize, he ſpeaks thus of Concanen;

True to the bottom ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long winded, native of the deep!
If perſeverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies.

In the year 1725 Mr. Concanen publiſhed a volume of poems in 8vo. conſiſting chiefly of compoſitions of his own, and ſome few of other gentlemen; they are addreſſed to the lord Gage, whom he endeavours artfully to flatter, without offending

offending his modeſty. 'I ſhall begin this Ad-
'dreſs, ſays he, by declaring that the opinion I
'have of a great part of the following verſes, is
'the higheſt indication of the eſteem in which I
'hold the noble character I preſent them to.
'Several of them have authors, whoſe names do
'honour to whatever patronage they receive. As
'to my ſhare of them, ſince it is too late, after
'what I have already delivered, to give my opi-
'nion of them, I'll ſay as much as can be ſaid
'in their favour. I'll affirm that they have one
'mark of merit, which is your lordſhip's appro-
'bation; and that they are indebted to fortune
'for two other great advantages, a place in good
'company, and an honourable protection.'

The gentlemen, who aſſiſted Concanen in this collection, were Dean Swift, Mr. Parnel, Dr. Delany, Mr. Brown, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Stirling. In this collection there is a poem by Mr. Concanen, called A Match at Football, in three Cantos; written, 'tis ſaid, in imitation of The Rape of the Lock. This performance is far from being deſpicable; the verſification is generally ſmooth; the deſign is not ill conceived, and the characters not unnatural. It perhaps would be read with more applauſe, if The Rape of the Lock did not occur to the mind, and, by forcing a compariſon, deſtroy all the ſatisfaction in peruſing it; as the diſproportion is ſo very conſiderable. We ſhall quote a few lines from the beginning of the third canto, by which it will appear that Concanen was not a bad rhimer.

In days of yore a lovely country maid
Rang'd o'er theſe lands, and thro' theſe foreſts [ſtray'd;
Modeſt her pleaſures, matchleſs was her frame,
Peerleſs her face, and Sally was her name.

By no frail vows her young desires were bound,
No shepherd yet the way to please her found.
Thoughtless of love the beauteous nymph appear'd,
Nor hop'd its transports, nor its torments fear'd.
But careful fed her flocks, and grac'd the plain,
She lack'd no pleasure, and she felt no pain.
She view'd our motions when we toss'd the ball,
And smil'd to see us take, or ward, a fall;
'Till once our leader chanc'd the nymph to spy,
And drank in poison from her lovely eye.
Now pensive grown, he shunn'd the long-lov'd plains,
His darling pleasures, and his favour'd swains,
Sigh'd in her absence, sigh'd when she was near,
Now big with hope, and now dismay'd with fear:
At length with falt'ring tongue he press'd the dame,
For some returns to his unpity'd flame;
But she disdain'd his suit, despis'd his care,
His form unhandsome, and his bristled hair;
Forward she sprung, and with an eager pace
The god pursu'd, nor fainted in the race;
Swift as the frighted hind the virgin flies,
When the woods ecchoe to the hunters cries:
Swift as the fleetest hound her flight she trac'd,
When o'er the lawns the frighted hind is chac'd;
The winds which sported with her flowing vest
Display'd new charms, and heightened all the rest:
Those charms display'd, increas'd the gods desire,
What cool'd her bosom, set his breast on fire:
With equal speed, for diff'rent ends they move,
Fear lent the virgin wings, the shepherd love:
Panting at length, thus in her fright she pray'd,
Be quick ye pow'rs, and save a wretched maid.
Protect

Protect my honour, ſhelter me from ſhame,
Beauty and life with pleaſure I diſclaim.

Mr. Concanen was alſo concerned with the late Mr. Roome, and a certain eminent ſenator, in making The Jovial Crew, an old Comedy, into a Ballad Opera; which was performed about the year 1730; and the profits were given entirely to Mr. Concanen. Soon after he was preferred to be attorney-general in Jamaica, a poſt of conſiderable eminence, and attended with a very large income. In this iſland he ſpent the remaining part of his days, and, we are informed made a tolerable acceſſion of fortune, by marrying a planter's daughter, who ſurviving him was left in the poſſeſſion of ſeveral hundred pounds a year. She came over to England after his death, and married the honourable Mr. Hamilton.

RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq;

THIS unhappy gentleman, who led a course of life imbittered with the most severe calamities, was not yet destitute of a friend to close his eyes. It has been remarked of Cowley, who likewise experienced many of the vicissitudes of fortune, that he was happy in the acquaintance of the bishop of Rochester, who performed the last offices which can be paid to a poet, in the elegant Memorial he made of his Life. Though Mr. Savage was as much inferior to Cowley in genius, as in the rectitude of his life, yet, in some respect, he bears a resemblance to that great man. None of the poets have been more honoured in the commemoration of their history, than this gentleman. The life of Mr. Savage was written some years after his death by a gentleman, who knew him intimately, capable to distinguish between his follies, and those good qualities which were often concealed from the bulk of mankind by the abjectness of his condition. From this account * we have compiled that which we now present to the reader.

In

* However slightly the author of Savage's life passes over the less amiable characteristics of that unhappy man; yet we cannot but discover therein, that vanity and ingratitude were the principal ingredients in poor Savage's composition; nor was his veracity greatly to be depended on. No wonder therefore, if the good-natur'd writer suffer'd his better understanding to be misled, in some accounts relative to the poet we are now speaking of.------ Among many, we shall at present only take notice of the following, which makes too conspicuous a figure to pass by entirely unnoticed.

In

In the year 1697 Anne counteſs of Macclesfield, having lived for ſome time on very uneaſy terms with her huſband, thought a public confeſſion of adultery the moſt expeditious method of obtaining her liberty, and therefore declared the child with which ſhe then was big was begotten by the earl of Rivers. This circumſtance ſoon produced a ſeparation, which, while the earl of Macclesfield was proſecuting, the counteſs, on the 10th of January 1697-8, was delivered of our author; and the earl of Rivers, by appearing to conſider him as his own, left no room to doubt of her declaration. However ſtrange it may appear, the counteſs looked upon her ſon, from his birth, with a kind of reſentment and abhorrence. No ſooner was her ſon born, than ſhe diſcovered a reſolution of diſowning him, in a ſhort time removed him from her ſight, and committed him to the care of a poor woman, whom ſhe directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined her never to inform him of his true parents. Inſtead of defending his tender years, ſhe took delight to ſee him ſtruggling with miſery, and continued her perſecution, from the firſt hour of his life to the laſt, with an implacable and reſtleſs cruelty. His mother, indeed, could not affect others with the ſame barbarity, and though ſhe, whoſe tender ſol-

In this life of Savage 'tis related, that Mrs. Oldfield was very fond of Mr. Savage's converſation, and allowed him an annuity, during her life, of 50 l.---Theſe facts are equally ill-grounded:---There was no foundation for them. That Savage's misfortunes pleaded for pity, and had the deſir'd effect on Mrs. Oldfield's compaſſion, is certain:---But ſhe ſo much diſliked the man, and diſapproved his conduct, that ſhe never admitted him to her converſation, nor ſuffer'd him to enter her houſe. She, indeed, often relieved him with ſuch donations, as ſpoke her generous diſpoſition.--But this was on the ſollicitation of friends, who frequently ſet his calamities before her in the moſt piteous light; and from a principle of humanity, ſhe became not a little inſtrumental in ſaving his life.

licitudes ſhould have ſupported him, had launched him into the ocean of life, yet was he not wholly abandoned. The lady Maſon, mother to the counteſs, undertook to tranſact with the nurſe, and ſuperintend the education of the child. She placed him at a grammar ſchool near St. Albans, where he was called by the name of his nurſe, without the leaſt intimation that he had a claim to any other. While he was at this ſchool, his father, the earl of Rivers, was ſeized with a diſtemper which in a ſhort time put an end to his life. While the earl lay on his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him, amongſt his other natural children, and therefore demanded a poſitive account of him. His mother, who could no longer refuſe an anſwer, determined, at leaſt, to give ſuch, as ſhould deprive him for ever of that happineſs which competency affords, and declared him dead; which is, perhaps, the firſt inſtance of a falſhood invented by a mother, to deprive her ſon of a proviſion which was deſigned him by another. The earl did not imagine that there could exiſt in nature, a mother that would ruin her ſon, without enriching herſelf, and therefore beſtowed upon another ſon ſix thouſand pounds, which he had before in his will bequeathed to Savage. The ſame cruelty which incited her to intercept this proviſion intended him, ſuggeſted another project, worthy of ſuch a diſpoſition. She endeavoured to rid herſelf from the danger of being at any time made known to him, by ſending him ſecretly to the American Plantations; but in this contrivance her malice was defeated.

Being ſtill reſtleſs in the perſecution of her ſon, ſhe formed another ſcheme of burying him in poverty and obſcurity; and that the ſtate of his life, if not the place of his reſidence, might keep him for ever at a diſtance from her, ſhe ordered him to be placed with a Shoemaker in Holbourn, that

that after the uſual time of trial he might become his apprentice. It is generally reported, that this project was, for ſome time, ſucceſsful, and that Savage was employed at the awl longer than he was willing to confeſs; but an unexpected diſcovery determined him to quit his occupation.

About this time his nurſe, who had always treated him as her own ſon, died; and it was natural for him to take care of thoſe effects, which by her death were, as he imagined, become his own. He therefore went to her houſe, opened her boxes, examined her papers, and found ſome letters written to her by the lady Maſon, which informed him of his birth, and the reaſons for which it was concealed.

He was now no longer ſatisfied with the employment which had been allotted him, but thought he had a right to ſhare the affluence of his mother, and therefore, without ſcruple, applied to her as her ſon, and made uſe of every art to awake her tenderneſs, and attract her regard. It was to no purpoſe that he frequently ſollicited her to admit him to ſee her, ſhe avoided him with the utmoſt precaution, and ordered him to be excluded from her houſe, by whomſoever he might be introduced, and what reaſon ſoever he might give for entering it.

Savage was at this time ſo touched with the diſcovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for ſeveral hours before her door, in hopes of ſeeing her by accident.

But all his aſſiduity was without effect, for he could neither ſoften her heart, nor open her hand, and while he was endeavouring to rouſe the affections of a mother, he was reduced to the miſeries of want. In this ſituation he was obliged to find other means of ſupport, and became by neceſſity an author.

His firſt attempt in that province was, a poem againſt the biſhop of Bangor, whoſe controverſy, at that time, engaged the attention of the nation, and furniſhed the curious with a topic of diſpute. Of this performance Mr. Savage was afterwards aſhamed, as it was the crude effort of a yet uncultivated genius. He then attempted another kind of writing, and, while but yet eighteen, offered a comedy to the ſtage, built upon a Spaniſh plot; which was refuſed by the players. Upon this he gave it to Mr. Bullock, who, at that time rented the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields of Mr. Rich, and with meſſieurs Keene, Pack, and others undertook the direction thereof. Mr. Bullock made ſome ſlight alterations, and brought it upon the ſtage, under the title of Woman's a Riddle, but allowed the real author no part of the profit. This occaſioned a quarrel between Savage and Bullock; but it ended without bloodſhed, though not without high words: Bullock inſiſted he had a tranſlation of the Spaniſh play, from whence the plot was taken, given him by the ſame lady who had beſtowed it on Savage.—Which was not improbable, as that whimſical lady had given a copy to ſeveral others.

Not diſcouraged, however, at this repulſe, he wrote, two years after, Love in a Veil, another Comedy borrowed likewiſe from the Spaniſh, but with little better ſucceſs than before; for though it was received and acted, yet it appeared ſo late in the year, that Savage obtained no other advantage from it, than the acquaintance of Sir Richard Steele, and Mr. Wilks, by whom, ſays the author of his Life, he was pitied, careſſed, and relieved. Sir Richard Steele declared in his favour, with that genuine benevolence which conſtituted his character, promoted his intereſt with the utmoſt zeal, and taking all opportunities of recommending him; he aſſerted, 'that the inhumanity of his mother had given

given him a right to find every good man his father.' Nor was Mr. Savage admitted into his acquaintance only, but to his confidence and eſteem. Sir Richard intended to have eſtabliſhed him in ſome ſettled ſcheme of life, and to have contracted a kind of alliance with him, by marrying him to a natural daughter, on whom he intended to beſtow a thouſand pounds. But Sir Richard conducted his affairs with ſo little oeconomy, that he was ſeldom able to raiſe the ſum, which he had offered, and the marriage was conſequently delayed. In the mean time he was officiouſly informed that Mr. Savage had ridiculed him; by which he was ſo much exaſperated that he withdrew the allowance he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his houſe.

He was now again abandoned to fortune, without any other friend but Mr. Wilks, a man to whom calamity ſeldom complained without relief. He naturally took an unfortunate wit into his protection, and not only aſſiſted him in any caſual diſtreſſes, but continued an equal and ſteady kindneſs to the time of his death. By Mr. Wilks's interpoſition Mr. Savage once obtained of his mother fifty pounds, and a promiſe of one hundred and fifty more, but it was the fate of this unhappy man, that few promiſes of any advantage to him were ever performed.

Being thus obliged to depended upon Mr. Wilks, he was an aſſiduous frequenter of the theatres, and, in a ſhort time, the amuſements of the ſtage took ſuch a poſſeſſion of his mind, that he was never abſent from a play in ſeveral years.

In the year 1723 Mr. Savage brought another piece on the ſtage. He made choice of the ſubject of Sir Thomas Overbury: If the circumſtances in which he wrote it be conſidered, it will afford at once an uncommon proof of ſtrength of genius, and an evenneſs of mind not to be ruffled. During a con-

a conſiderable part of the time in which he was employed upon this performance, he was without lodging, and often without food; nor had he any other conveniencies for ſtudy than the fields, or the ſtreet; in which he uſed to walk, and form his ſpeeches, and afterwards ſtep into a ſhop, beg for a few moments the uſe of pen and ink, and write down what he had compoſed, upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

Mr. Savage had been for ſome time diſtinguiſhed by Aaron Hill, Eſq; with very particular kindneſs; and on this occaſion it was natural to apply to him, as an author of eſtabliſhed reputation. He therefore ſent this Tragedy to him, with a few verſes, in which he deſired his correction. Mr. Hill who was a man of unbounded humanity, and moſt accompliſhed politeneſs, readily complied with his requeſt; and wrote the prologue and epilogue, in which he touches the circumſtances of the author with great tenderneſs.

Mr. Savage at laſt brought his play upon the ſtage, but not till the chief actors had quitted it, and it was repreſented by what was then called the ſummer-company. In this Tragedy Mr. Savage himſelf performed the part of Sir Thomas Overbury, with ſo little ſucceſs, that he always blotted out his name from the liſt of players, when a copy of his Tragedy was to be ſhewn to any of his friends. This play however procured him the notice and eſteem of many perſons of diſtinction, for ſome rays of genius glimmered thro' all the miſts which poverty and oppreſſion had ſpread over it. The whole profits of this performance, acted, printed, and dedicated, amounted to about 200 l. But the generoſity of Mr. Hill did not end here; he promoted the ſubſcription to his Miſcellanies, by a very

very pathetic repreſentation of the author's ſufferings, printed in the Plain-Dealer, a periodical paper written by Mr. Hill. This generous effort in his favour ſoon produced him ſeventy-guineas, which were left for him at Button's, by ſome who commiſerated his misfortunes.

Mr. Hill not only promoted the ſubſcription to the Miſcellany, but furniſhed likewiſe the greateſt part of the poems of which it is compoſed, and particularly the Happy Man, which he publiſhed as a ſpecimen. To this Miſcellany he wrote a preface, in which he gives an account of his mother's cruelty, in a very uncommon ſtrain of humour, which the ſucceſs of his ſubſcriptions probably inſpired.

Savage was now advancing in reputation, and though frequently involved in very perplexing neceſſities, appeared however to be gaining on mankind; when both his fame and his life were endangered, by an event of which it is not yet determined, whether it ought to be mentioned as a crime or a calamity. As this is by far the moſt intereſting circumſtance in the life of this unfortunate man, we ſhall relate the particulars minutely.

On the 20th of November 1727 Mr. Savage came from Richmond, where he had retired, that he might purſue his ſtudies with leſs interruption, with an intent to diſcharge a lodging which he had in Weſtminſter; and accidentally meeting two gentlemen of his acquaintance, whoſe names were Marchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a neighbouring Coffee-Houſe, and ſat drinking till it was late. He would willingly have gone to bed in the ſame houſe, but there was not room for the whole company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the ſtreets, and divert themſelves with ſuch

ſuch amuſements as ſhould occur till morning. In their walk they happened unluckily to diſcover light in Robinſon's Coffee-Houſe, near Charing-Croſs, and went in. Marchant with ſome rudeneſs demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Marchant not ſatisfied with this anſwer, ruſhed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himſelf between the company and the fire; and ſoon afterwards kicked down the table. This produced a quarrel, ſwords were drawn on both ſides; and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. Savage having wounded likewiſe a maid that held him, forced his way with Gregory out of the houſe; but being intimidated, and confus'd, without reſolution, whether to fly, or ſtay, they were taken in a back court by one of the company, and ſome ſoldiers, whom he had called to his aſſiſtance.

When the day of the trial came on, the court was crowded in a very unuſual manner, and the public appeared to intereſt itſelf as in a cauſe of general concern. The witneſſes againſt Mr. Savage and his friends, were the woman who kept the houſe, which was a houſe of ill-fame, and her maid, the men who were in the room with Mr. Sinclair, and a woman of the town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been ſeen in bed.

They ſwore in general, that Marchant gave the provocation, which Savage and Gregory drew their ſwords to juſtify; that Savage drew firſt, that he ſtabb'd Sinclair, when he was not in a poſture of defence, or while Gregory commanded his ſword; that after he had given the thruſt he turned pale, and

and would have retired, but that the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the maid on the head.

Sinclair had declared ſeveral times before his death, for he ſurvived that night, that he received his wound from Savage; nor did Savage at his trial deny the fact, but endeavoured partly to extenuate it, by urging the ſuddenneſs of the whole action, and the impoſſibility of any ill deſign, or premeditated malice, and partly to juſtify it by the neceſſity of ſelf-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had loſt that opportunity of giving the thruſt. He obſerved that neither reaſon nor law obliged a man to wait for the blow which was threatened, and which if he ſhould ſuffer, he might never be able to return; that it was always allowable to prevent an aſſault, and to preſerve life, by taking away that of the adverſary, by whom it was endangered.

With regard to the violence with which he endeavoured his eſcape, he declared it was not his deſign to fly from juſtice, or decline a trial, but to avoid the expences and ſeverities of a priſon, and that he intended to appear at the bar, without compulſion. This defence which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court, with the moſt attentive and reſpectful ſilence. Thoſe who thought he ought not to be acquitted, owned that applauſe could not be refuſed him; and thoſe who before pitied his misfortunes, now reverenced his abilities.

The witneſſes who appeared againſt him were proved to be perſons of ſuch characters as did not entitle them to much credit; a common ſtrumpet, a woman

woman by whom ſuch wretches were entertained, and a man by whom they were ſupported. The character of Savage was by ſeveral perſons of diſtinction aſſerted to be that of a modeſt inoffenſive man, not inclined to broils, or to inſolence, and who had to that time been only known by his misfortunes and his wit.

Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with the moſt brutal ſeverity, and in ſumming up the evidence endeavoured to exaſperate the jury againſt him, and miſrepreſent his defence. This was a provocation, and an inſult, which the priſoner could not bear, and therefore Mr. Savage reſolutely aſſerted, that his cauſe was not candidly explained, and began to recapitulate what he had before ſaid; but the judge having ordered him to be ſilent, which Savage treated with contempt, he commanded that he ſhould be taken by force from the bar. The jury then heard the opinion of the judge, that good characters were of no weight againſt poſitive evidence, though they might turn the ſcale, where it was doubtful; and that though two men attack each other, the death of either is only manſlaughter; but where one is the aggreſſor, as in the caſe before them, and in purſuance of his firſt attack kills the other, the law ſuppoſes the action, however ſudden, to be malicious. The jury determined, that Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were guilty of murder, and Mr. Marchant who had no ſword, only manſlaughter.

Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were conducted back to priſon, where they were more cloſely confined, and loaded with irons of fifty pound weight. Savage had now no hopes of life but from the king's mercy, and can it be believed, that

that mercy his own mother endeavoured to intercept.

When Savage (as we have already obſerved) was firſt made acquainted with the ſtory of his birth, he was ſo touched with tenderneſs for his mother, that he earneſtly ſought an opportunity to ſee her.

To prejudice the queen againſt him, ſhe made uſe of an incident, which was omitted in the order of time, that it might be mentioned together with the purpoſe it was made to ſerve.

One evening while he was walking, as was his cuſtom, in the ſtreet ſhe inhabited, he ſaw the door of her houſe by accident open; he entered it, and finding no perſons in the paſſage to prevent him, went up ſtairs to ſalute her. She diſcovered him before he could enter her chamber, alarmed the family with the moſt diſtreſsful out-cries, and when ſhe had by her ſcreams gathered them about her, ordered them to drive out of the houſe that villain, who had forced himſelf in upon her, and endeavoured to murder her.

This abominable falſehood his mother repreſented to the queen, or communicated it to ſome who were baſe enough to relate it, and ſo ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed her majeſty againſt this unhappy man, that for a long while ſhe rejected all petitions that were offered in his favour.

Thus had Savage periſhed by the evidence of a bawd, of a ſtrumpet, and of his mother; had not juſtice and compaſſion procured him an advocate, of a rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being

ing believed. The ſtory of his ſufferings reached the ear of the counteſs of Hertford, who engaged in his ſupport with the tenderneſs and humanity peculiar to that amiable lady. She demanded an audience of the queen, and laid before her the whole ſeries of his mother's cruelty, expoſed the improbability of her accuſation of murder, and pointed out all the circumſtances of her unequall'd barbarity.

The interpoſition of this lady was ſo ſucceſsful, that he was ſoon after admitted to bail, and on the 9th of March 1728, pleaded the king's pardon*.

Mr. Savage during his impriſonment, his trial, and the time in which he lay under ſentence of death, behaved with great fortitude, and confirmed by his unſhaken equality of mind, the eſteem of thoſe who before admired him for his abilities. Upon weighing all the circumſtances relating to this unfortunate event, it plainly appears that the greateſt guilt could not be imputed to Savage. His killing Sinclair, was rather raſh than totally diſhonourable, for though Marchant had been the aggreſſor, who would not procure his friend from being over-powered by numbers?

Some time after he had obtained his liberty, he met in the ſtreet the woman of the town that had ſwore againſt him: She informed him that ſhe was in diſtreſs, and with unparalleled aſſurance deſired him to relieve her. He, inſtead of inſulting her miſery, and taking pleaſure in the calamity of one who had brought his life into danger, reproved

* Lord Tyrconnel delivered a petition to his majeſty in Savage's behalf; And Mrs. Oldfield ſollicited Sir Robert Walpole on his account. This joint-intereſt procured him his pardon.

her

her gently for her perjury, and changing the only guinea he had, divided it equally between her and himſelf.

Compaſſion ſeems indeed to have been among the few good qualities poſſeſſed by Savage; he never appeared inclined to take the advantage of weakneſs, to attack the defenceleſs, or to preſs upon the falling: Whoever was diſtreſſed was certain at laſt of his good wiſhes. But when his heart was not ſoftened by the ſight of miſery, he was obſtinate in his reſentment, and did not quickly loſe the remembrance of an injury. He always harboured the ſharpeſt reſentment againſt judge Page; and a ſhort time before his death, he gratified it in a ſatire upon that ſevere magiſtrate.

When in converſation this unhappy ſubject was mentioned, Savage appeared neither to conſider himſelf as a murderer, nor as a man wholly free from blood. How much, and how long he regretted it, appeared in a poem publiſhed many years afterwards, which the following lines will ſet in a very ſtriking light.

Is chance a guilt, that my diſaſt'rous heart,
For miſchief never meant, muſt ever ſmart?
Can ſelf-defence be ſin?——Ah! plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd malice ſtain'd thee o'er;
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy ſide,
Thou had'ſt not been provok'd, or thou had'ſt [died.

Far be the guilt of home-ſhed blood from all,
On whom, unſought, imbroiling dangers fall.
Still the pale dead revives and lives to me,
To me through pity's eye condemn'd to ſee.
Remembrance veils his rage, but ſwells his fate,
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late,

Young

Young and unthoughtful then, who knows one [day,
What rip'ning virtues might have made their way?
He might, perhaps, his country's friend have [prov'd,
Been gen'rous, happy, candid and belov'd;
He might have ſav'd ſome worth now doom'd to [fall,
And I, perchance, in him have murder'd all.

Savage had now obtained his liberty, but was without any ſettled means of ſupport, and as he had loſt all tenderneſs for his mother, who had thirſted for his blood, he reſolved to lampoon her, to extort that penſion by ſatire, which he knew ſhe would never grant upon any principles of honour, or humanity. This expedient proved ſucceſsful; whether ſhame ſtill ſurvived, though compaſſion was extinct, or whether her relations had more delicacy than herſelf, and imagined that ſome of the darts which ſatire might point at her, would glance upon them: Lord Tyrconnel, whatever were his motives, upon his promiſe to lay aſide the deſign of expoſing his mother, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a penſion of 200 l. a year.

This was the golden part of Mr. Savage's life; for ſome time he had no reaſon to complain of fortune; his appearance was ſplendid, his expences large, and his acquaintance extenſive. 'He was 'courted, ſays the author of his life, by all who 'endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and 'careſſed by all that valued themſelves upon a 'fine taſte. To admire Mr. Savage was a proof of 'diſcernment, and to be acquainted with him was 'a title to poetical reputation. His preſence was 'ſufficient to make any place of entertainment po-'pular;

'pular; and his approbation and example conſtitu-
'ted the faſhion. So powerful is genius, when
'it is inveſted with the glitter of affluence. Men
'willingly pay to fortune that regard which they
'owe to merit, and are pleaſed when they have at
'once an opportunity of exerciſing their vanity, and
'practiſing their duty. This interval of proſperity
'furniſhed him with opportunities of enlarging his
'knowledge of human nature, by contemplating
'life from its higheſt gradation to its loweſt.'

In this gay period of life, when he was ſurround-ed by the affluence of pleaſure, 1729, he publiſhed the Wanderer, a Moral Poem, of which the deſign is compriſed in theſe lines.

I fly all public care, all venal ſtrife,
To try the *Still*, compared with *Active Life*.
To prove by theſe the ſons of men may owe,
The fruits of bliſs to burſting clouds of woe,
That ev'n calamity by thought refin'd
Inſpirits, and adorns the thinking mind.

And more diſtinctly in the following paſſage:

By woe the ſoul to daring actions ſwells,
By woe in plaintleſs patience it excells;
From patience prudent, clear experience [ſprings,
And traces knowledge through the courſe of [things.
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, [ſucceſs,
Renown——Whate'er men covet or careſs.

This performance was always conſidered by Mr. Savage as his maſter-piece; but Mr. Pope, when he aſked his opinion of it, told him, that he read it once over, and was not diſpleaſed with it, that it gave

gave him more pleaſure at the ſecond peruſal, and delighted him ſtill more at the third. From a poem ſo ſucceſsfully written, it might be reaſonably expected that he ſhould have gained conſiderable advantages; but the caſe was otherwiſe; he ſold the copy only for ten guineas. That he got ſo ſmall a price for ſo finiſhed a poem, was not to be imputed either to the neceſſity of the writer, or to the avarice of the bookſeller. He was a ſlave to his paſſions, and being then in the purſuit of ſome trifling gratification, for which he wanted a ſupply of money, he ſold his poem to the firſt bidder, and perhaps for the firſt price which was propoſed, and probably would have been content with leſs, if leſs had been offered. It was addreſſed to the earl of Tyrconnel, not only in the firſt lines, but in a formal dedication, filled with the higheſt ſtrains of panegyric. Theſe praiſes in a ſhort time he found himſelf inclined to retract, being diſcarded by the man on whom he had beſtowed them, and whom he ſaid, he then diſcovered, had not deſerved them.

Of this quarrel, lord Tyrconnel and Mr. Savage aſſigned very different reaſons. Lord Tyrconnel charged Savage with the moſt licentious behaviour, introducing company into his houſe, and practiſing with them the moſt irregular frolics, and committing all the outrages of drunkenneſs. Lord Tyrconnel farther alledged againſt Savage, that the books of which he himſelf had made him a preſent, were ſold or pawned by him, ſo that he had often the mortification to ſee them expoſed to ſale upon ſtalls.

Savage, it ſeems, was ſo accuſtomed to live by expedients, that affluence could not raiſe him above them. He often went to the tavern and truſted the payment of his reckoning to the liberality of his company; and frequently of company to whom he was very little known. This conduct indeed, ſeldom drew him into much inconvenience, or his converſation

verſation and addreſs were ſo pleaſing, that few thought the pleaſure which they received from him, dearly purchaſed by paying for his wine. It was his peculiar happineſs that he ſcarcely ever found a ſtranger, whom he did not leave a friend; but it muſt likewiſe be added, that he had not often a friend long, without obliging him to become an enemy.

Mr. Savage on the other hand declared, that lord Tyrconnel quarrelled with him becauſe he would not ſubtract from his own luxury and extravagance what he had promiſed to allow him; and that his reſentment was only a plea for the violation of his promiſe: He aſſerted that he had done nothing which ought to exclude him from that ſubſiſtence which he thought not ſo much a favour as a debt, ſince it was offered him upon conditions, which he had never broken; and that his only fault was, that he could not be ſupported upon nothing.

Savage's paſſions were ſtrong, among which his reſentment was not the weakeſt; and as gratitude was not his conſtant virtue, we ought not too haſtily to give credit to all his prejudice aſſerts againſt (his once praiſed patron) lord Tyrconnel.

During his continuance with the lord Tyrconnel, he wrote the Triumph of Health and Mirth, on the recovery of the lady Tyrconnel, from a languiſhing illneſs. This poem is built upon a beautiful fiction. Mirth overwhelmed with ſickneſs for the death of a favourite, takes a flight in queſt of her ſiſter Health, whom ſhe finds reclined upon the brow of a lofty mountain, amidſt the fragrance of a perpetual ſpring, and the breezes of the morning ſporting about her. Being ſolicited by her ſiſter Mirth, ſhe readily promiſes her aſſiſtance, flies away in a cloud, and impregnates the waters of Bath with new virtues, by which the ſickneſs of Belinda is relieved.

While Mr. Savage continued in high life, he did not let ſlip any opportunity to examine whether the merit of the great is magnified or diminiſhed by the medium through which it is contemplated, and whether great men were ſelected for high ſtations, or high ſtations made great men. The reſult of his obſervations is not much to the advantage of thoſe in power.

But the golden æra of Savage's life was now at an end, he was baniſhed the table of lord Tyrconnel, and turned again a-drift upon the world. While he was in proſperity, he did not behave with a moderation likely to procure friends amongſt his inferiors. He took an opportunity in the ſun-ſhine of his fortune, to revenge himſelf of thoſe creatures, who, as they are the worſhippers of power, made court to him, whom they had before contemptuouſly treated. This aſſuming behaviour of Savage was not altogether unnatural. He had been avoided and deſpiſed by thoſe deſpicable ſycophants, who were proud of his acquaintance when raiſed to eminence. In this caſe, who would not ſpurn ſuch mean Beings? His degradation therefore from the condition which he had enjoyed with ſo much ſuperiority, was conſidered by many as an occaſion of triumph. Thoſe who had courted him without ſucceſs, had an opportunity to return the contempt they had ſuffered.

Mean time, Savage was very diligent in expoſing the faults of lord Tyrconnel, over whom he obtained at leaſt this advantage, that he drove him firſt to the practice of outrage and violence; for he was ſo much provoked by his wit and virulence, that he came with a number of attendants, to beat him at a coffee-houſe; but it happened that he had left the place a few minutes before: Mr. Savage went next day to repay his viſit at his own houſe, but was prevailed upon by his domeſtics to retire without inſiſting upon ſeeing him.

He

He now thought himself again at full liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother, and therefore about this time published THE BASTARD, a Poem remarkable for the vivacity in the beginning, where he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of base birth, and the pathetic sentiments at the close; where he recounts the real calamities which he suffered by the crime of his parents.

The verses which have an immediate relation to those two circumstances, we shall here insert.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse exulting thus her lay began.

Bless'd be the Bastard's birth! thro' wond'rous-
[ways,
He shines excentric like a comet's blaze.
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he;
He! stamp'd in nature's mint with extasy!
He lives to build, not boast a gen'rous race,
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope, no sire's example bounds;
His first-born nights no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within requires no flame,
He glories in a bastard's glowing name.
——Nature's unbounded son he stands alone,
His heart unbias's'd, and his mind his own.
——O mother! yet no mother!—'Tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
——What had I lost if conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
You had faint drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life, by force your own!
——I had been born your dull domestic heir,
Load of your life and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich and meanly great;
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state:

Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And ſlumb'ring in a ſeat by chance my own.

After mentioning the death of Sinclair, he goes on thus:

——Where ſhall my hope find reſt? —— No
[mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, and from vice re-
[ſtrain'd.

This poem had extraordinary ſucceſs, great numbers were immediately diſperſed, and editions were multiplied with unuſual rapidity.

One circumſtance attended the publication, which Savage uſed to relate with great ſatisfaction. His mother, to whom the poem with due reverence was inſcribed, happened then to be at Bath, where ſhe could not conveniently retire from cenſure, or conceal herſelf from obſervation; and no ſooner did the reputation of the poem begin to ſpread, than ſhe heard it repeated in all places of concourſe; nor could ſhe enter the aſſembly-rooms, or croſs the walks, without being ſaluted with ſome lines from the Baſtard. She therefore left Bath with the utmoſt haſte, to ſhelter herſelf in the crowds of London. Thus Savage had the ſatisfaction of finding, that tho' he could not reform, he could yet puniſh his mother.

Some time after Mr. Savage took a reſolution of applying to the queen, that having once given him life, ſhe would enable him to ſupport it, and therefore publiſhed a ſhort poem on her birth-day, to which he gave the odd title of Volunteer-Laureat. He had not at that time one friend to preſent his poem at court, yet the Queen, notwithſtanding this act of ceremony was
wanting,

wanting, in a few days after publication, ſent him a bank note of fifty-pounds, by lord North and Guildford; and her permiſſion to write annually on the ſame ſubject, and that he ſhould yearly receive the like preſent, till ſomething better ſhould be done for him. After this he was permitted to preſent one of his annual poems to her majeſty, and had the honour of kiſſing her hand.

When the diſpute between the biſhop of London, and the chancellor, furniſhed for ſome time the chief topic of converſation, Mr. Savage who was an enemy to all claims of eccleſiaſtical power, engaged with his uſual zeal againſt the biſhop. In conſequence of his averſion to the dominion of ſuperſtitious churchmen, he wrote a poem called The Progreſs of a Divine, in which he conducts a profligate prieſt thro' all the gradations of wickedneſs, from a poor curacy in the country, to the higheſt preferment in the church; and after deſcribing his behaviour in every ſtation, enumerates that this prieſt thus accompliſhed, found at laſt a patron in the biſhop of London.

The clergy were univerſally provoked with this ſatire, and Savage was cenſured in the weekly Miſcellany, with a ſeverity he did not ſeem inclined to forget: But a return of invective was not thought a ſufficient puniſhment. The court of King's-Bench was moved againſt him, and he was obliged to return an anſwer to a charge of obſcenity. It was urged in his defence, that obſcenity was only criminal, when it was intended to promote the practice of vice; but that Mr. Savage had only introduced obſcene ideas, with a view of expoſing them to deteſtation, and of amending the age, by ſhewing the deformity of wickedneſs. This plea was admitted, and Sir Philip York, now lord Chancellor, who then preſided in that court, diſmiſſed the in-

formation, with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of Mr. Savage's writings.

He was ſtill in his uſual exigencies, having no certain ſupport, but the penſion allowed him from the Queen, which was not ſufficient to laſt him the fourth part of the year. His conduct, with regard to his penſion, was very particular. No ſooner had he changed the bill, than he vaniſhed from the ſight of all his acquaintances, and lay, for ſome time, out of the reach of his moſt intimate friends. At length he appeared again pennyleſs as before, but never informed any perſon where he had been, nor was his retreat ever diſcovered. This was his conſtant practice during the whole time he received his penſion. He regularly diſappeared, and returned. He indeed affirmed that he retired to ſtudy, and that the money ſupported him in ſolitude for many months, but his friends declared, that the ſhort time in which it was ſpent, ſufficiently confuted his own account of his conduct.

His perpetual indigence, politeneſs, and wit, ſtill raiſed him friends, who were deſirous to ſet him above want, and therefore ſollicited Sir Robert Walpole in his favour, but though promiſes were given, and Mr. Savage truſted, and was truſted, yet theſe added but one mortification more to the many he had ſuffered. His hopes of preferment from that ſtateſman iſſued in a diſappointment; upon which he publiſhed a poem in the Gentleman's Magazine, entitled, The Poet's Dependance on a Stateſman; in which he complains of the ſevere uſage he met with. But to deſpair was no part of the character of Savage; when one patronage failed, he had recourſe to another. The Prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the merit of ſome writers, whom Mr. Savage did not think ſuperior to himſelf; and therefore he reſolved to addreſs a poem to him.

For

For this purpoſe he made choice of a ſubject, which could regard only perſons of the higheſt rank, and greateſt affluence, and which was therefore proper for a poem intended to procure the patronage of a prince; namely, public ſpirit, with regard to public works. But having no friend upon whom he could prevail to preſent it to the Prince, he had no other method of attracting his obſervation, than by publiſhing frequent advertiſements, and therefore received no reward from his patron, however generous upon other occaſions. His poverty ſtill preſſing, he lodged as much by accident, as he dined; for he generally lived by chance, eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintance, from which, the meanneſs of his dreſs often excluded him, when the politeneſs, and variety of his converſation, would have been thought a ſufficient recompence for his entertainment. Having no lodging, he paſſed the night often in mean houſes, which are ſet open for any caſual wanderers; ſometimes in cellars, amongſt the riot and filth of the meaneſt and moſt profligate of the rabble; and ſometimes when he was totally without money, walked about the ſtreets till he was weary, and lay down in the ſummer upon a bulk, and in the winter, with his aſſociates in poverty, among the aſhes of a glaſs-houſe.

In this manner were paſſed thoſe days and nights, which nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated ſpeculations. On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glaſs-houſe, among thieves and beggars, was to be found the author of The Wanderer, the man, whoſe remarks in life might have aſſiſted the ſtateſman, whoſe ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moraliſt, whoſe eloquence might have influenced ſenates, and whoſe delicacy might have poliſhed courts. His diſtreſſes, however afflictive, never dejected him. In his loweſt

ſphere he wanted not ſpirit to aſſert the natural dignity of wit, and was always ready to repreſs that inſolence, which ſuperiority of fortune incited, and to trample that reputation which roſe upon any other baſis, than that of merit. He never admitted any groſs familiarity, or ſubmitted to be treated otherwiſe than as an equal.

Once, when he was without lodging, meat, or cloaths, one of his friends, a man indeed not remarkable for moderation in proſperity, left a meſſage, that he deſired to ſee him about nine in the morning. Savage knew that his intention was to aſſiſt him, but was very much diſguſted, that he ſhould preſume to preſcribe the hour of his attendance; and therefore rejected his kindneſs.

The greateſt hardſhips of poverty were to Savage, not the want of lodging, or of food, but the neglect and contempt it drew upon him. He complained that as his affairs grew deſperate, he found his reputation for capacity viſibly decline; that his opinion in queſtions of criticiſm was no longer regarded, when his coat was out of faſhion; and that thoſe, who in the interval of his proſperity, were always encouraging him to great undertakings, by encomiums on his genius, and aſſurances of ſucceſs, now received any mention of his deſigns with coldneſs, and, in ſhort, allowed him to be qualified for no other performance than volunteer-laureat. Yet even this kind of contempt never depreſſed him, for he always preſerved a ſteady confidence in his own capacity, and believed nothing above his reach, which he ſhould at any time earneſtly endeavour to attain.

This life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet embittered in 1738 with new diſtreſſes. The death of the Queen deprived him of all the proſpects of preferment, with which he had ſo long entertained his imagination. But even againſt this calamity there was an expedient at hand.

hand. He had taken a reſolution of writing a ſecond tragedy upon the ſtory of Sir Thomas Overbury, in which he made a total alteration of the plan, added new incidents, and introduced new characters, ſo that it was a new tragedy, not a revival of the former. With the profits of this ſcheme, when finiſhed, he fed his imagination, but proceeded ſlowly in it, and, probably, only employed himſelf upon it, when he could find no other amuſement. Upon the Queen's death it was expected of him, that he ſhould honour her memory with a funeral panegyric: He was thought culpable for omitting it; but on her birth-day, next year, he gave a proof of the power of genius and judgment. He knew that the track of elegy had been ſo long beaten, that it was impoſſible to travel in it, without treading the footſteps of thoſe who had gone before him, and therefore it was neceſſary that he might diſtinguiſh himſelf from the herd of encomiſts, to find out ſome new walk of funeral panegyric.

This difficult taſk he performed in ſuch a manner, that this poem may be juſtly ranked the beſt of his own, and amongſt the beſt pieces that the death of Princes has produced. By transferring the mention of her death, to her birth-day, he has formed a happy combination of topics, which any other man would have thought it difficult to connect in one view; but the relation between them appears natural; and it may be juſtly ſaid, that what no other man could have thought on, now ſeems ſcarcely poſſible for any man to miſs. In this poem, when he takes occaſion to mention the King, he modeſtly gives him a hint to continue his penſion, which, however, he did not receive at the uſual time, and there was ſome reaſon to think that it would be diſcontinued. He did not take thoſe methods of retrieving his intereſt, which were moſt likely to ſucceed, for he went one day

to Sir Robert Walpole's levee, and demanded the reaſon of the diſtinction that was made between him and the other penſioners of the Queen, with a degree of roughneſs which, perhaps, determined him to withdraw, what had only been delayed. This laſt misfortune he bore not only with decency, but cheerfulneſs, nor was his gaiety clouded, even by this diſappointment, though he was, in a ſhort time, reduced to the loweſt degree of diſtreſs, and often wanted both lodging and food. At this time he gave another inſtance of the inſurmountable obſtinacy of his ſpirit. His cloaths were worn out, and he received notice, that at a coffee-houſe ſome cloaths and linen were left for him. The perſon who ſent them did not, we believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might ſpare the perplexity of acknowledging the benefit; but though the offer was ſo far generous, it was made with ſome neglect of ceremonies, which Mr. Savage ſo much reſented, that he refuſed the preſent, and declined to enter the houſe 'till the cloaths, which were deſigned for him, were taken away.

His diſtreſs was now publicly known, and his friends therefore thought it proper to concert ſome meaſures for his relief. The ſcheme propoſed was, that he ſhould retire into Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a year, to be raiſed by ſubſcription, on which he was to live privately in a cheap place, without aſpiring any more to affluence, or having any farther ſollicitude for fame.

This offer Mr. Savage gladly accepted, though with intentions very different from thoſe of his friends; for they propoſed that he ſhould continue an exile from London for ever, and ſpend all the remaining part of his life at Swanſea; but he deſigned only to take the opportunity which their ſcheme offered him, of retreating for a ſhort time, that

that he might prepare his play for the ſtage, and his other works for the preſs, and then to return to London to exhibit his tragedy, and live upon the profits of his own labour.

After many ſollicitations and delays, a ſubſcription was at laſt raiſed, which did not amount to fifty pounds a year, though twenty were paid by one gentleman. He was, however, ſatisfied, and willing to retire, and was convinced that the allowance, though ſcanty, would be more than ſufficient for him, being now determined to commence a rigid oeconomiſt.

Full of theſe ſalutary reſolutions, he quitted London in 1739. He was furniſhed with fifteen guineas, and was told, that they would be ſufficient, not only for the expence of his journey, but for his ſupport in Wales for ſome time; and that there remained but little more of the firſt collection. He promiſed a ſtrict adherence to his maxims of parſimony, and went away in the ſtage coach; nor did his friends expect to hear from him, 'till he informed them of his arrival at Swanſea. But, when they leaſt expected, arrived a letter dated the 14th day after his departure, in which he ſent them word, that he was yet upon the road, and without money, and that he therefore could not proceed without a remittance. They then ſent him the money that was in their hands, with which he was enabled to reach Briſtol, from whence he was to go to Swanſea by water. At Briſtol he found an embargo laid upon the ſhipping, ſo that he could not immediately obtain a paſſage, and being therefore obliged to ſtay there ſome time, he, with his uſual felicity, ingratiated himſelf with many of the principal inhabitants, was invited to their houſes, diſtinguiſhed at their public feaſts, and treated with a regard that gratified his vanity, and therefore eaſily engaged his affection.

After ſome ſtay at Briſtol, he retired to Swanſea, the place originally propoſed for his reſidence, where he lived about a year very much diſſatisfied with the diminution of his ſalary, for the greateſt part of the contributors, irritated by Mr. Savage's letters, which they imagined treated them contemptuouſly, withdrew their ſubſcriptions. At this place, as in every other, he contracted an acquaintance with thoſe who were moſt diſtinguiſhed in that country, among whom, he has celebrated Mr. Powel, and Mrs. Jones, by ſome verſes inſerted in the Gentleman's Magazine. Here he compleated his tragedy, of which two acts were wanting when he left London, and was deſirous of coming to town to bring it on the ſtage. This deſign was very warmly oppoſed, and he was adviſed by his chief benefactor, who was no other than Mr. Pope, to put it in the hands of Mr. Thomſon and Mr. Mallet, that it might be fitted for the ſtage, and to allow his friends to receive the profits, out of which an annual penſion ſhould be paid him. This propoſal he rejected with the utmoſt contempt. He was by no means convinced that the judgment of thoſe to whom he was required to ſubmit, was ſuperior to his own. He was now determined, as he expreſſed, to be no longer kept in leading-ſtrings, and had no elevated idea of his bounty, who propoſed to penſion him out of the profits of his own labours. He ſoon after this quitted Swanſea, and, with an intent to return to London, went to Briſtol, where a repetition of the kindneſs which he had formerly found, invited him to ſtay. He was not only careſſed, and treated, but had a collection made for him of about thirty pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for London; but he never conſidered that ſuch proofs of kindneſs were not often to be expected, and that this ardour of benevolence was, in a great degree, the effect of novelty.

Another

Another part of his miſconduct was, the practice of prolonging his viſits to unſeaſonable hours, and diſconcerting all the families into which he was admitted. This was an error in a place of commerce, which all the charms of converſation could not compenſate; for what trader would purchaſe ſuch airy ſatisfaction, with the loſs of ſolid gain, which muſt be the conſequence of midnight merriment, as thoſe hours which were gained at night were generally loſt in the morning? Diſtreſs at laſt ſtole upon him by imperceptible degrees; his conduct had already wearied ſome of thoſe who were at firſt enamoured of his converſation; but he ſtill might have devolved to others, whom he might have entertained with equal ſucceſs, had not the decay of his cloaths made it no longer conſiſtent with decency to admit him to their tables, or to aſſociate with him in public places. He now began to find every man from home, at whoſe houſe he called; and was therefore no longer able to procure the neceſſaries of life, but wandered about the town, ſlighted and neglected, in queſt of a dinner, which he did not always obtain. To compleat his miſery, he was obliged to withdraw from the ſmall number of friends from whom he had ſtill reaſon to hope for favours. His cuſtom was to lie in bed the greateſt part of the day, and to go out in the dark with the utmoſt privacy, and after having paid his viſit, return again before morning to his lodging, which was in the garret of an obſcure inn.

Being thus excluded on one hand, and confined on the other, he ſuffered the utmoſt extremities of poverty, and often faſted ſo long, that he was ſeized with faintneſs, and had loſt his appetite, not being able to bear the ſmell of meat, 'till the action of his ſtomach was reſtored by a cordial.

He

He continued to bear these severe pressures, 'till the landlady of a coffee-house, to whom he owed about eight pounds, compleated his wretchedness. He was arrested by order of this woman, and conducted to the house of a Sheriff's Officer, where he remained some time at a great expence, in hopes of finding bail. This expence he was enabled to support by a present from Mr. Nash of Bath, who, upon hearing of his late misfortune, sent him five guineas. No friends would contribute to release him from prison at the expence of eight pounds, and therefore he was removed to Newgate. He bore this misfortune with an unshaken fortitude, and indeed the treatment he met with from Mr. Dagg, the keeper of the prison, greatly softened the rigours of his confinement. He was supported by him at his own table, without any certainty of recompence; had a room to himself, to which he could at any time retire from all disturbance; was allowed to stand at the door of the prison, and sometimes taken out into the fields; so that he suffered fewer hardships in the prison, than he had been accustomed to undergo the greatest part of his life. Virtue is undoubtedly most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult; and therefore the humanity of the gaoler certainly deserves this public attestation.

While Mr. Savage was in prison, he began, and almost finished a satire, which he entitled London and Bristol Delineated; in order to be revenged of those who had had no more generosity for a man, to whom they professed friendship, than to suffer him to languish in a gaol for eight pounds. He had now ceased from corresponding with any of his subscribers, except Mr. Pope, who yet continued to remit him twenty pounds a year, which he had promised, and by whom he expected to be in a very short time enlarged; because he had directed the keeper to enquire after the state of his debts.

How-

However he took care to enter his name according to the forms of the court, that the creditors might be obliged to make him ſome allowance, if he was continued a priſoner; and when on that occaſion he appeared in the Hall, was treated with very unuſual reſpect.

But the reſentment of the City was afterwards raiſed, by ſome accounts that had been ſpread of the ſatire, and he was informed, that ſome of the Merchants intended to pay the allowance which the law required, and to detain him a priſoner at their own expence. This he treated as an empty menace, and had he not been prevented by death, he would have haſtened the publication of the ſatire, only to ſhew how much he was ſuperior to their inſults.

When he had been ſix months in priſon, he received from Mr. Pope, in whoſe kindneſs he had the greateſt confidence, and on whoſe aſſiſtance he chiefly depended, a letter that contained a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, drawn up in ſuch terms as ſudden reſentment dictated. Mr. Savage returned a very ſolemn proteſtation of his innocence, but however appeared much diſturbed at the accuſation. Some days afterwards he was ſeized with a pain in his back and ſide, which, as it was not violent, was not ſuſpected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of July he confined himſelf to his room, and a fever ſeized his ſpirits. The ſymptoms grew every day more formidable, but his condition did not enable him to procure any aſſiſtance. The laſt time the keeper ſaw him was on July 31, when Savage, ſeeing him at his bed-ſide, ſaid, with uncommon earneſtneſs, I have ſomething to ſay to you, ſir, but, after a pauſe, moved his hand in a melancholy manner, and finding himſelf unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, ſaid, 'tis gone. The keeper ſoon after left him, and the

the next morning he died. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter, at the expence of the keeper.

Such were the life and death of this unfortunate poet; a man equally diſtinguiſhed by his virtues and vices, and, at once, remarkable for his weakneſſes and abilities. He was of a middle ſtature, of a thin habit of body, a long viſage, coarſe features, and a melancholy aſpect; of a grave and manly deportment, a ſolemn dignity of mien, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, ſoftened into an engaging eaſineſs of manners. His walk was ſlow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was eaſily excited to ſmiles, but very ſeldom provoked to laughter. His judgment was eminently exact, both with regard to writings and to men. The knowledge of life was his chief attainment. He was born rather to bear misfortunes greatly, than to enjoy proſperity with moderation. He diſcovered an amazing firmneſs of ſpirit, in ſpurning thoſe who preſumed to dictate to him in the loweſt circumſtances of miſery; but we never can reconcile the idea of true greatneſs of mind, with the perpetual inclination Savage diſcovered to live upon the bounty of his friends. To ſtruggle for independence appears much more laudable, as well as a higher inſtance of ſpirit, than to be the penſioner of another.

As Savage had ſeen ſo much of the world, and was capable of ſo deep a penetration into nature, it was ſtrange he could not form ſome ſcheme of a livelihood, more honourable than that of a poetical mendicant: his proſecuting any plan of life with diligence, would have thrown more luſtre on his character, than all his works, and have raiſed our ideas of the greatneſs of his ſpirit, much beyond the conduct we have already ſeen. If poverty is ſo great an evil as to expoſe a man to commit actions, at which he afterwards bluſhes, to avoid

void this poverty ſhould be the continual care of every man; and he, who lets ſlip every opportunity of doing ſo, is more entitled to admiration than pity, ſhould he bear his ſufferings nobly.

Mr. Savage's temper, in conſequence of the dominion of his paſſions, was uncertain and capricious. He was eaſily engaged, and eaſily diſguſted; but he is accuſed of retaining his hatred more tenaciouſly than his benevolence. He was compaſſionate both by nature and principle, and always ready to perform offices of humanity; but when he was provoked, and very ſmall offences were ſufficient to provoke him, he would proſecute his revenge with the utmoſt acrimony, 'till his paſſion had ſubſided. His friendſhip was therefore of little value, for he was zealous in the ſupport, or vindication of thoſe whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to truſt him, becauſe he conſidered himſelf as diſcharged by the firſt quarrel, from all ties of honour and gratitude. He would even betray thoſe ſecrets, which, in the warmth of confidence, had been imparted to him. His veracity was often queſtioned, and not without reaſon. When he loved any man, he ſuppreſſed all his faults, and when he had been offended by him, concealed all his virtues. But his characters were generally true, ſo far as he proceeded, though it cannot be denied, but his partiality might have ſometimes the effect of falſhood.

In the words of the celebrated writer of his life, from whom, as we obſerved in the beginning, we have extracted the account here given, we ſhall conclude this unfortunate perſon's Memoirs, which were ſo various as to afford large ſcope for an able biographer, and which, by this gentleman, have been repreſented with ſo great a maſtery, and force of penetration, that the Life of Savage, as written by him, is an excellent model for this ſpecies of writing.

'This

'This relation (says he) will not be wholly without its use, if those, who languish under any part of his sufferings, should be enabled to fortify their patience, by reflecting that they feel only those afflictions from which the abilities of Savage did not exempt him; or those, who in confidence of superior capacities, or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing can supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.'

Dr.

Dr. THOMAS SHERIDAN

WAS born in the county of Cavan, where his father kept a public houſe. A gentleman, who had a regard for his father, and who obſerved the ſon gave early indications of genius above the common ſtandard, ſent him to the college of Dublin, and contributed towards the finiſhing his education there. Our poet received very great encouragement upon his ſetting out in life, and was eſteemed a fortunate man. The agreeable humour, and the unreſerved pleaſantry of his temper, introduced him to the acquaintance, and eſtabliſhed him in the eſteem, of the wits of that age. He ſet up a ſchool in Dublin, which, at one time, was ſo conſiderable as to produce an income of a thouſand pounds a year, and poſſeſſed beſides ſome good livings, and biſhops leaſes, which are extremely lucrative.

Mr. Sheridan married the daughter of Mr. Macpherſon, a Scots gentleman, who ſerved in the wars under King William, and, during the troubles of Ireland, became poſſeſſed of a ſmall eſtate of about 40 l. per annum, called Quilca. This little fortune devolved on Mrs. Sheridan, which enabled her huſband to ſet up a ſchool. Dr. Sheridan, amongſt his virtues, could not number oeconomy; on the contrary, he was remarkable for profuſion and extravagance, which expoſed him to ſuch inconveniences, that he was obliged to mortgage all he had. His ſchool daily declined, and by

by an act of indiscretion, he was stript of the best living he then enjoyed. On the birth-day of his late Majesty, the Dr. having occasion to preach, chose for his text the following words,

Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

This procured him the name of a Jacobite, or a disaffected person, a circumstance sufficient to ruin him in his ecclesiastical capacity. His friends, who were disposed to think favourably of him, were for softning the epithet of Jacobite into Tory, imputing his choice of that text, rather to whim and humour, than any settled prejudice against his Majesty, or the government; but this unseasonable pleasantry was not so easily passed over, and the Dr. had frequent occasion to repent the choice of his text.

Unhappy Sheridan! he lived to want both money and friends. He spent his money and time merrily among the gay and the great, and was an example, that there are too many who can relish a man's humour, who have not so quick a sense of his misfortunes. The following story should not have been told, were it not true.

In the midst of his misfortunes, when the demands of his creditors obliged him to retirement, he went to dean Swift, and sollicited a lodging for a few days, 'till by a proper composition he might be restored to his freedom. The dean retired early to rest. The Dr. fatigued, but not inclinable to go so soon to bed, sent the servant to the dean, desiring the key of the cellar, that he might have a bottle of wine. The dean, in one of his odd humours, returned for answer, he promised to find him a lodging, but not in wine; and refused to send the key. The Dr. being thunderstruck at this unexpected incivility, the tears burst from his eyes; he quitted the house,

houſe, and we believe never after repeated the viſit.

Dr. Sheridan died in the year 1738, in the 55th year of his age. The following epitaph for him was handed about.

Beneath this marble ſtone here lies
Poor Tom, more merry much than wiſe;
Who only liv'd for two great ends,
To ſpend his caſh, and loſe his friends:
His darling wife of him bereft,
Is only griev'd—there's nothing left.

When the account of his death was inſerted in the papers, it was done in the following particular terms;

'September 10, died the revd. Dr. Thomas Sheridan of Dublin. He was a great linguiſt, a moſt ſincere friend, a delightful companion, and the beſt Schoolmaſter in Europe: He took the greateſt care of the morals of the young gentlemen, who had the happineſs of being bred up under him; and it was remarked, that none of his ſcholars ever was an Atheiſt, or a Free-Thinker.'

We cannot more ſucceſsfully convey to the reader a true idea of Dr. Sheridan, than by the two following quotations from Lord Orrery in his life of Swift, in which he occaſionally mentions Swift's friend.

'Swift was naturally fond of ſeeing his works in 'print, and he was encouraged in this fondneſs by 'his friend Dr. Sheridan, who had the Cacoethes 'Scribendi, to the greateſt degree, and was con-'tinually letting off ſquibs, rockets, and all ſorts of 'little fire-works from the preſs; by which means 'he offended many particular perſons, who, al-'though

'though they ſtood in awe of Swift, held Sheridan 'at defiance. The truth is, the poor doctor by 'nature the moſt peacable, inoffenſive man alive, 'was in a continual ſtate of warfare with the Minor 'Poets, and they revenged themſelves; or, in the 'ſtyle of Mr. Bays, often gave him flaſh for flaſh, 'and ſinged his feathers. The affection between 'Theſeus and Perithous was not greater than the 'affection between Swift and Sheridan: But the 'friendſhip that cemented the two ancient heroes 'probably commenced upon motives very different 'from thoſe which united the two modern divines.'

'Dr. Sheridan was a ſchool-maſter, and in many 'inſtances, perfectly well adapted for that ſtation. 'He was deeply vers'd in the Greek and Roman 'languages; and in their cuſtoms and antiquities. 'He had that kind of good nature, which abſence 'of mind, indolence of body, and careleſsneſs of 'fortune produce: And although not over-ſtrict in 'his own conduct, yet he took care of the morality 'of his ſcholars, whom he ſent to the univerſity, 'remarkably well founded in all kind of claſſical 'learning, and not ill inſtructed in the ſocial duties of 'life. He was ſlovenly, indigent, and chearful. 'He knew books much better than men: And he 'knew the value of money leaſt of all. In this 'ſituation, and with this diſpoſition, Swift faſtened 'upon him as upon a prey, with which he intend-'ed to regale himſelf, whenever his appetite ſhould 'prompt him. Sheridan was therefore certainly 'within his reach; and the only time he was per-'mitted to go beyond the limits of his chain, was 'to take poſſeſſion of a living in the county of 'Corke, which had been beſtowed upon him, by 'the then lord lieutenant of Ireland, the preſent 'earl of Granville. Sheridan, in one fatal mo-'ment, or by one fatal text, effected his own ruin.

'You

'You will find the ſtory told by Swift himſelf, in 'the fourth volume of his works [page 289. in a 'pamphlet intitled a Vindication of his Excellency 'John Lord Carteret, from the charge of favouring 'none but Tories, High-Churchmen, and Jaco-'bites.] So that here I need only tell you, that 'this ill-ſtarred, good-natur'd, improvident man 'returned to Dublin, unhinged from all favour at 'court, and even baniſhed from the Caſtle: But 'ſtill he remained a punſter, a quibbler, a fiddler, 'and a wit. Not a day paſſed without a rebus, 'an anagram, or a madrigal. His pen and his 'fiddle-ſtick were in continual motion; and yet to 'little or no purpoſe, if we may give credit to the 'following verſes, which ſhall ſerve as the conclu-'ſion of his poetical character.'

With muſic and poetry equally bleſs'd *,
A bard thus Apollo moſt humbly addreſs'd,
Great author of poetry, muſic, and light,
Inſtructed by thee, I both fiddle and write:

Yet unheeded I ſcrape, or I ſcribble all day,
My tunes are neglected, my verſe flung away.
Thy ſubſtantive here, Vice-Apollo § diſdains,
To vouch for my numbers, or liſt to my ſtrains.
Thy manual ſign he refuſes to put
To the airs I produce from the pen, or the gut:
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus, and grant
Relief, or reward to my merit, or want,
Tho' the Dean and Delany ‖ tranſcendently ſhine,
O! brighten one ſolo, or ſonnet of mine,

* Not a firſt rate genius, or extraordinary proficient, in either.

§ Dr. Swift.

‖ Now Dean of Downe.

Make

Make one work immortal, 'tis all I requeſt;
Apollo look'd pleas'd, and reſolving to jeſt,
Replied — Honeſt friend, I've conſider'd your [caſe,
Nor diſlike your unmeaning and innocent face.
Your petition I grant; the boon is not great,
Your works ſhall continue, and here's the receipt;
On Roundo's * hereafter, your fiddle-ſtrings [ſpend,
Write verſes in circles, they never ſhall end.

Dr. Sheridan gained ſome reputation by his Proſe-tranſlation of Perſius; to which he added a Collection of the beſt Notes of the Editors of this intricate Satyriſt, who are in the beſt eſteem; together with many judicious Notes of his own. This work was printed in 12mo. for A. Millar, 1739.

One of the volumes of Swift's Miſcellanies conſiſts almoſt entirely of Letters between the Dean and the Dr.

* A Song, or peculiar kind of Poetry, which returns to the beginning of the firſt verſe, and continues in a perpetual rotation.

The Revd. Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

WHEN the life of a perſon, whoſe wit and genius raiſed him to an eminence among writers of the firſt claſs, is written by one of uncommon abilities:—One poſſeſs'd of the power (as Shakeſpear ſays) *of looking quite thro' the deeds of men*; we are furniſhed with one of the higheſt entertainments a man can enjoy:—— Such an author alſo preſents us with a true picture of human nature, which affords us the moſt ample inſtruction:—He diſcerns the paſſions which play about the heart; and while he is aſtoniſhed with the high efforts of genius, is at the ſame time enabled to obſerve nature as it really is, and how diſtant from perfection mankind are in this world, even in the moſt refined ſtate of humanity. Such an intellectual feaſt they enjoy, who peruſe the life of this great author, drawn by the maſterly and impartial hand of lord Orrery. We there diſcern the greatneſs and weakneſs of Dean Swift; we diſcover the patriot, the genius, and the humouriſt; the peeviſh maſter, the ambitious ſtateſman, the implacable enemy, and the warm friend. His mixed qualities and imperfections are there candidly marked: His errors and virtues are ſo ſtrongly repreſented, that while we reflect upon his virtues, we forget he had ſo many failings; and when we conſider his errors, we are diſpoſed to think he had fewer virtues. With ſuch candour and impartiality has lord Orrery drawn the portrait of Swift; and, as every biographer

ought to do, has ſhewn us the man as he really was.

Upon this account given by his lordſhip, is the following chiefly built. It ſhall be our buſineſs to take notice of the moſt remarkable paſſages of the life of Swift; to omit no incidents that can be found concerning him, and as our propos'd bounds will not ſuffer us to enlarge, we ſhall endeavour to diſplay, with as much conciſeneſs as poſſible, thoſe particulars which may be moſt entertaining to the reader.

He was born in Dublin, November the 30th, 1667, and was carried into England ſoon after his birth, by his nurſe, who being obliged to croſs the ſea, and having a nurſe's fondneſs for the child at her breaſt, convey'd him a ſhip-board without the knowledge of his mother or relations, and kept him with her at Whitehaven in Cumberland, during her reſidence about three-years in that place. This extraordinary event made his return ſeem as if he had been tranſplanted to Ireland, rather than that he owed his original exiſtence to that ſoil. But perhaps he tacitly hoped to inſpire different nations with a contention for his birth; at leaſt in his angry moods, when he was peeviſh and provoked at the ingratitude of Ireland, he was frequently heard to ſay, 'I am not of this vile country, I am an 'Engliſhman.' Such an aſſertion tho' meant figuratively, was often received literally; and the report was ſtill farther propagated by Mr. Pope, who in one of his letters has this expreſſion. 'Tho' one, or 'two of our friends are gone, ſince you ſaw your 'native country, there remain a few.' But doctor Swift, in his cooler hours, never denied his country: On the contrary he frequently mentioned, and pointed out, the houſe where he was born.

The other ſuggeſtion concerning the illegitimacy of his birth, is equally falſe. Sir William Temple was employed as a miniſter abroad, from the year

1665, to the year 1670; first at Bruſſels, and afterwards at the Hague, as appears by his correſpondence with the earl of Arlington, and other miniſters of ſtate. So that Dr. Swift's mother, who never croſſed the ſea, except from England to Ireland, was out of all poſſibility of a perſonal correſpondence with Sir William Temple, till ſome years after her ſon's birth. Dr. Swift's anceſtors were perſons of decent and reputable characters. His grand-father was the Revd. Mr. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodridge, near Roſs in Herefordſhire. He enjoyed a paternal eſtate in that county, which is ſtill in poſſeſſion of his great-grandſon, Dean Swift, Eſq; He died in the year 1658, leaving five ſons, Godwin, Thomas, Dryden, Jonathan, and Adam.

Two of them only, Godwin and Jonathan, left ſons. Jonathan married Mrs. Abigail Erick of Leiceſterſhire, by whom he had one daughter and a ſon. The daughter was born in the firſt year of Mr. Swift's marriage; but he lived not to ſee the birth of his ſon, who was born two months after his death, and became afterwards the famous Dean of St. Patrick's.

The greateſt part of Mr. Jonathan Swift's income had depended upon agencies, and other employments of that kind; ſo that moſt of his fortune periſhed with him *, and the remainder being the only ſupport that his widow could enjoy, the care, tuition, and expence of her two children devolved upon her huſband's elder brother, Mr. Godwin Swift, who voluntarily became their guardian, and ſupplied the loſs which they had ſuſtained in a father.

The faculties of the mind appear and ſhine forth at different ages in different men. The infancy of Dr. Swift paſs'd on without any marks of diſtinction. At

* Lord Orrery, page 6.

ſix years old he was ſent to ſchool at Kilkenny, and about eight years afterwards he was entered a ſtudent of Trinity-College in Dublin. He lived there in perfect regularity, and under an entire obedience to the ſtatutes; but the moroſeneſs of his temper rendered him very unacceptable to his companions, ſo that he was little regarded, and leſs beloved, nor were the academical exerciſes agreeable to his genius. He held logic and metaphyſics in the utmoſt contempt; and he ſcarce conſidered mathematics, and natural philoſophy, unleſs to turn them into ridicule. The ſtudies which he followed were hiſtory and poetry. In theſe he made a great progreſs, but to all other branches of ſcience, he had given ſo very little application, that when he appeared as a candidate for the degree of batchelor of arts, he was ſet aſide on account of inſufficiency.

'This, ſays lord Orrery, is a ſurpriſing incident in 'his life, but it is undoubtedly true; and even at 'laſt he obtained his admiſſion Speciali Gratiâ. A 'phraſe which in that univerſity carries with it the 'utmoſt marks of reproach. It is a kind of diſ'honourable degree, and the record of it (notwith'ſtanding Swift's preſent eſtabliſhed character 'throughout the learned world) muſt for ever re'main againſt him in the academical regiſter at 'Dublin.'

The more early diſappointments happen in life, the deeper impreſſion they make upon the heart. Swift was full of indignation at the treatment he received in Dublin; and therefore reſolved to purſue his ſtudies at Oxford. However, that he might be admitted Ad Eundem, he was obliged to carry with him the teſtimonium of his degree. The expreſſion Speciali Gratiâ is ſo peculiar to the univerſity of Dublin, that when Mr. Swift exhibited his

his teſtimonium at Oxford, the members of the Engliſh univerſity concluded, that the words Speciali Gratiâ muſt ſignify a degree conferred in reward of extraordinary diligence and learning. It is natural to imagine that he did not try to undeceive them; he was entered in Hart-Hall, now Hartford-College, where he reſided till he took his degree of maſter of arts in the year 1691.

Dr. Swift's uncle, on whom he had placed his chief dependance, dying in the Revolution year, he was ſupported chiefly by the bounty of Sir William Temple, to whoſe lady he was a diſtant relation. Acts of generoſity ſeldom meet with their juſt applauſe. Sir William Temple's friendſhip was immediately conſtrued to proceed from a conſciouſneſs that he was the real father of Mr. Swift, otherwiſe it was thought impoſſible he could be ſo uncommonly munificent to a young man, ſo diſtantly related to his wife.

'I am not quite certain, (ſays his noble Biographer) that Swift himſelf did not acquieſce in the 'calumny; perhaps like Alexander, he thought the 'natural ſon of Jupiter would appear greater than 'the legitimate ſon of Philip.'

As ſoon as Swift quitted the univerſity, he lived with Sir William Temple as his friend, and domeſtic companion. When he had been about two years in the family of his patron, he contracted a very long, and dangerous illneſs, by eating an immoderate quantity of fruit. To this ſurfeit he uſed to aſcribe the giddineſs in his head, which, with intermiſſions ſometimes of a longer, and ſometimes of a ſhorter continuance, purſued him till it ſeemed to compleat its conqueſt, by rendering him the exact image of one of his own STRULDBRUGGS; a miſerable ſpectacle, devoid of every appearance of human nature, except the outward form.

After Swift had ſufficiently recovered to travel, he went into Ireland to try the effects of his native air; and he found ſo much benefit by the journey, that purſuant to his own inclinations he ſoon returned into England, and was again moſt affectionately received by Sir William Temple, whoſe houſe was now at Sheen, where he was often viſited by King William. Here Swift had frequent opportunities of converſing with that prince; in ſome of which converſations the king offered to make him a captain of horſe: An offer, which in his ſplenetic diſpoſitions, he always ſeemed ſorry to have refuſed; but at that time he had reſolved within his own mind to take orders, and during his whole life his reſolutions, like the decrees of fate, were immoveable. Thus determined, he again went over to Ireland, and immediately inliſted himſelf under the banner of the church. He was recommended to lord Capel, then Lord-Deputy, who gave him, the firſt vacancy, a prebend, of which the income was about a hundred pounds a year.

Swift ſoon grew weary of a preferment, which to a man of his ambition was far from being ſufficiently conſiderable. He reſigned his prebend in favour of a friend, and being ſick of ſolitude he returned to Sheen, were he lived domeſtically as uſual, till the death of Sir William Temple; who beſides a legacy in money, left to him the care and truſt of publiſhing his poſthumous works.

During Swift's reſidence with Sir William Temple he became intimately acquainted with a lady, whom he has diſtinguiſhed, and often celebrated, under the name of Stella. The real name of this lady was Johnſon. She was the daughter of Sir William Temple's ſteward; and the concealed but undoubted wife of doctor Swift. Sir William Temple bequeathed her in his will 1000l. as an acknowledgment of her father's faithful ſervices. In the year 1716 ſhe was married to doctor Swift, by doctor Aſhe, then biſhop of Clogher.

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The reader muſt obſerve, there was a long interval between the commencement of his acquaintance with Stella, and the time of making her his wife, for which (as it appears he was fond of her from the beginning of their intimacy) no other cauſe can be aſſigned, but that the ſame unaccountable humour, which had ſo long detained him from marrying, prevented him from acknowledging her after ſhe was his wife.

'Stella (ſays lord Orrery) was a moſt amiable 'woman both in mind and perſon: She had an 'elevated underſtanding, with all the delicacy, and 'ſoftneſs of her own ſex. Her voice, however 'ſweet in itſelf, was ſtill rendered more harmo-'nious by what ſhe ſaid. Her wit was poignant 'without ſeverity: Her manners were humane, 'polite, eaſy and unreſerved. —— Wherever ſhe 'came, ſhe attracted attention and eſteem. As 'virtue was her guide in morality, ſincerity was 'her guide in religion. She was conſtant, but not 'oſtentatious in her devotions: She was remark-'ably prudent in her converſation: She had great 'ſkill in muſic; and was perfectly well verſed in 'all the leſſer arts that employ a lady's leiſure. 'Her wit allowed her a fund of perpetual chear-'fulneſs within proper limits. She exactly anſwer-'ed the deſcription of Penelope in Homer.

'A woman, lovelieſt of the lovely kind,
'In body perfect, and compleat in mind.'

Such was this amiable lady, yet, with all theſe advantages, ſhe could never prevail on Dr. Swift to acknowledge her openly as his wife. A great genius muſt tread in unbeaten paths, and deviate from the common road of life; otherwiſe a diamond of ſo much luſtre might have been publickly produced, although it had been fixed within the collet of matri-

mony: But that which diminiſhed the value of this ineſtimable jewel in Swift's eye was the ſervile ſtate of her father.

Ambition and pride, the predominant principles which directed all the actions of Swift, conquered reaſon and juſtice; and the vanity of boaſting ſuch a wife was ſuppreſſed by the greater vanity of keeping free from a low alliance. Dr. Swift and Mrs. Johnſon continued the ſame œconomy of life after marriage, which they had purſued before it. They lived in ſeparate houſes; nothing appeared in their behaviour inconſiſtent in their decorum, and beyond the limits of platonic love. However unaccountable this renunciation of marriage rites might appear to the world, it certainly aroſe, not from any conſciouſneſs of a too near conſanguinity between him and Mrs. Johnſon, although the general voice of ſome was willing to make them both the natural children of Sir William Temple. Dr. Swift, (ſays lord Orrery) was not of that opinion, for the ſame falſe pride which induced him to deny the legitimate daughter of an obſcure ſervant, might have prompted him to own the natural daughter of Sir William Temple†.

It is natural to imagine, that a woman of Stella's delicacy muſt repine at ſuch an extraordinary ſituation. The outward honours ſhe received are as frequently beſtowed upon a miſtreſs as a wife; ſhe

† The authors of the Monthly Review have juſtly remarked, that this obſervation of his lordſhip's ſeems premature. 'The ſame public rumour, ſay they, that made HER Sir William Temple's daughter, made HIM alſo Sir William's ſon: 'Therefore he (Swift) could never with decency, have acknowledged Mrs. Johnſon as his wife, while that rumour 'continued to retain any degree of credit; and if there had 'been really no foundation for it, ſurely it might have been no 'very hard taſk to obviate its force, by producing the neceſſary 'proofs and circumſtances of his birth: Yet, we do not find 'that ever this was done, either by the Dean or his relations.'

was

was abſolutely virtuous, and was yet obliged to ſubmit to all the appearances of vice. Inward anxiety affected by degrees the calmneſs of her mind, and the ſtrength of her body. She died towards the end of January 1727, abſolutely deſtroy'd by the peculiarity of her fate; a fate which perhaps ſhe could not have incurred by an alliance with any other perſon in the world.

Upon the death of Sir William Temple, Swift came to London, and took the earlieſt opportunity of delivering a petition to King William, under the claim of a promiſe made by his majeſty to Sir William Temple, that Mr. Swift ſhould have the firſt vacancy which might happen among the prebends of Weſtminſter or Canterbury. But this promiſe was either totally forgotten, or the petition which Mr. Swift preſented was drowned amidſt the clamour of more urgent addreſſes. From this firſt diſappointment may be dated that bitterneſs towards kings and courtiers, which is to be found ſo univerſally diſperſed throughout his works.

After a long and fruitleſs attendance at Whitehall, Swift reluctantly gave up all thoughts of a ſettlement in England: Pride prevented him from remaining longer in a ſtate of ſervility and contempt. He complied therefore with an invitation from the earl of Berkley (appointed one of the Lords Juſtices in Ireland) to attend him as his chaplain, and private ſecretary.——Lord Berkley landed near Waterford, and Mr. Swift acted as ſecretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another of lord Berkley's attendants, whoſe name was Buſh, had by this time inſinuated himſelf into the earl's favour, and had whiſpered to his lordſhip, that the poſt of ſecretary was not proper for a clergyman, to whom only church preferments could be ſuitable or advantageous. Lord Berkley liſtened perhaps too attentively to theſe inſinuations, and making ſome ſlight apology

to Mr. Swift, diveſted him of that office, and beſtowed it upon Mr. Buſh.

Here again was another diſappointment, and a freſh object of indignation. The treatment was thought injurious, and Swift expreſſed his ſenſibility of it in a ſhort but ſatyrical copy of verſes, intitled the Diſcovery. However, during the government of the Earls of Berkley and Galway, who were jointly Lords Juſtices of Ireland, two livings, Laracor and Rathbeggan, were given to Mr. Swift. The firſt of theſe rectories was worth about 200, and the latter about 60 l. a year; and they were the only church preferments which he enjoyed till he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, in the year 1713.

Lord Orrery gives the following inſtances of his humour and of his pride.

As ſoon as he had taken poſſeſſion of his two livings, he went to reſide at Laracor, and gave public notice to his pariſhioners, that he would read prayers on every Wedneſday and Friday. Upon the ſubſequent Wedneſday the bell was rung, and the rector attended in his deſk, when after having ſat ſome time, and finding the congregation to conſiſt only of himſelf and his clerk Roger, he began with great compoſure and gravity; but with a turn peculiar to himſelf. "*Dearly beloved* Roger, *the ſcrip-*" *ture moveth you and me in ſundry places, &c.*" And then proceeded regularly thro' the whole ſervice. This trifling circumſtance ſerves to ſhew, that he could not reſiſt a vein of humour, whenever he had an opportunity of exerting it.

The following is the inſtance of his pride. While Swift was chaplain to lord Berkley, his only ſiſter, by the conſent and approbation of her uncle and relations, was married to a man in trade, whoſe fortune, character, and ſituation were eſteemed by all her friends, and ſuitable to her in every reſpect.

But

But the marriage was intirely diſagreeable to her brother. It ſeemed to interrupt thoſe ambitious views he had long ſince formed: He grew outragious at the thoughts of being brother-in law to a tradeſman. He utterly refuſed all reconciliation with his ſiſter; nor would he even liſten to the entreaties of his mother, who came over to Ireland under the ſtrongeſt hopes of pacifying his anger; having in every other inſtance found him a dutiful and obedient ſon: But his pride was not to be conquered, and Mrs. Swift finding her ſon inflexible, haſtened back to Leiceſter, where ſhe continued till her death.

During his mother's life time, he ſcarce ever failed to pay her an annual viſit. But his manner of travelling was as ſingular as any other of his actions. He often went in a waggon, but more frequently walked from Holyhead to Leiceſter, London, or any other part of England. He generally choſe to dine with waggoners, oſtlers, and perſons of that rank; and he uſed to lye at night in houſes where he found written over the door, Lodgings for a Penny. He delighted in ſcenes of low life. The vulgar dialect was not only a fund of humour for him; but ſeems to have been acceptable to his nature, as appears from the many filthy ideas, and indecent expreſſions found throughout his works.

A ſtrict reſidence in a country place was not in the leaſt ſuitable to the reſtleſs temper of Swift. He was perpetually making excurſions not only to Dublin, and other places in Ireland, but likewiſe to London; ſo rambling a diſpoſition occaſioned to him a conſiderable loſs. The rich deanery of Derry became vacant at this time, and was intended for him by lord Berkley, if Dr. King, then biſhop of Derry, and afterwards archbiſhop of Dublin, had not interpoſed; entreating with great earneſtneſs, that the deanery might be given to ſome grave and elderly divine, rather than to ſo young a man;

'because (added the biſhop) the ſituation of Derry 'is in the midſt of Preſbyterians, and I ſhould be 'glad of a clergyman, who might be of aſſiſtance 'to me. I have no objection to Mr. Swift. I 'know him to be a ſprightly ingenious young man; 'but inſtead of reſiding, I dare ſay he will be eter-'nally flying backwards and forwards to London; 'and therefore I entreat that he may be provided 'for in ſome other place.'

Swift was accordingly ſet aſide on account of youth, and from the year 1702, to the change of the miniſtry in the year 1710, few circumſtances of his life can be found ſufficiently material to be inſerted here. From this laſt period, 'till the death of Queen Anne, we find him fighting on the ſide of the Tories, and maintaining their cauſe in pamphlets, poems, and weekly papers. In one of his letters to Mr. Pope he has this expreſſion, 'I 'have converſed, in ſome freedom, with more 'miniſters of ſtate, of all parties, than uſually 'happens to men of my level; and, I confeſs, 'in their capacity as miniſters I look upon them 'as a race of people, whoſe acquaintance no man 'would court otherwiſe, than on the ſcore of va-'nity and ambition.' A man always appears of more conſequence to himſelf, than he is in reality to any other perſon. Such, perhaps, was the caſe of Dr. Swift. He knew how uſeful he was to the adminiſtration in general; and in one of his letters he mentions, that the place of hiſtoriographer was intended for him; but in this particular he flattered himſelf; at leaſt, he remained without any preferment 'till the year 1713, when he was made dean of St. Patrick's. In point of power and revenue, ſuch a deanery might be eſteemed no inconſiderable promotion; but to an ambitious mind, whoſe perpetual view was a ſettlement in England, a dignity in any other country muſt appear only a pro-

profitable and an honourable kind of baniſhment. It is very probable, that the temper of Swift might occaſion his Engliſh friends to wiſh him promoted at a diſtance. His ſpirit was ever untractable. The motions of his genius were often irregular. He aſſumed more of the air of a patron, than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate than adviſe. He was elated with the appearance of enjoying miniſterial confidence. He enjoyed the ſhadow indeed, but the ſubſtance was detained from him. He was employed, not entruſted; and at the ſame time he imagined himſelf a ſubtle diver, who dextrouſly ſhot down into the profoundeſt regions of politics, he was ſuffered only to ſound the ſhallows neareſt the ſhore, and was ſcarce admitted to deſcend below the froth at the top. Swift was one of thoſe ſtrange kind of Tories, who lord Bolingbroke, in his letter to Sir William Wyndham, calls the Whimſicals, that is, they were Tories attach'd to the Hanoverian ſucceſſion. This kind of Tory is ſo incongruous a creature, that it is a wonder ever ſuch a one exiſted. Mrs. Pilkington informs us, that Swift had written A Defence of the laſt Miniſters of Queen Anne, from an intention of reſtoring the Pretender, which Mr. Pope adviſed him to deſtroy, as not one word of it was true. Bolingbroke, by far the moſt accompliſhed man in that miniſtry (for Oxford was, in compariſon of him, a ſtateſman of no compaſs) certainly aimed at the reſtoration of the exiled family, however he might diſguiſe to ſome people his real intentions, under the maſque of being a Hanoverian Tory. This ſerves to corroberate the obſervation which lord Orrery makes of Swift: 'that 'he was employed, not truſted, &c.'

By reflexions of this ſort, ſays lord Orrery, we may account for his diſappointment of an Engliſh biſhopric. A diſappointment, which, he imagined, he owed to a joint application made againſt him

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to the Queen, by Dr. Sharp, archbiſhop of York, and by a lady of the higheſt rank and character. Archbiſhop Sharpe, according to Swift's account, had repreſented him to the Queen as a perſon, who was no Chriſtian; the great lady had ſupported the aſſertion, and the Queen, upon ſuch aſſurances, had given away the biſhopric, contrary to her Majeſty's intentions. Swift kept himſelf, indeed, within ſome tolerable bounds when he ſpoke of the Queen; but his indignation knew no limits when he mentioned the archbiſhop, or the lady.

Moſt people are fond of a ſettlement in their native country, but Swift had not much reaſon to rejoice in the land where his lot had fallen; for upon his arrival in Ireland to take poſſeſſion of the deanery, he found the violence of party raging in that kingdom to the higheſt degree. The common people were taught to conſider him as a Jacobite, and they proceeded ſo far in their deteſtation, as to throw ſtones and dirt at him as he paſſed thro' the ſtreets. The chapter of St. Patrick's, like the reſt of the kingdom, received him with great reluctance. They oppoſed him in every point he propoſed. They avoided him as a peſtilence, and reſiſted him as an invader and an enemy to his country. Such was his firſt reception, as dean of St. Patrick's. Fewer talents, and leſs firmneſs muſt have yielded to ſo outrageous an oppoſition. He had ſeen enough of human nature to be convinced that the paſſions of low, ſelf-intereſted minds ebb and flow continually. They love they know not whom, they hate they know not why. They are captivated by words, guided by names, and governed by accidents. But to ſhew the ſtrange revolutions in this world, Dr. Swift, who was now the deteſtation of the Iriſh rabble, lived to be afterwards the moſt abſolute monarch over them, that ever governed men. His firſt ſtep was to reduce to reaſon and obedience his revd. brethren

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the chapter of St. Patrick's; in which he ſucceeded ſo perfectly, and ſo ſpeedily, that, in a ſhort time after his arrival, not one member in that body offered to contradict him, even in trifles: on the contrary, they held him in the higheſt reſpect and veneration, ſo that he ſat in the Chapter-Houſe, like Jupiter in the Synod of the Gods.

In the beginning of the year 1714 Swift returned to England. He found his great friends, who ſat in the ſeat of power, much diſunited among themſelves. He ſaw the Queen declining in her health, and diſtreſſed in her ſituation; while faction was exerting itſelf, and gathering new ſtrength every day. He exerted the utmoſt of his ſkill to unite the miniſters, and to cement the apertures of the ſtate: but he found his pains fruitleſs, his arguments unavailing, and his endeavours, like the ſtone of Siſyphus, rolling back upon himſelf. He retired to a friend's houſe in Berkſhire, where he remained 'till the Queen died. So fatal an event terminated all his views in England, and made him return as faſt as poſſible to his deanery in Ireland, oppreſſed with grief and diſcontent. His hopes in England were now cruſhed for ever. As Swift was well known to have been attached to the Queen's laſt miniſtry, he met with ſeveral indignities from the populace, and, indeed, was equally abuſed by perſons of all ranks and denominations. Such a treatment ſoured his temper, confined his acquaintance, and added bitterneſs to his ſtile.

From the year 1714, 'till he appeared in the year 1720 a champion for Ireland, againſt Wood's halfpence, his ſpirit of politics and patriotiſm was kept almoſt cloſely confined within his own breaſt. Idleneſs and trifles engroſſed too many of his leiſure hours; fools and ſycophants too much of his converſation. His attendance upon the public ſervice of the church was regular and uninterrupted; and

and indeed regularity was peculiar to all his actions, even in the meereſt trifles. His hours of walking and reading never varied. His motions were guided by his watch, which was ſo conſtantly held in his hand, or placed before him on the table, that he ſeldom deviated many minutes in the revolution of his exerciſes and employments. In the year 1720 he began to re-aſſume, in ſome degree, the character of a political writer. A ſmall pamphlet in defence of the Iriſh Manufactures was his firſt eſſay in Ireland in that kind of writing, and to that pamphlet he owed the turn of the popular tide in his favour. It was entitled, A Propoſal for the Univerſal Uſe of Iriſh Manufacture in Clothes and Furniture of Houſes, &c. utterly rejecting and renouncing every thing wearable that comes from England. This propoſal immediately raiſed a very violent flame. The Printer was proſecuted, and the proſecution had the ſame effect, which generally attends thoſe kind of meaſures. It added fuel to flame. But his greateſt enemies muſt confeſs, that the pamphlet is written in the ſtile of a man who had the good of his country neareſt his heart, who ſaw her errors, and wiſhed to correct them; who felt her oppreſſions, and wiſhed to relieve them; and who had a deſire to rouze and awaken an indolent nation from a lethargic diſpoſition, that might prove fatal to her conſtitution. This temporary oppoſition but increaſed the ſtream of his popularity. He was now looked upon in a new light, and was diſtinguiſhed by the title of THE DEAN, and ſo high a degree of popularity did he attain, as to become an arbitrator, in diſputes of property, amongſt his neighbours; nor did any man dare to appeal from his opinion, or murmur at his decrees.

But the popular affection, which the dean had hitherto acquired, may be ſaid not to have been univerſal, 'till the publication of the Drapier's Letters,

Letters, which made all ranks, and all profeſſions unanimous in his applauſe. The occaſion of thoſe letters was, a ſcarcity of copper coin in Ireland, to ſo great a degree, that, for ſome time paſt, the chief manufacturers throughout the kingdom were obliged to pay their workmen in pieces of tin, or in other tokens of ſuppoſitious value. Such a method was very diſadvantageous to the lower parts of traffic, and was in general an impediment to the commerce of the ſtate. To remedy this evil, the late King granted a patent to one Wood, to coin, during the term of fourteen years, farthings and halfpence in England, for the uſe of Ireland, to the value of a certain ſum ſpecified. Theſe halfpence and farthings were to be received by thoſe perſons, who would voluntarily accept them. But the patent was thought to be of ſuch dangerous conſequence to the public, and of ſuch exorbitant advantage to the patentee, that the dean, under the character of M. B. Drapier, wrote a Letter to the People, warning them not to accept Wood's halfpence and farthings, as current coin. This firſt letter was ſucceeded by ſeveral others to the ſame purpoſe, all which are inſerted in his works.

At the ſound of the Drapier's trumpet, a ſpirit aroſe among the people. Perſons of all ranks, parties and denominations, were convinced that the admiſſion of Wood's copper muſt prove fatal to the commonwealth. The Papiſt, the Fanatic, the Tory, the Whig, all liſted themſelves volunteers, under the banner of the Drapier, and were all equally zealous to ſerve the common cauſe. Much heat, and many fiery ſpeeches againſt the adminiſtration were the conſequence of this union; nor had the flames been allayed, notwithſtanding threats and proclamations, had not the coin been totally ſuppreſſed, and Wood withdrawn his patent. The name of Auguſtus was not beſtowed upon

Octavius

Octavius Cæsar with more universal approbation, than the name of the Drapier was bestowed upon the dean. He had no sooner assumed his new cognomen, than he became the idol of the people of Ireland, to a degree of devotion, that in the most superstitious country, scarce any idol ever obtained. Libations to his health were poured out as frequent as to the immortal memory of King William. His effigies was painted in every street in Dublin. Acclamations and vows for his prosperity attended his footsteps wherever he passed. He was consulted in all points relating to domestic policy in general, and to the trade of Ireland in particular; but he was more immediately looked upon as the legislator of the Weavers, who frequently came in a body, consisting of 40 or 50 chiefs of their trade, to receive his advice in settling the rates of their manufactures, and the wages of their journeymen. He received their address with less majesty than sternness, and ranging his subjects in a circle round his parlour, spoke as copiously, and with as little difficulty and hesitation, to the several points in which they supplicated his assistance, as if trade had been the only study and employment of his life. When elections were depending for the city of Dublin, many Corporations refused to declare themselves, 'till they had consulted his sentiments and inclinations, which were punctually followed with equal chearfulness and submission.

In this state of power, and popular admiration, he remained 'till he lost his senses; a loss which he seemed to foresee, and prophetically lamented to many of his friends. The total deprivation of his senses came upon him by degrees. In the year 1736 he was seized with a violent fit of giddiness; he was at that time writing a satirical poem, called The Legion Club; but he found the effects of his giddiness so dreadful, that he left the poem unfinished, and never afterwards attempted a composition,

tion, either in verſe or proſe. However, his converſation ſtill remained the ſame, lively and ſevere, but his memory gradually grew worſe and worſe, and as that decreaſed, he grew every day more fretful and impatient. In the year 1741, his friends found his paſſions ſo violent and ungovernable, his memory ſo decayed, and his reaſon ſo depraved, that they took the utmoſt precautions to keep all ſtrangers from approaching him; for, 'till then, he had not appeared totally incapable of converſation. But early in the year 1742, the ſmall remains of his underſtanding became entirely confuſed, and the violence of his rage increaſed abſolutely to a degree of madneſs. In this miſerable ſtate he ſeemed to be appointed the firſt inhabitant of his own Hoſpital; eſpecially as from an outrageous lunatic, he ſunk afterwards to a quiet ſpeechleſs ideot, and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpleſs ſituation. He died towards the latter end of October 1745. The manner of his death was eaſy, without the leaſt pang, or convulſion; even the rattling of his throat was ſcarce ſufficient to give an alarm to his attendants, 'till within ſome very little time before he expired. A man in poſſeſſion of his reaſon would have wiſhed for ſuch a kind diſſolution; but Swift was totally inſenſible of happineſs, or pain. He had not even the power or expreſſion of a child, appearing for ſome years before his death, reſerved only as an example to mortify human pride, and to reverſe that fine deſcription of human nature, which is given us by the inimitable Shakeſpear. 'What 'a piece of work is man! how noble in reaſon! 'how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how 'expreſs and admirable! in action how like an an'gel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beau'ty of the world! the paragon of animals!' Swift's friends often heard him lament the ſtate of childhood and idiotiſm, to which ſome of the greateſt men

men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples within his own time, the duke of Marlborough and lord Somers; and when he cited these melancholy instances, it was always with a heavy sigh, and with gestures that shewed great uneasiness, as if he felt an impulse of what was to happen to him before he died. He left behind him about twelve thousand pounds, inclusive of the specific legacies mentioned in his will, and which may be computed at the sum of twelve hundred pounds, so that the remaining ten thousand eight hundred pounds, is entirely applicable to the Hospital for Idiots and Lunatics; an establishment remarkably generous, as those who receive the benefit, must for ever remain ignorant of their benefactor.

Lord Orerry has observed, that a propension to jocularity and humour is apparent in the last works of Swift. His Will, like all his other writings, is drawn up in his own peculiar manner. Even in so serious a composition, he cannot help indulging himself in leaving legacies, that carry with them an air of raillery and jest. He disposes of his three best hats (his best, his second best, and his third best beaver) with an ironical solemnity, that renders the bequests ridiculous. He bequeaths, 'To Mr. John 'Grattan a silver-box, to keep in it the tobacco 'which the said John usually chewed, called pigtail.' But his legacy to Mr. Robert Grattan, is still more extraordinary. 'Item, I bequeath to the Revd. 'Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audeon's, 'my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole 'use of the said box to his brother, Dr. James 'Grattan, during the life of the said Doctor, who 'hath more occasion for it.'

These are so many last expressions of his turn, and way of thinking, and no doubt the persons thus distinguished looked upon these instances as affectionate memorials of his friendship, and tokens of the

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jocoſe manner, in which he had treated them during his life-time.

With regard to Dean Swift's poetical character, the reader will take the following ſketch of it in the words of Lord Orrery. 'The poetical performances of Swift (ſays he) ought to be conſidered as occaſional poems, written either to pleaſure *, or

* We are aſſured, there was one while a miſunderſtanding ſubſiſting between Swift and Pope: But that worthy gentleman, the late general Dormer (who had a great regard for both) reconciled them, e'er it came to an open rupture:----Though the world might be deprived by the general's mediation of great matter of entertainment, which the whetted wit of two ſuch men might have afforded; yet his good-nature, and ſincere friendſhip, deſerves to be remember'd with honour.-----This gentleman Mr. Cibber ſenior was very intimate with, and once hinted to him, 'He was concerned to find he ſtood ſo ill in the Dean's opinion, whoſe great parts, wit, genius, &c. he held in the higheſt eſtimation; nor could he eaſily account for the Dean's ſo frequently appearing his enemy, as he never knowingly had offended him; and regretted the want of an opportunity of being better acquainted with him.'----The general had alſo a great regard for Mr. Cibber, and wiſhed to bring them together on an agreeable footing:---Why they were not ſo, came out ſoon after.----The ſecret was,----Mr. Pope was angry; [for the long-latent cauſe, look into Mr. Cibber's letter to Mr. Pope.] Paſſion and prejudice are not always friends to truth;---and the foam of reſentment never roſe higher, than when it boil'd and ſwell'd in Mr. Pope's boſom: No wonder then, that his miſrepreſentation might make the Dean believe, Mr. Cibber was not unworthy of that ſatire and raillery (not always juſt neither, and ſometimes ſolicited) which is not unſparingly thrown on him in the Dean's works:---That this was the caſe, appears from the following circumſtance.

As ſoon as Mr. Cibber's Apology was firſt printed, it was immediately carried over to Dublin, and given to Mr. Faulkner (an eminent printer and bookſeller there) by a gentleman, who wiſhed to ſee an edition of it in Ireland; Mr. Faulkner publiſhed it, and the ſucceſs thereof was ſo great, ſome thouſands thereof were diſpoſed of in a very ſhort time: Juſt before the intended edition appeared, the Dean (who often viſited Mr. Faulkner) coming into the ſhop, aſked, 'What new pieces were 'likely to come forth?'------Mr. Faulkner gave Mr. Cibber's Apology to him;---The Dean's curoſity was pretty ſtrong to

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'or to vex ſome particular perſons. We muſt not 'ſuppoſe them deſigned for poſterity; if he had 'cultivated his genius that way, he muſt certainly 'have excelled, eſpecially in ſatire. We ſee fine 'ſketches in ſeveral of his pieces; but he ſeems 'more deſirous to inform and ſtrengthen his mind, 'than to indulge the luxuriancy of his imagination. 'He chuſes to diſcover, and correct errors in the 'works of others, rather than to illuſtrate, and add 'beauties of his own. Like a ſkilful artiſt, he 'is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of 'enlarging them to open view. He aims to be 'ſeverely uſeful, rather than politely engaging; and 'as he was either not formed, nor would take 'pains to excel in poetry, he became in ſome mea-'ſure ſuperior to it; and aſſumed more the air,

ſee a work of that uncommon ſort:---In ſhort, he ſtay'd and dined there; and did not quit the houſe, or the book, 'till he had read it through: He adviſed Faulkner, to loſe no time in printing it; and ſaid, he would anſwer for it's ſucceſs:----He declared, he had not perus'd any thing a long time that had pleas'd him ſo much; and dwelt long in commendation of it: He added, that he almoſt envy'd the author the pleaſure he muſt have in writing it;---That he was ſorry he had ever ſaid any thing to his diſadvantage; and was convinced Cibber had been very much miſrepreſented to him; nor did he ſcruple to ſay, that, as it had been formerly the faſhion to abuſe Cibber, he had unwarily been drawn into it by Pope, and others. He often, afterwards, ſpoke in praiſe of Mr. Cibber, and his writings in general, and of this work in particular.---He afterwards told Mr. Faulkner, he had read Cibber's Apology thro' three times; that he was more and more pleaſed with it: That the ſtyle was not inferior to any Engliſh he had ever read: That his words were properly adapted: His ſimiles happy, uncommon, and well choſen: He then in a pleaſant manner ſaid---- 'You muſt give me this book, which is the firſt thing I ever 'begg'd from you.' To this, we may be ſure Mr. Faulkner readily conſented. Ever after in company, the Dean gave this book a great character.---Let the reader make the application of this true and well known fact.

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'and manner of a critic than a poet.' Thus far his lordſhip in his VIth letter, but in his IXth, he adds, when ſpeaking of the Second Volume of Swift's Works, 'He had the niceſt ear; he is remarkably 'chaſte, and delicate in his rhimes. A bad rhime 'appeared to him one of the capital ſins of 'poetry.'

The Dean's poem on his celebrated Vaneſſa, is number'd among the beſt of his poetical pieces. Of this lady it will be proper to give ſome account, as ſhe was a character as ſingular as Swift himſelf.

Vaneſſa's real name was Eſther Vanhomrich *. She was one of the daughters of Bartholomew Vanhomrich, a Dutch merchant of Amſterdam; who upon the Revolution went into Ireland, and was appointed by king William a commiſſioner of the revenue. The Dutch merchant, by parſimony and prudence, had collected a fortune of about 16,000 l. He bequeathed an equal diviſion of it to his wife, and his four children, of which two were ſons, and two were daughters. The ſons after the death of their father travelled abroad: The eldeſt died beyond ſea; and the youngeſt ſurviving his brother only a ſhort time, the whole patrimony fell to his two ſiſters, Eſther and Mary.

With this encreaſe of wealth, and with heads and hearts elated by affluence, and unreſtrained by fore-ſight or diſcretion, the widow Vanhomrich, and her two daughters, quitted their native country for the more elegant pleaſures of the Engliſh court. During their reſidence at London, they lived in a courſe of prodigality, that ſtretched itſelf far beyond the limits of their income, and reduced them to great diſtreſs, in the midſt of which the mother died, and the two daughters haſtened in all ſecreſy back to Ireland, beginning their journey on a Sun-

* The name is pronounced Vannumery.

day,

day, to avoid the interruption of creditors. Within two years after their arrival in Ireland, Mary the youngeſt ſiſter died, and the ſmall remains of the ſhipwreck'd fortune center'd in Vaneſſa.

Vanity makes terrible devaſtations in a female breaſt: Vaneſſa was exceſſively vain. She was fond of dreſs; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; ſuperior in her own opinion to all her ſex; full of pertneſs, gaiety, and pride; not without ſome agreeable accompliſhments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel: Ambitious at any rate to be eſteemed a wit; and with that view always affecting to keep company with wits; a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry; happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine; but ſtill aiming to be his wife. By nature haughty and diſdainful, looking with contempt upon her inferiors; and with the ſmiles of ſelf-approbation upon her equals; but upon Dr. Swift, with the eyes of love: Her love was no doubt founded in vanity.

Though Vaneſſa had exerted all the arts of her ſex, to intangle Swift in matrimony; ſhe was yet unſucceſsful. She had loſt her reputation, and the narrowneſs of her income, and coldneſs of her lover contributed to make her miſerable, and to increaſe the phrenſical diſpoſition of her mind. In this melancholly ſituation ſhe remained ſeveral years, during which time Cadenus (Swift) viſited her frequently. She often preſs'd him to marry her: His anſwers were rather turns of wit, than poſitive denials; till at laſt being unable to ſuſtain the weight of miſery any longer, ſhe wrote a very tender epiſtle to him, inſiſting peremptorily upon a ſerious anſwer, and an immediate acceptance, or abſolute refuſal of her as his wife. His reply was delivered by his own hand. He brought it with him when he made his final viſit; and throwing down the letter

ter upon the table with great paſſion, haſtened back to his houſe, carrying in his countenance the frown of anger, and indignation. Vaneſſa did not ſurvive many days the letter delivered to her by Swift, but during that ſhort interval ſhe was ſufficiently compoſed, to cancel a will made in his favour, and to make another, wherein ſhe left her fortune (which by a long retirement was in ſome meaſure retrieved) to her two executors, Dr. Berkley the late lord biſhop of Cloyne, and Mr. Marſhal one of the king's Serjeants at law. Thus periſhed under all the agonies of deſpair, Mrs. Eſther Vanhomrich; a miſerable example of an ill-ſpent life, fantaſtic wit, viſionary ſchemes, and female weakneſs.

It is ſtrange that vanity ſhould have ſo great a prevalence in the female breaſt, and yet it is certain that to this principle it was owing, that Swift's houſe was often a ſeraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an aſſiduity that are ſeldom paid to the richeſt, or the moſt powerful lovers. Theſe ladies had no doubt a pride in being thought the companions of Swift; but the hours which were ſpent in his company could not be very pleaſant, as his ſternneſs and authority were continually exerted to keep them in awe.

Lord Orrery has informed us, that Swift took every opportunity to expoſe and ridicule Dryden, for which he imagines there muſt have been ſome affront given by that great man to Swift. In this particular we can ſatisfy the reader from authentic information.

When Swift was a young man, and not ſo well acquainted with the world as he afterwards became, he wrote ſome Pindaric Odes. In this ſpecies of compoſition he ſucceeded ill; ſublimity and fire, the indiſpenſable requiſites in a Pindaric Ode not being his talent. As Mr. Dryden was Swift's kinſman, theſe odes were ſhewn to him for his approbation, who ſaid to him with an unreſerved

freedom, and in the candour of a friend, 'Cousin 'Swift, turn your thoughts some other way, for 'nature has never formed you for a Pindaric poet.'

Though what Dryden observed, might in some measure be true, and Swift perhaps was conscious that he had not abilities to succeed in that species of writing; yet this honest dissuasive of his kinsman he never forgave. The remembrance of it soured his temper, and heated his passions, whenever Dryden's name was mention'd.

We shall now take a view of Swift in his moral life, the distinction he has obtained in the literary world having rendered all illustrations of his genius needless.

Lord Orrery, throughout his excellent work, from which we have drawn our account of Swift, with his usual marks of candour, has displayed his moral character. In many particulars, the picture he draws of the Dean resembles the portrait of the same person as drawn by Mrs. Pilkington.

'I have beheld him (says his lordship) in all 'humours and dispositions, and I have formed 'various speculations from the several weaknesses 'to which I observed him liable. His capacity, 'and strength of mind, were undoubtedly equal to 'any task whatsoever. His pride, his spirit, or his 'ambition (call it by what name you please) was 'boundless; but his views were checked in his 'younger years, and the anxiety of that disappoint-'ment had a sensible effect upon all his actions. 'He was sour and severe, but not absolutely ill-'natur'd. He was sociable only to particular friends, 'and to them only at particular hours. He knew 'politeness more than he practised it. He was 'a mixture of avarice and generosity; the former 'was frequently prevalent, the latter seldom ap-'peared unless excited by compassion. He was 'open

'open to adulation, and would not, or could not, diſtinguiſh between low flattery and juſt applauſe. His abilities rendered him ſuperior to envy. He was undiſguiſed, and perfectly ſincere. I am induced to think that he entered into orders, more from ſome private and fixed reſolution, than from abſolute choice: Be that as it may, he performed the duties of the church with great punctuality, and a decent degree of devotion. He read prayers, rather in a ſtrong nervous voice, than in a graceful manner; and although he has been often accuſed of irreligion, nothing of that kind appeared in his converſation or behaviour. His caſt of mind induced him to think and ſpeak more of politics than religion. His perpetual views were directed towards power; and his chief aim was to be removed to England: But when he found himſelf entirely diſappointed, he turned his thoughts to oppoſition, and became the Patron of Ireland.'

Mrs. Pilkington has repreſented him as a tyrant in his family, and has diſcovered in him a violent propenſion to be abſolute in every company where he was. This diſpoſition, no doubt, made him more feared than loved; but as he had the moſt unbounded vanity to gratify, he was pleaſed with the ſervility and awe with which inferiors approached him. He may be reſembled to an eaſtern monarch, who takes delight in ſurveying his ſlaves, trembling at his approach, and kneeling with reverence at his feet.

Had Swift been born to regal honours, he would doubtleſs have bent the necks of his people to the yoke: As a ſubject, he was reſtleſs and turbulent; and though as lord Orrery ſays, he was above corruption, yet that virtue was certainly founded on his pride, which diſdained every meaſure, and ſpurned every effort in which he himſelf was not the principal.

He was certainly charitable, though it had an unlucky mixture of oſtentation in it. One particular act of his charity (not mentioned, except by Mrs. Pilkington, in any account of him yet publiſhed) is well worthy of remembrance, praiſe, and imitation:—— He appropriated the ſum of five-hundred pounds intirely to the uſe of poor tradeſmen and handicraftſmen, whoſe honeſty and induſtry, he thought merited aſſiſtance, and encouragement: This he lent to them in ſmall loans, as their exigencies required, without any intereſt; and they repaid him at ſo much per week, or month, as their different circumſtances beſt enabled them.——To the wealthy let us ſay———

"Abi tu et fac ſimiliter."

Mrs.

Mrs. CONSTANTIA GRIERSON.

THIS lady was born in Ireland; and, as Mrs. Barber judiciouſly remarks, was one of the moſt extraordinary women that either this age, or perhaps any other, ever produced. She died in the year 1733, at the age of 27, and was allowed long before to be an excellent ſcholar, not only in Greek and Roman literature, but in hiſtory, divinity, philoſophy, and mathematics.

Mrs. Grierſon (ſays ſhe) 'gave a proof of her 'knowledge in the Latin tongue, by her dedi- 'cation of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to the 'lord Carteret, and by that of Terence to his 'ſon, to whom ſhe likewiſe wrote a Greek epi- 'gram. She wrote ſeveral fine poems in Eng- 'liſh *, on which ſhe ſet ſo little value, that ſhe 'neglected to leave copies behind her of but very 'few.

'What makes her character the more remarkable 'is, that ſhe roſe to this eminence of learning 'merely by the force of her own genius, and 'continual application. She was not only happy 'in a fine imagination, a great memory, an ex- 'cellent underſtanding, and an exact judgment, 'but had all theſe crowned by virtue and piety: 'ſhe was too learned to be vain, too wiſe to be

* Mrs. Barber has preſerved ſeveral ſpecimens of her talent in this way, which are printed with her own poems.

'conceited, too knowing and too clear-sighted to 'be irreligious.

'If heaven had spared her life, and blessed her 'with health, which she wanted for some years 'before her death, there is good reason to think 'she would have made as great a figure in the 'learned world, as any of her sex are recorded to 'have done.

'As her learning and abilities raised her above 'her own sex, so they left her no room to envy 'any; on the contrary, her delight was to see o-'thers excel. She was always ready to advise and 'direct those who applied to her, and was herself 'willing to be advised.

'So little did she value herself upon her uncom-'mon excellences, that it has often recalled to 'my mind a fine reflexion of a French author, '*That great geniuses should be superior to their own* '*abilities.*

'I perswade myself that this short account of 'so extraordinary a woman, of whom much more 'might have been said, will not be disagreeable 'to my readers; nor can I omit what I think is 'greatly to the lord Carteret's honour, that when 'he was lord lieutenant of Ireland, he obtained a 'patent for Mr. Grierson, her husband, to be the 'King's Printer, and to distinguish and reward her 'uncommon merit, had her life inserted in it.' Thus far Mrs. Barber. We shall now subjoin Mrs. Pilkington's account of this wonderful genius.

'About two years before this, a young woman '(afterwards married to Mr. Grierson) of about 'eighteen years of age, was brought to my fa-'ther *, to be by him instructed in Midwifry: 'she was mistress of Hebrew †, Greek, Latin,

* Dr. Van Lewen of Dublin, an eminent physician and man-midwife.

† Her knowledge of the Hebrew is not mentioned by Mrs. Barber.

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'and French. and underſtood the mathematics as
'well as moſt men: and what made theſe extraor-
'dinary talents yet more ſurprizing was, that her
'parents were poor, illiterate, country people:
'ſo that her learning appeared like the gift pour-
'ed out on the apoſtles, of ſpeaking all languages
'without the pains of ſtudy; or, like the intui-
'tive knowledge of angels: yet inaſmuch as the
'power of miracles is ceaſed, we muſt allow ſhe
'uſed human means for ſuch great and excellent
'acquirements. And yet, in a long friendſhip and
'familiarity with her, I could never obtain a ſatis-
'factory account from her on this head; only ſhe
'ſaid, ſhe had received ſome little inſtruction from
'the miniſter of the pariſh, when ſhe could ſpare
'time from her needle-work, to which ſhe was
'cloſely kept by her mother. She wrote elegant-
'ly both in verſe and proſe, and ſome of the moſt
'delightful hours I ever paſſed were in the con-
'verſation of this female philoſopher.

'My father readily conſented to accept of her as
'a pupil, and gave her a general invitation to his
'table; ſo that ſhe and I were ſeldom aſunder.
'My parents were well pleaſed with our intimacy,
'as her piety was not inferior to her learning.
'Her turn was chiefly to philoſophical or divine
'ſubjects; yet could her heavenly muſe deſcend
'from its ſublime height to the eaſy epiſtolary ſtile,
'and ſuit itſelf to my then gay diſpoſition *.'

* Vide Mrs. PILKINGTON's MEMOIRS, Vol. I.

Mrs. CATHERINE COCKBURN.

THE Revd. Dr. Birch, who has prefixed a life of Mrs. Cockburn before the collection he has made of her works, with great truth obſerves, that it is a juſtice due to the public, as well as to the memory of Mrs. Cockburn, to premiſe ſome account of ſo extraordinary a perſon. "Poſterity, at leaſt, adds he, will be ſo ſollicitous to know, to whom they will owe the moſt demonſtrative and perſpicuous reaſonings, upon ſubjects of eternal importance; and her own ſex is entitled to the fulleſt information about one, who has done ſuch honour to them, and raiſed our ideas of their intellectual powers, by an example of the greateſt extent of underſtanding and correctneſs of judgment, united to all the vivacity of imagination. Antiquity, indeed, boaſted of its Female Philoſophers, whoſe merits have been drawn forth in an elaborate treatiſe of Menage *. But our own age and country may without injuſtice or vanity oppoſe to thoſe illuſtrious ladies the defender of Lock and Clark; who, with a genius equal to the moſt eminent of them, had the ſuperior advantage of cultivating it in the only effectual method of improvement, the ſtudy of a real philoſophy, and a theology worthy human nature, and its all-perfect author.

She was the daughter of captain David Trotter, a Scots gentleman, and commander of the royal

* Hiſtoria Mulierum Philoſopharum. 8vo. Lyons. 1690.

navy

navy in the reign of Charles II. He was highly in favour with that prince, who employed him as commodore in the demolition of Tangier, in the year 1683. Soon after he was ſent to convoy the fleet of the Turkey company; when being ſeized by the plague, then raging at Scanderoon, he died there. His death was an irreparable loſs to his family, who were defrauded of all his effects on board his ſhip, which were very conſiderable, and of all the money which he had advanced to the ſeamen, during a long voyage: And to add to this misfortune, the goldſmith, in whoſe hands the greateſt part of his money was lodged, became ſoon after a bankrupt. Theſe accumulated circumſtances of diſtreſs exciting the compaſſion of king Charles, the captain's widow was allowed a penſion, which ended with that king's life; nor had ſhe any conſideration for her loſſes in the two ſucceeding reigns. But queen Anne, upon her acceſſion to the throne, granted her an annual penſion of twenty pounds.

Captain Trotter at his death, left only two daughters, the youngeſt of whom, Catherine, our celebrated author, was born in London, Auguſt 16, 1679. She gave early marks of her genius, and was not paſſed her childhood when ſhe ſurprized a company of her relations and friends with extemporary verſes, on an accident which had fallen under her obſervation in the ſtreet. She both learned to write, and made herſelf miſtreſs of the French language, by her own application and diligence, without any inſtructor. But ſhe had ſome aſſiſtance in the ſtudy of the Latin Grammar and Logic, of which latter ſhe drew up an abſtract for her own uſe. The moſt ſerious and important ſubjects, and eſpecially thoſe of religion, ſoon engaged her attention. But notwithſtanding her education, her intimacy with ſeveral families of diſtinction of the Romiſh perſuaſion expoſed her, while very young, to impreſſions in favour of that church, which not be-

ing removed by her conferences with ſome eminent and learned members of the church of England, ſhe followed the dictates of a miſguided conſcience, and embraced the Romiſh communion, in which ſhe continued till the year 1707.

She was but 14 years of age, when ſhe wrote a copy of verſes upon Mr. Bevil Higgons's ſickneſs and recovery from the ſmall pox, which are printed in our author's ſecond volume. Her next production was a Tragedy called Agnes de Caſtro, which was acted at the Theatre-royal, in 1695, when ſhe was only in her ſeventeenth year, and printed in 1696. The reputation of this performance, and the verſes which ſhe addreſſed to Mr. Congreve upon his Mourning Bride, in 1697, were probably the foundation of her acquaintance with that admirable writer.

Her ſecond Tragedy, intitled Fatal Friendſhip, was acted in 1698, at the new Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. This Tragedy met with great applauſe, and is ſtill thought the moſt perfect of her dramatic performances. Among other copies of verſes ſent to her upon occaſion of it, and prefixed to it, was one from an unknown hand, which afterwards appeared to be from the elegant pen of Mr. Hughs, author of the Siege of Damaſcus *.

The death of Mr. Dryden engaged her to join with ſeveral other ladies in paying a juſt tribute to the memory of that great improver of the ſtrength, fulneſs, and harmony of Engliſh verſe; and their performances were publiſhed together, under the title of the Nine Muſes; or Poems written by ſo many Ladies, upon the Death of the late famous John Dryden, Eſq;

* Dr. Birch mentions alſo Mr. Higgons's verſes on this occaſion, and gives a copy of a complimentary letter to our author, from Mr. George Farquhar.

Her

Her dramatic talents not being confined to Tragedy, she brought upon the stage, in 1701, a Comedy called Love at a Loss; or most Votes carry it, published in May that year. In the same year she gave the public her third Tragedy, intitled, The Unhappy Penitent, acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. In the dedication to Charles lord Hallifax, she draws the characters of several of the most eminent of her predecessors in tragic poetry, with great judgment and precision. She observes, that Shakespear had all the images of nature present to him, studied her thoroughly, and boldly copied all her various features: and that though he chiefly exerted himself on the more masculine passions, it was the choice of his judgment, not the restraint of his genius; and he seems to have designed those few tender moving scenes, which he has given us, as a proof that he could be every way equally admirable. She allows Dryden to have been the most universal genius which this nation ever bred; but thinks that he did not excel in every part; for though he is distinguished in most of his writings, by greatness and elevation of thought, yet at the same time that he commands our admiration of himself, he little moves our concern for those whom he represents, not being formed for touching the softer passions. On the other hand, Otway, besides his judicious choice of the fable, had a peculiar art to move compassion, which, as it is one of the chief ends of Tragedy, he found most adapted to his genius; and never venturing where that did not lead him, excelled in the pathetic. And had Lee, as she remarks, consulted his strength as well, he might have given us more perfect pieces; but aiming at the sublime, instead of being great, he is extravagant; his stile too swelling; and if we pursue him in his flight, he often carries us out of nature. Had he restrained that vain ambition, and intirely applied himself to describe the softest of the passions (for

love, of all the paſſions, he ſeems beſt to have underſtood, if that be allowed a proper ſubject for Tragedy) he had certainly had fewer defects.

But poetry and dramatic writing did not ſo far engroſs the thoughts of our author, but that ſhe ſometimes turned them to ſubjects of a very different nature; and at an age when few of the other ſex were capable of underſtanding the Eſſay of Human Underſtanding, and moſt of them prejudiced againſt the novelty of its principles; and though ſhe was at that time engaged in the profeſſion of a religion not very favourable to ſo rational a philoſophy as that of Mr. Lock; yet ſhe had read that incomparable book, with ſo clear a comprehenſion, and ſo unbiaſſed a judgment, that her own conviction of the truth and importance of the notions contained in it, led her to endeavour that of others, by removing ſome of the objections urged againſt them. She drew up therefore a Defence of the Eſſay, againſt ſome Remarks which had been publiſhed againſt it in 1667. The author of theſe remarks was never known to Mr. Lock, who animadverted upon them with ſome marks of chagrin, at the end of his reply to Stillingfleet, 1697. But after the death of the ingenious Dr. Thomas Burnet, maſter of the Charter-Houſe, it appeared from his papers, that the Remarks were the product of his pen. They were ſoon followed by ſecond Remarks, printed the ſame year, in vindication of the firſt, againſt Mr. Lock's Anſwer to them; and in 1699, by Third Remarks, addreſſed likewiſe to Mr. Lock. Mrs. Trotter's Defence of the Eſſay againſt all theſe Remarks was finiſhed ſo early as the beginning of December 1701, when ſhe was but 22 years old. But being more apprehenſive of appearing before the great writer whom ſhe defended, than of the public cenſure, and conſcious that the name of a woman would be a prejudice againſt a work of that nature, ſhe reſolved to conceal herſelf with the utmoſt

moſt care. But her title to the reputation of this piece did not continue long a ſecret to the world. For Mrs. Burnet, the late wife of Dr. Burnet, biſhop of Sarum, a lady of an uncommon degree of knowledge, and whoſe Method of Devotion, which paſſed through ſeveral editions, is a proof of her exemplary piety, and who, as well as that prelate, honoured our author with a particular friendſhip, notwithſtanding the difference of her religion, being informed that ſhe was engaged in writing, and that it was not poetry, was deſirous to know the ſubject. This Mrs. Trotter could not deny a lady of her merit, in whom ſhe might ſafely confide, and who, upon being acquainted with it, ſhewed an equal ſollicitude that the author might not be known. But afterwards finding the performance highly approved by the biſhop her huſband, Mr. Norris of Bemmerton, and Mr. Lock himſelf; ſhe thought the reaſons of ſecrecy ceaſed, and diſcovered the writer; and in June 1707 returned her thanks to Mrs. Trotter, then in London, for her preſent of the book, in a letter which does as much honour to her own underſtanding, principles and temper, as to her friend, to whom ſhe addreſſed it. Dr. Birch has given a copy of this letter.

Mr. Lock likewiſe was ſo highly ſatisfied with the Defence, (which was perhaps the only piece that appeared in favour of his Eſſay, except one by Mr. Samuel Bold, rector of Steeple in Dorſetſhire, 1699) that being in London, he deſired Mr. King, afterwards lord high chancellor, to make Mrs. Trotter a viſit, and a preſent of books; and when ſhe had owned herſelf, he wrote to her a letter of compliment, a copy of which is inſerted in theſe memoirs.

But while our author continued to ſhew the world ſo deep a penetration into ſubjects of the moſt difficult and abſtract kind, ſhe was ſtill incapable of extricating herſelf from thoſe ſubtilties and perplexities

plexities of argument, which retained her in the church of Rome. And the ſincerity of her attachment to it, in all its outward ſeverities, obliged her to ſo ſtrict an obſervance of its faſts, as proved extremely injurious to her health. Upon which Dr. Denton Nicholas, a very ingenious learned phyſician of her acquaintance, adviſed her to abate of thoſe rigours of abſtinence, as inſupportable to a conſtitution naturally infirm.

She returned to the exerciſe of her dramatic genius in 1703, and having fixed upon the Revolution of Sweden under Guſtavus Erickſon (which has been related in proſe with ſo much force and beauty by the Abbé Vertot) for the ſubject of a Tragedy, ſhe ſent the firſt draught of it to Mr. Congreve, who returned her an anſwer, which, on account of the juſt remarks upon the conduct of the drama, well deſerves a place here, did it not exceed our propoſed bounds, and therefore we muſt refer the reader to Dr. Birch's account. This Tragedy was acted in 1706, at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, and was printed in quarto.

By a letter from Mrs. Trotter to her friend George Burnet of Kemnay in Scotland, Eſq; then at Geneva, dated February 2, 1703-4, it appears that ſhe then began to entertain more moderate notions of religion, and to abate of her zeal for the church of Rome. Her charitableneſs and latitude of ſentiments ſeems to have increaſed a-pace, from the farther examination which ſhe was now probably making into the ſtate of the controverſy between the church of Rome and the Proteſtants; for in another letter to Mr. Burnet, of Auguſt 8, 1704, ſhe ſpeaks to the ſubject of religion, with a ſpirit of moderation unuſual in the communion of which ſhe ſtill profeſſed herſelf.

'I wiſh, (ſays ſhe) there was no diſtinction of 'churches; and then I doubt not there would be 'much

'much more real religion, the name and notion of 'which I am ſo ſorry to obſerve confined to the 'being of ſome particular community; and the 'whole of it, I am afraid, placed by moſt in a 'zeal of thoſe points, which make the differences 'between them; from which miſtaken zeal, no 'doubt, have proceeded all the maſſacres, perſe-'cutions, and hatred of their fellow chriſtians, 'which all churches have been inclined to, when in 'power. And I believe it is generally true, that 'thoſe who are moſt bigotted to a ſect, or moſt rigid 'and preciſe in their forms and outward diſcipline, 'are moſt negligent of the moral duties, which 'certainly are the main end of religion. I have 'obſerved this ſo often, both in private perſons and 'public ſocieties, that I am apt to ſuſpect it every 'where.'

The victory at Blenheim, which exerciſed the pens of Mr. Addiſon and Mr. John Philips, whoſe poems on that occaſion divided the admiration of the public, tempted Mrs. Trotter to write a copy of verſes to the duke of Marlborough, upon his return from his glorious campaign in Germany, December, 1704. But being doubtful with reſpect to the publication of them, ſhe ſent them in manuſcript to his grace; and received for anſwer, that the duke and ducheſs, and the lord treaſurer Godolphin, with ſeveral others to whom they were ſhewn, were greatly pleaſed with them; and that good judges of poetry had declared, that there were ſome lines in them ſuperior to any that had been written on the ſubject. Upon this encouragement ſhe ſent the poem to the preſs.

The high degree of favour with which ſhe was honoured by theſe illuſtrious perſons, gave her, about this time, hopes of ſome eſtabliſhment of her fortune, which had hitherto been extremely narrow and precarious. But though ſhe failed of ſuch an eſtabliſhment,

eſtabliſhment, ſhe ſucceeded in 1705, in another point, which was a temporary relief to her. This particular appears from one of her letters printed in the ſecond volume; but of what nature or amount this relief was, we do not find.

Her enquiries into the nature of true religion were attended with their natural and uſual effects, in opening and enlarging her notions beyond the contracted pale of her own church. For in her letter of the 7th of July 1705, to Mr. Burnet, ſhe ſays, 'I am zealous to have you agree with me in this one article, that all good chriſtians are of the ſame religion; a ſentiment which I ſincerely confeſs, how little ſoever it is countenanced by the church of Rome.' And in the latter end of the following year, or the beginning of 1707, her doubts about the Romiſh religion, which ſhe had ſo many years profeſſed, having led her to a thorough examination of the grounds of it, by conſulting the beſt books on both ſides of the queſtion, and adviſing with men of the beſt judgment, the reſult was a conviction of the falſeneſs of the pretenſions of that church, and a return to that of England, to which ſhe adhered during the reſt of her life. In the courſe of this enquiry, the great and leading queſtion concerning A Guide in Controverſy, was particularly diſcuſſed by her; and the two letters which ſhe wrote upon it, the firſt to Mr. Bennet, a Romiſh prieſt, and the ſecond to Mr. H——, who had procured an anſwer to that letter from a ſtranger, Mr. Bennet's indiſpoſition preventing him from returning one, were thought ſo valuable on account of the ſtrength and perſpicuity of reaſoning, as well as their conciſeneſs, that ſhe conſented to the importunity of her friends, for their publication in June 1707, under the following title, A Diſcourſe concerning a Guide in Controverſies; in two Letters: Written to one of the Church

Church of Rome, by a Perſon lately converted from that Communion; a later edition of them being ſince printed at Edinburgh in 1728 in 8vo. Biſhop Burnet wrote the preface to them, though without his name to it; and he obſerves, that they might be of uſe to ſuch of the Roman Catholics as are perſwaded, that thoſe who deny the infallibility of their church, take away all certainty of the Chriſtian religion, or of the authority of the ſcriptures. This is the main topic of thoſe two letters, and the point was conſidered by our author as of ſuch importance, that ſhe procured her friend Mrs. Burnet to conſult Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Clark upon it, and to ſhew him a paper, which had been put into her hands, urging the difficulties on that article, on the ſide of the Papiſts. The ſentiments of that great man upon this ſubject are compriſed in a letter from Mrs. Burnet to Mrs. Trotter, of which our editor has given a copy, to which we refer the reader in the 31ſt page of his account.

In 1708 our author was married to Mr. Cockburn, the ſon of Dr. Cockburn, an eminent and learned divine of Scotland, at firſt attached to the court of St. Germains, but obliged to quit it on account of his inflexible adherence to the Proteſtant religion; then for ſome time miniſter of the Epiſcopal church at Amſterdam, and at laſt collated to the rectory of Northaw in Middleſex, by Dr. Robinſon biſhop of London, at the recommendation of Queen Anne. Mr. Cockburn his ſon, ſoon after his marriage with our author, had the donative of Nayland in Suſſex, where he ſettled in the ſame year 1708; but returned afterwards from thence to London, to be curate of St. Dunſtan's in Fleet-ſtreet, where he continued 'till the acceſſion of his late majeſty to the throne, when falling into a ſcruple about the oath of abjuration, though he always prayed for the King and Roy-

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al Family by name, he was obliged to quit that ſtation, and for ten or twelve years following was reduced to great difficulties in the ſupport of his family; during which time he inſtructed the youth of the academy in Chancery-Lane, in the Latin tongue. At laſt, in 1726, by conſulting the lord chancellor King and his own father, upon the ſenſe and intent of that oath, and by reading ſome papers put into his hands, with relation to it, he was reconciled to the taking of it. In conſequence of this, being the year following invited to be miniſter of the Epiſcopal congregation at Aberdeen in Scotland, he qualified himſelf conformably to the law, and, on the day of his preſent Majeſty's acceſſion, preached a ſermon there on the duty and benefit of praying for the government. This ſermon being printed and animadverted upon, he publiſhed a reply to the remarks on it, with ſome papers relating to the oath of abjuration, which have been much eſteemed. Soon after his ſettlement at Aberdeen, the lord chancellor preſented him to the living of Long-Horſely, near Morpeth in Northumberland, as a means of enabling him to ſupport and educate his family; for which purpoſe he was allowed to continue his function at Aberdeen, 'till the negligence and ill-behaviour of the curates, whom he employed at Long-Horſely, occaſioned Dr. Chandler, the late biſhop of Durham, to call him to reſidence on that living, 1737; by which means he was forced to quit his ſtation at Aberdeen, to the no ſmall diminution of his income. He was a man of conſiderable learning; and beſides his ſermon abovementioned, and the vindication of it, he publiſhed, in the Weekly Miſcellany, A Defence of Prime Miniſters, in the Character of Joſeph; and a Treatiſe of the Moſaic Deſign, publiſhed ſince his death.

Mrs. Cockburn, after her marriage, was entirely diverted from her ſtudies for many years, by attending

tending upon the duties of a wife and a mother, and by the ordinary cares of an encreaſing family, and the additional ones ariſing from the reduced circumſtances of her huſband. However, her zeal for Mr. Lock's character and writings drew her again into the public light in 1716, upon this occaſion.

Dr. Holdſworth, fellow of St. John's College in Oxford, had preached on Eaſter-Monday, 1719 20, before that univerſity, a ſermon on John v. 28, 29, which he publiſhed, profeſſing in his title page to examine and anſwer the Cavils, Falſe Reaſonings, and Falſe Interpretations of Scripture, of Mr. Lock and others, againſt the Reſurrection of the Same Body. This ſermon did not reach Mrs. Cockburn's hands 'till ſome years after; when the peruſal of it forced from her ſome animadverſions, which ſhe threw together in the form of a letter to the Dr. and ſent to him in May 1724, with a deſign of ſuppreſſing it entirely, if it ſhould have the deſired effect upon him. After nine months the Dr. informed her, that he had drawn up a large and particular anſwer to it, but was unwilling to truſt her with his manuſcript, 'till ſhe ſhould publiſh her own. However, after a long time, and much difficulty, ſhe at laſt obtained the peruſal of his anſwer; but not meeting with that conviction from it, which would have made her give up her cauſe, ſhe was prevailed on to let the world judge between them, and accordingly publiſhed her Letter to Dr. Holdſworth, in January 1726-7, without her name, but ſaid in the title page to be by the author of, A Defence of Mr. Lock's Eſſay of Human Underſtanding. The Dr. whoſe anſwer to it was already finiſhed, was very expeditious in the publication of it in June 1727, in an 8vo volume, under the title of A Defence of the Doctrine of the Reſurrection of the ſame Body, &c.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cockburn wrote a very particular reply to this, and entitled it, A Vindication of Mr. Lock's Principles, from the injurious Imputations of Dr. Holdſworth. But though it is an admirable performance, and ſhe was extremely deſirous of doing juſtice to Mr. Lock and herſelf, yet not meeting with any Bookſeller willing to undertake, nor herſelf being able to ſupport the expence of the impreſſion, it continued in manuſcript, and was reſerved to enrich the collection publiſhed after her death.

Her Remarks upon ſome Writers in the Controverſy concerning the Foundation of Moral Duty and Moral Obligation were begun during the winter of the year 1739, and finiſhed in the following one; for the weakneſs of her eyes, which had been a complaint of many years ſtanding, not permitting her to uſe, by candlelight, her needle, which ſo fully employed her in the ſummer ſeaſon, that ſhe read little, and wrote leſs; ſhe amuſed herſelf, during the long winter-evenings, in digeſting her thoughts upon the moſt abſtract ſubjects in morality and metaphyſics. They continued in manuſcript till 1743, for want of a Bookſeller inclined to accept the publication of them, and were introduced to the world in Auguſt that year, in The Hiſtory of the Works of the Learned. Her name did not go with them, but they were Inſcribed with the utmoſt Deference to Alexander Pope, Eſq; by an Admirer of his moral Character; for which ſhe ſhews a remarkable zeal in her letters, whenever ſhe has occaſion to mention him. And her high opinion of him in that reſpect, founded chiefly on his writings, and eſpecially his letters, as well as her admiration of his genius, inſpired her with a ſtrong deſire of being known to him; for which purpoſe ſhe drew up a pretty long letter to him about the year 1738: but it was never ſent. The ſtrength, clearneſs, and vi-

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vacity ſhewn in her Remarks upon the moſt abſtract and perplexed queſtions, immediately raiſed the curioſity of all good judges about the concealed writer; and their admiration was greatly increaſed when her ſex and advanced age were known. And the worthy Dr. Sharp *, archdeacon of Northumberland, who had theſe Remarks in manuſcript, and encouraged the publication of them, being convinced by them, that no perſon was better qualified for a thorough examination of the grounds of morality, entered into a correſpondence with her upon that ſubject. But her ill ſtate of health at laſt interrupted her proſecution of it; a circumſtance to be regretted, ſince a diſcuſſion carried on with ſo much ſagacity and candour on both ſides, would, in all probability, have left little difficulty remaining on the queſtion.

Dr. Rutherforth's Eſſay on the Nature and Obligations of virtue, publiſhed in May 1744, ſoon engaged her thoughts, and notwithſtanding the aſthmatic diſorder, which had ſeized her many years before, and now left her ſmall intervals of eaſe, ſhe applied herſelf to the confutation of that elaborate diſcourſe; and having finiſhed it with a ſpirit, elegance, and perſpicuity equal, if not ſuperior, to all her former writings, tranſmitted her manuſcript to Mr. Warburton, who publiſhed it in 8vo. with a Preface of his own, in April 1747, under the title of Remarks upon the Principles and Reaſonings of Dr. Rutherforth's Eſſay on the Nature and Obligations of Virtue, in Vindication of the contrary Principles and Reaſons inforced in the Writings of the late Dr. Samuel Clark.

The extenſive reputation which this and her former writings had gained her, induced her friends to propoſe to her, the collecting and publiſhing

* Author of an excellent pamphlet, entitled, Two Diſſertations concerning the Etymology and Scripture-meaning of the Hebrew Words Elohim and Berith. Vide Monthly Review.

them

them in a body. And upon her conſenting to the ſcheme, which was to be executed by ſubſcription, in order to ſecure to her the full benefit of the edition, it met with a ready encouragement from all perſons of true taſte; but though Mrs. Cockburn did not live to diſcharge the office of editor, yet the public has received the acquiſition by her death, of a valuable ſeries of letters, which her own modeſty would have reſtrained her from permitting to ſee the light. And it were to be wiſhed that theſe two volumes, conditioned for by the terms of ſubſcription, could have contained all her dramatic writings, of which only one is here publiſhed. But as that was impoſſible, the preference was, upon the matureſt deliberation, given to thoſe in proſe, as ſuperior in their kind to the moſt perfect of her poetical, and of more general and laſting uſe to the world.

The loſs of her huſband on the 4th of January 1748, in the 71ſt year of his age, was a ſevere ſhock to her; and ſhe did not long ſurvive him, dying on the 11th of May, 1749, in her 71ſt year, after having long ſupported a painful diſorder, with a reſignation to the divine will, which had been the governing principle of her whole life, and her ſupport under the various trials of it. Her memory and underſtanding continued unimpaired, 'till within a few days of her death. She was interred near her huſband and youngeſt daughter at Long-Horſley, with this ſhort ſentence on their tomb:

Let their works praiſe them in the gates.
Prov. xxxi. 31.

They left only one ſon, who is clerk of the cheque at Chatham, and two daughters.

Mrs. Cockburn was no leſs celebrated for her beauty, in her younger days, than for her genius and accom-

accompliſhments. She was indeed ſmall of ſtature, but had a remarkable livelineſs in her eye, and delicacy of complexion, which continued to her death. Her private character rendered her extremely amiable to thoſe who intimately knew her. Her converſation was always innocent, uſeful and agreeable, without the leaſt affectation of being thought a wit, and attended with a remarkable modeſty and diffidence of herſelf, and a conſtant endeavour to adapt her diſcourſe to her company. She was happy in an uncommon evenneſs and chearfulneſs of temper. Her diſpoſition was generous and benevolent; and ready upon all occaſions to forgive injuries, and bear them, as well as misfortunes, without interrupting her own eaſe, or that of others, with complaints or reproaches. The preſſures of a very contracted fortune were ſupported by her with calmneſs and in ſilence; nor did ſhe ever attempt to improve it among thoſe great perſonages to whom ſhe was known, by importunities; to which the beſt minds are moſt averſe, and which her approved merit and eſtabliſhed reputation ſhould have rendered unneceſſary.

The collection now exhibited to the world is, ſays Dr. Birch, and we entirely agree with him, ſo inconteſtable a proof of the ſuperiority of our author's genius, as in a manner ſuperſedes every thing that can be ſaid upon that head. But her abilities as a writer, and the merit of her works, will not have full juſtice done them, without a due attention to the peculiar circumſtances, in which they were produced: her early youth, when ſhe wrote ſome, her very advanced age, and ill ſtate of health, when ſhe drew up others; the uneaſy ſituation of her fortune, during the whole courſe of her life; and an interval of near twenty years in the vigour of it, ſpent in the cares of a family, without the leaſt leiſure for reading or contemplation: after which, with a mind ſo long diverted

diverted and incumbered, resuming her studies, she instantly recovered its intire powers, and in the hours of relaxation from her domestic employments, pursued, to their utmost limits, some of the deepest enquiries of which the human mind is capable!

CONTENTS of the First Volume of Mrs. COCKBURN's Works.

I. A Discourse concerning a Guide in Controversy. First published in 1707, with a preface by bishop Burnet.

II. A Defence of Mr. Lock's Essay of Human Understanding. First published in 1702.

III. A Letter to Dr. Holdsworth, concerning the Resurrection of the same Body. First published in 1726.

IV. A Vindication of Mr. Lock's Christian Principles, from the injurious Imputations of Dr. Holdsworth. Now first published.

V. Remarks upon some Writers in the Controversy, concerning the Foundation of Moral Virtue, and Moral Obligation. With some Thoughts concerning Necessary Existence; the Reality and Infinity of Space; the Extension and Place of Spirits; and on Dr. Watts's Notion of Substance. First published in 1743.

CONTENTS of the Second Volume.

I. Remarks upon Dr. Rutherforth's Essay on the Nature and Obligations of Virtue. First published in the year 1747.

II. Miscellaneous Pieces. Now first printed. Containing a Letter of Advice to her Son.—Sunday's Journal.—On the Usefulness of Schools and Universities.—On the Credibility of the Historical Parts of Scripture.—On Moral Virtue.—Notes on Christianity

Chriſtianity as old as the Creation.—On the Infallibility of the Church of Rome.—Anſwer to a Queſtion concerning the Juriſdiction of the Magiſtrate over the Life of the Subject.—Remarks on Mr. Seed's Sermon on Moral Virtue.—Remarks upon an Enquiry into the Origin of Human Appetites and Affections.

III. Letters between Mrs. Cockburn and ſeveral of her Friends. Theſe take up the greateſt part of the volume,

IV. Letters between the Rev. Dr. Sharp, Archdeacon of Northumberland and Mrs. Cockburn, concerning the Foundation of Moral Virtue.

V. Fatal Friendſhip, a Tragedy.

VI. Poems on ſeveral Occaſions. There are very few of theſe, and what there are, are of little note. Her poetical talent was the ſmalleſt and leaſt valuable of our author's literary accompliſhments.

AMBROSE PHILLIPS, Esq;

THIS Gentleman was descended from a very antient, and considerable family in the county of Leicester, and received his education in St. John's college Cambridge, where he wrote his Pastorals, a species of excellence, in which he is thought to have remarkably distinguished himself. When Mr. Philips quitted the university, and repaired to the metropolis, he became, as Mr. Jacob phrases it, one of the wits at Buttons; and in consequence of this, contracted an acquaintance with those bright genius's who frequented it; especially Sir Richard Steele, who in the first volume of his Tatler inserts a little poem of this author's dated from Copenhagen, which he calls a winter piece; Sir Richard thus mentions it with honour. 'This is as fine a piece, 'as we ever had from any of the schools of the 'most learned painters; such images as these give 'us a new pleasure in our sight, and fix upon 'our minds traces of reflexion, which accompany 'us wherever the like objects occur.'

This short performance which we shall here insert, was reckoned so elegant, by men of taste then living, that Mr. Pope himself, who had a confirmed aversion to Philips, when he affected to despise his other works, always excepted this out of the number.

It is written from Copenhagen, addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and dated the 9th of May 1709.

A WINTER

A WINTER PIECE.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracks of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow;
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight,
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazling waste, fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desart region sing,
The ships unmov'd the boist'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl,
For many a shining league the level main,
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow;
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view,
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:

And ev'ry ſhrub, and ev'ry blade of graſs,
And ev'ry pointed thorn ſeem'd wrought in glaſs.
In pearls and rubies rich, the hawthorns ſhow,
While through the ice the crimſon berries glow.
The thick ſprung reeds, the watry marſhes yield,
Seem poliſh'd lances in a hoſtile field.
The ſtag in limpid currents with ſurprize,
Sees cryſtal branches on his fore-head riſe.
The ſpreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther ſhine.
The frighted birds, the rattling branches ſhun,
That wave and glitter in the diſtant ſun.

When if a ſudden guſt of wind ariſe,
The brittle foreſt into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempeſt bends,
And in a ſpangled ſhow'r the proſpect ends.
Or, if a ſouthern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller, a miry country ſees,
And journeys ſad beneath the dropping trees.

Like ſome deluded peaſant, Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads;
While here inchanted gardens to him riſe,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wand'ring feet the magic paths purſue;
And while he thinks the fair illuſion true,
The trackleſs ſcenes diſperſe in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the tranſient viſion mourns.

But it was not enough for Sir Richard to praiſe this performance of Mr. Philips. He was alſo an admirer of his Paſtorals, which had then obtained a great number of readers: He was about to form

a Critical Comparison of Pope's Pastorals, and those of Mr. Philips; and giving in the conclusion, the preference to the latter. Sir Richard's design being communicated to Mr. Pope, who was not a little jealous of his reputation, he took the alarm; and by the most artful and insinuating method defeated his purpose.

The reader cannot be ignorant, that there are several numbers in the Guardian, employed upon Pastoral Poetry, and one in particular, upon the merits of Philips and Pope, in which the latter is found a better versifier; but as a true Arcadian, the preference is given to Philips. That we may be able to convey a perfect idea of the method which Mr. Pope took to prevent the diminution of his reputation, we shall transcribe the particular parts of that paper in the Guardian, Number XL. Monday April the 27th.

I designed to have troubled the reader with no farther discourses of Pastorals, but being informed that I am taxed of partiality, in not mentioning an author, whose Eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without apprehensions of offending that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence; 'tis therefore plain, that any deviations from that design, degrade a poem from being true Pastoral.

So easy as Pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great reading, both of the antients and moderns, to be a master of it. Mr. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books; it must be

confeſſed his competitor has imitated ſome ſingle thoughts of the antients well enough, if we conſider he had not the happineſs of an univerſity education: but he hath diſperſed them here and there without that order and method Mr. Philips obſerves, whoſe whole third paſtoral, is an inſtance how well he ſtudied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciouſly he reduced Virgil's thoughts to the ſtandard of paſtoral; and his contention of Colin Clout, and the Nightingale, ſhews with what exactneſs he hath imitated Strada. When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits, and flowers of a foreign growth in deſcriptions, where the ſcene lies in our country, I did not deſign that obſervation ſhould extend alſo to animals, or the ſenſitive life; for Philips hath with great judgment deſcribed wolves in England in his firſt paſtoral. Nor would I have a poet ſlaviſhly confine himſelf, (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular ſeaſon of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken ſcene in each Eclogue. It is plain, Spencer neglected this pedantry, who in his Paſtoral of November, mentions the mournful ſong of the Nightingale,

Sad Philomel, her ſong in tears doth ſteep.

And Mr. Philips by a poetical creation, hath raiſed up finer beds of flowers, than the moſt induſtrious gardener; his roſes, lilies, and daffadils, blow in the ſame ſeaſon.

But the better to diſcover the merit of our two cotemporary paſtoral writers. I ſhall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by placing ſeveral of their particular thoughts in the ſame light; whereby it will be obvious, how much Philips hath the advantage: With what ſimplicity he introduces two ſhepherds ſinging alternately.

HOBB.

HOBB.

COME Roſalind, O come, for without thee
What pleaſure can the country have for me?
Come Roſalind, O come; my brinded kine,
My ſnowy ſheep, my farm and all is thine.

LANG.

Come Roſalind, O come; here ſhady bowers.
Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flowers.
Come Roſalind; here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long time away.

Our other paſtoral writer in expreſſing the ſame thought, deviates into downright poetry.

STREPHON.

In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNE.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes when ſhe ſhines not here:
But bleſt with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

In the firſt of theſe authors, two ſhepherds thus innocently deſcribe the behaviour of their miſtreſſes.

HOBB.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long eye:
Then ſwift beneath, the cryſtal waves ſhe tried,
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANG.

As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay,
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who it muſt be confeſs'd has a knack at verſifying) has it as follows,

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Thus, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNE.

The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen:
While a kind glance, at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes.

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of, than deſcriptions of paſtoral preſents.

Philips ſays thus of a Sheep-hook.

Of ſeaſon'd elm, where ſtuds of braſs appear,
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month, and year:
The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's ſkill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl emboſſed with figures,

—— Where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines;
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve bright ſigns, in beauteous order lye.

The ſimplicity of the ſwain in this place who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly, and unaffectedly would Philips have dreſſed this thought in his Doric.

And what that height, which girds the welkin-ſheen,
Where twelve gay ſigns in meet array are ſeen.

If the reader would indulge his curioſity any farther in the compariſon of particulars, he may read the firſt Paſtoral of Philips, with the ſecond of his contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former, with the fourth and firſt of the latter; where ſeveral parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now ſhewn ſome parts, in which theſe two writers may be compared, it is a juſtice I owe to Mr. Philips, to diſcover thoſe in which no man can compare with him. Firſt, the beautiful ruſticity, of which I ſhall now produce two inſtances out of a hundred not yet quoted.

O woeful day! O day of woe, quoth he,
And woeful I, who live the day to ſee!

That ſimplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the ſolemnity of the ſound, and the eaſy turn of the words, are extremely elegant.

In another Paſtoral, a ſhepherd utters a Dirge, not much inferior to the former in the following lines.

Ah me the while! ah me, the luckleſs day!
Ah luckleſs lad, the rather might I ſay;
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he ſtill charms the ear, with his artful repetition of the epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt verſe! I defy the moſt common reader to repeat them, without feeling ſome motions of compaſſion. In the next place, I ſhall rank his Proverbs in which I formerly obſerved he excels: For example,

A rolling ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.
—— He that late lies down, as late will riſe,
And ſluggard like, till noon-day ſnoring lies.
Againſt ill-luck, all cunning foreſight fails;
Whether we ſleep or wake, it nought avails.
—— Nor fear, from upright ſentence wrong,

Laſtly, His excellent dialect, which alone might prove him the eldeſt born of Spencer, and the only true Arcadian, &c.

Thus far the compariſon between the merit of Mr. Pope and Mr. Philips, as writers of Paſtoral, made by the author of this paper in the Guardian, after the publication of which, the enemies of Pope exulted, as in one particular ſpecies of poetry, upon which he valued himſelf, he was ſhewn to be inferior to his cotemporary. For ſome time they enjoyed their triumph; but it turned out at laſt to their unſpeakable mortification.

The

The paper in which the compariſon is inſerted, was written by Mr. Pope himſelf. Nothing could have ſo effectually defeated the deſign of diminiſhing his reputation, as this method, which had a very contrary effect. He laid down ſome falſe principles, upon theſe he reaſoned, and by comparing his own and Philips's Paſtorals, upon ſuch principles it was no great compliment to the latter, that he wrote more agreeable to notions which are in themſelves falſe.

The ſubjects of paſtoral are as various as the paſſions of human nature; nay, it may in ſome meaſure partake of every kind of poetry, but with this limitation, that the ſcene of it ought always to be laid in the country, and the thoughts never contrary to the ideas of thoſe who are bred there. The images are to be drawn from rural life; and provided the language is perſpicuous, gentle, and flowing, the ſentiments may be as elegant as the country ſcenes can furniſh.—In the particular compariſon of paſſages between Pope and Philips, the former is ſo much ſuperior, that one cannot help wondering, that Steele could be thus impoſed upon, who was in other reſpects a very quick diſcerner. Though 'tis not impoſſible, but that Guardian might go to the preſs without Sir Richard's ſeeing it; he not being the only perſon concern'd in that paper.

The two following lines ſo much celebrated in this paper, are ſufficiently convincing, that the whole criticiſm is ironical.

> Ah! ſilly I, more ſilly than my ſheep,
> Which on the flowr'y plains I once did keep.

Nothing can be much more ſilly than theſe lines; and yet the author ſays, "How he ſtill charms the "ear with the artful repetitions of epithets."

SILLY I, MORE SILLY THAN MY SHEEP.

The next work Mr. Philips publiſhed after his Paſtorals, and which it is ſaid he wrote at the univerſity, was his life of John Williams lord keeper of the great-ſeal, biſhop of Lincoln and archbiſhop of York, in the reigns of king James and Charles the Firſt, in which are related ſome remarkable occurrences in thoſe times, both in church and ſtate, with an appendix, giving an account of his benefactions to St. John's college.

Mr. Philips, ſeems to have made uſe of archbiſhop William's life, the better to make known his own ſtate principles, which in the courſe of that work he had a fair occaſion of doing. Biſhop Williams was the great oppoſer of High-Church meaſures, he was a perpetual antagoniſt to Laud; and lord Clarendon mentions him in his hiſtory with very great decency and reſpect, when it is conſidered that they adhered to oppoſite parties.

Mr. Philips, who early diſtinguiſhed himſelf in revolution principles, was concerned with Dr. Boulter, afterwards archbiſhop of Armagh, the right honourable Richard Weſt, Eſq; lord chancellor of Ireland; the revd. Mr. Gilbert Burnet, and the revd. Mr. Henry Stevens, in writing a paper called the Free-Thinker; but they were all publiſhed by Mr. Philips, and ſince re-printed in three volumes in 12mo. In the latter part of the reign of queen Anne, he was ſecretary to the Hanover-Club, a ſet of noblemen and gentlemen, who aſſociated in honour of that ſucceſſion. They drank regular toaſts to the health of thoſe ladies, who were moſt zealouſly attached to the Hanoverian family; upon whom Mr. Philips wrote the following lines,

While theſe, the choſen beauties of our iſle,
Propitious on the cauſe of freedom ſmile,
The raſh Pretender's hopes we may deſpiſe,
And truſt Britannia's ſafety to their eyes.

after

After the acceſſion of his late majeſty, Mr. Philips was made a juſtice of peace, and appointed a commiſſioner of the lottery. But though his circumſtances were eaſy, the ſtate of his mind was not ſo; he fell under the ſevere diſpleaſure of Mr. Pope, who has ſatirized him with his uſual keenneſs.

'Twas ſaid, he uſed to mention Mr. Pope as an enemy to the government; and that he was the avowed author of a report, very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a paper called The Examiner. The revenge which Mr. Pope took in conſequence of this abuſe, greatly ruffled the temper of Mr. Philips, who as he was not equal to him in wit, had recourſe to another weapon; in the exerciſe of which no great parts are requiſite. He hung up a rod at Button's, with which he reſolved to chaſtiſe his antagoniſt, whenever he ſhould come there. But Mr. Pope, who got notice of this deſign, very prudently declined coming to a place, where in all probability he muſt have felt the reſentment of an enraged author, as much ſuperior to him in bodily ſtrength, as inferior in wit and genius.

When Mr. Philips's friend, Dr. Boulter, roſe to be archbiſhop of Dublin, he went with him into Ireland, where he had conſiderable preferments; and was a member of the Houſe of Commons there, as repreſentative of the county of Armagh.

Notwithſtanding the ridicule which Mr. Philips has drawn upon himſelf, by his oppoſition to Pope, and the diſadvantageous light his Paſtorals appear in, when compared with his; yet, there is good reaſon to believe, that Mr. Philips was no mean Arcadian: By endeavouring to imitate too ſervilely the manners and ſentiments of vulgar ruſtics, he has ſometimes raiſed a laugh againſt him; yet there are in ſome of his Paſtorals a natural ſimplicity, a true Doric dialect, and very graphical deſcriptions.

Mr. Gildon, in his compleat Art of Poetry, mentions him with Theocritus and Virgil; but then he

he defeats the purpoſe of his compliment, for by carrying the ſimilitude too far, he renders his panegyric hyperbolical.

We ſhall now conſider Mr. Philips as a dramatic writer. The firſt piece he brought upon the ſtage, was his Diſtreſs'd Mother, tranſlated from the French of Monſieur Racine, but not without ſuch deviations as Mr. Philips thought neceſſary to heighten the diſtreſs; for writing to the heart is a ſecret which the beſt of the French poets have not found out. This play was acted firſt in the year 1711, with every advantage a play could have. Pyrrhus was performed by Mr. Booth, a part in which he acquired great reputation. Oreſtes was given to Mr. Powel, and Andromache was excellently perſonated by the inimitable Mrs. Oldfield. Nor was Mrs. Porter beheld in Hermione without admiration. The Diſtreſs'd Mother is ſo often acted, and ſo frequently read, we ſhall not trouble the reader with giving any farther account of it.

A modern critic ſpeaking of this play, obſerves that the diſtreſs of Andromache moves an audience more than that of Belvidera, who is as amiable a wife, as Andromache is an affectionate mother; their circumſtances though not ſimilar, are equally intereſting, and yet ſays he, 'the female 'part of the audience is more diſpoſed to weep 'for the ſuffering mother, than the ſuffering wife *.' The reaſon 'tis imagin'd is this, there are more affectionate mothers in the world than wives.

Mr. Philips's next dramatic performance was

The Briton, a Tragedy; acted 1721. This is built on a very intereſting and affecting ſtory, whether founded on real events I cannot determine,

* Vide the ACTOR.

but

but they are admirably fitted to raiſe the paſſion peculiar to tragedy. Vanoc Prince of the Cornavians married for his ſecond wife Cartiſmand, Queen of the Brigantians, a woman of an imperious ſpirit, who proved a ſevere ſtep-mother to the King's daughter Gwendolen, betrothed to Yvor, the Prince of the Silurians. The mutual diſagreement between Vanoc and his Queen, at laſt produced her revolt from him. She intrigues with Vellocad, who had been formerly the King's ſervant, and enters into a league with the Roman tribune, in order to be revenged on her huſband. Vanoc fights ſome ſucceſsful battles, but his affairs are thrown into the greateſt confuſion, upon receiving the news that a party of the enemy has carried off the Princeſs his daughter. She is conducted to the tent of Valens the Roman tribune, who was himſelf in love with her, but who offered her no violation. He went to Vanoc in the name of Didius the Roman general, to offer terms of peace, but he was rejected with indignation. The ſcene between Vanoc and Valens is one of the moſt maſterly to be met with in tragedy. Valens returns to his fair charge, while her father prepares for battle, and to reſcue his daughter by the force of arms. But Cartiſmand, who knew that no mercy would be ſhewn her at the hands of her ſtern huſband, flies to the Princeſs's tent, and in the violence of her rage ſtabs her. The King and Yvor enter that inſtant, but too late to ſave the beauteous Gwendolen from the blow, who expires in the arms of her betrothed huſband, a ſcene wrought up with the greateſt tenderneſs. When the King reproaches Cartiſmand for this deed of horror, ſhe anſwers,

Hadſt thou been more forgiving, I had been leſs cruel.

VANOC

VANOC.

Wickedneſs! barbarian! monſter——
What had ſhe done, alas!—Sweet innocence!
She would have interceded for thy crimes.

CARTISMAND.

Too well I knew the purpoſe of thy ſoul.——
Didſt thou believe I would ſubmit?—reſign my crown?——
Or that thou only hadſt the power to puniſh?

VANOC.

Yet I will puniſh;—meditate ſtrange torments!—
Then give thee to the juſtice of the Gods.

CARTISMAND.

Thus Vanoc, do I mock thy treaſur'd rage.——
My heart ſprings forward to the dagger's point.

VANOC.

Quick, wreſt it from her!——drag her hence to chains.

CARTISMAND.

There needs no ſecond ſtroke———
Adieu, raſh man!—my woes are at an end:—
Thine's but begun;—and laſting as thy life.

Mr. Philips in this play has ſhewn how well he was acquainted with the ſtage; he keeps the ſcene perpetually buſy; great deſigns are carrying on, the incidents riſe naturally from one another, and the cataſtrophe is moving. He has not obſerved the rules which ſome critics have eſtabliſhed, of diſtributing poetical juſtice; for Gwendolen, the moſt amiable character in the play is the chief ſufferer,

sufferer, arising from the indulgence of no irregular passion, nor any guilt of hers.

The next year Mr. Philips introduced another tragedy on the stage called Humfrey Duke of Glocester, acted 1721. The plot of this play is founded on history. During the minority of Henry VI. his uncle, the duke of Glocester, was raised to the dignity of Regent of the Realm. This high station could not but procure him many enemies, amongst whom was the duke of Suffolk, who, in order to restrain his power, and to inspire the mind of young Henry with a love of independence, effected a marriage between that Prince, and Margaret of Anjou, a Lady of the most consummate beauty, and what is very rare amongst her sex, of the most approved courage. This lady entertained an aversion for the duke of Glocester, because he opposed her marriage with the King, and accordingly resolves upon his ruin.

She draws over to her party cardinal Beaufort, the Regent's uncle, a supercilious proud churchman. They fell upon a very odd scheme to shake the power of Glocester, and as it is very singular, and absolutely fact, we shall here insert it.

The duke of Glocester had kept Eleanor Cobham, daughter to the lord Cobham, as his concubine, and after the dissolution of his marriage with the countess of Hainault, he made her his wife; but this did not restore her reputation: she was, however, too young to pass in common repute for a witch, yet was arrested for high treason, founded on a pretended piece of witchcraft, and after doing public penance several days, by sentence of convoca ion, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the Isle of Man, but afterwards removed to Killingworth-castle. The fact charged upon her, was the making an image of wax resembling the King, and treated in such a manner by incantations, and sorceries, as to make

him

him waſte away, as the image gradually conſumed. John Hume, her chaplain, Thomas Southwell, a canon of St. Stephen's Weſtminſter, Roger Bolingbroke, a clergyman highly eſteemed, and eminent for his uncommon learning, and merit, and perhaps on that account, reputed to have great ſkill in necromancy, and Margery Jourdemain, commonly called The Witch of Eye, were tried as her accomplices, and condemned, the woman to be burnt, the others to be drawn, hanged, and quartered at Tyburn *. This helliſh contrivance againſt the wife of the duke of Glouceſter, was meant to ſhake the influence of her huſband, which in reality it did, as ignorance and credulity co-operated with his enemies to deſtroy him. He was arreſted for high treaſon, a charge which could not be ſupported, and that his enemies might have no further trouble with him, cardinal Beaufort hired aſſaſſins to murder him. The poet acknowledges the hints he has taken from the Second Part of Shakeſpear's Henry VI. and in ſome ſcenes has copied ſeveral lines from him. In the laſt ſcene, that pathetic ſpeech of Eleanor's to Cardinal Beaufort when he was dying in the agonies of remorſe and deſpair, is literally borrowed.

WARWICK.

See how the pangs of death work in his features.

YORK.

Diſturb him not——let him paſs peaceably.

ELEANOR.

Lord Cardinal;—if thou think'ſt of Heaven's bliſs
Hold up thy hand;—make ſignal of that hope.
He dies;—and makes no ſign!——

* See Cart's Hiſtory of England, Reign of Henry VI.

In

In praise of this tragedy, Mr. Welsted has prefixed a very elegant copy of verses.

Mr. Philips by a way of writing very peculiar, procured to himself the name of Namby Pamby. This was first bestowed on him by Harry Cary, who burlesqued some little pieces of his, in so humorous a manner, that for a long while, Harry's burlesque, passed for Swift's with many; and by others were given to Pope: 'Tis certain, each at first, took it for the other's composition.

In ridicule of this manner, the ingenious Hawkins Brown, Esq; now a Member of Parliament, in his excellent burlesque piece called The Pipe of Tobacco, has written an imitation, in which the resemblance is so great, as not to be distinguished from the original. This gentleman has burlesqued the following eminent authors, by such a close imitation of their turn of verse, that it has not the appearance of a copy, but an original.

SWIFT,

POPE,

THOMSON,

YOUNG,

PHILIPS,

CIBBER.

As a specimen of the delicacy of our author's turn of versification, we shall present the reader with his translation of the following beautiful Ode of Sappho.

HYMN

HYMN to VENUS.

1.

O VENUS, beauty of the ſkies,
To whom a thouſand temples riſe,
Gayly falſe, in gentle ſmiles,
Full of love, perplexing wiles;
O Goddeſs! from my heart remove
The waſting cares and pains of love.

2.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A ſong in ſoft diſtreſs preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddeſs! hear me now.
Deſcend, thou bright immortal gueſt!
In all thy radiant charms confeſs'd.

3.

Thou once did leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above;
The carr thy wanton ſparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air, they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I ſaw their quiv'ring pinions play.

4.

The birds diſmiſs'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again;
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature ſmil'd,
And aſk'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

5.

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what cure to be asswag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

6.

Tho' now he shuns my longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Tho' now thy offrings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

7.

Celestial visitant once more,
Thy needful presence I implore.
In pity come, and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief,
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart's desires.

There is another beautiful ode by the same Grecian poetess, rendered into English by Mr. Philips with inexpressible delicacy, quoted in the Spectator, vol. iii. N°. 229.

1.

Blest, as th' immortal Gods is he
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears, and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

2. 'Twas

2.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And raiſed ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

3.

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

4.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play;
I fainted, ſunk, and died away.

Mr. Philips having purchaſed an annuity of 400 l. per annum, for his life, came over to England ſometime in the year 1748: But had not his health; and died ſoon after at his lodgings near Vauxhall.

RICHARD MAITLAND, Earl of LAUDERDALE.

THIS learned nobleman was nephew to John, the great duke of Lauderdale, who was ſecretary of ſtate to King Charles II. for Scotch affairs, and for many years had the government of that kingdom entirely entruſted to him. Whoever is acquainted with hiſtory will be at no loſs to know, with how little moderation he exerciſed his power; he ruled his native country with a rod of iron, and was the author of all thoſe diſturbances and perſecutions which have ſtained the Annals of Scotland, during that inglorious period.

As the duke of Lauderdale was without iſſue-male of his own body, he took our author into his protection as his immediate heir, and ordered him to be educated in ſuch a manner as to qualify him for the poſſeſſion of thoſe great employments his anceſtors enjoyed in the ſtate. The improvement of this young nobleman ſo far exceeded his years, that he was very early admitted into the privy council, and made lord juſtice clerk, anno 1681. He married the daughter of the earl of Argyle, who was tried for ſedition in the ſtate, and confined in the caſtle of Edinburgh. When Argyle found his fate approaching, he meditated, and effected his eſcape; and ſome letters of his

being intercepted and decyphered, which had been written to the earl of Lauderdale, his lordſhip fell under a cloud, and was ſtript of his preferments. Theſe letters were only of a familiar nature, and contained nothing but domeſtic buſineſs; but a correſpondence with a perſon condemned, was eſteemed a ſin in politics not to be forgiven, eſpecially by a man of the Duke of York's furious diſpoſition.

Though the duke of Lauderdale had ordered our author to be educated as his heir, yet he left all his perſonal eſtate, which was very great, to another, the young nobleman having, by ſome means, diſobliged him; and as he was of an ungovernable implacable temper, could never again recover his favour *. Though the earl of Lauderdale was thus removed from his places by the court, yet he perſiſted in his loyalty to the Royal Family, and, upon the revolution, followed the fortune of King James II. and ſome years after died in France, leaving no ſurviving iſſue, ſo that the titles devolved on his younger brother.

While the earl was in exile with his Royal maſter, he applied his mind to the delights of poetry, and, in his leiſure hours, compleated a tranſlation of Virgil's works. Mr. Dryden, in his dedication of the Æneis, thus mentions it; 'The 'late earl of Lauderdale, ſays he, ſent me over 'his new tranſlation of the Æneis, which he had 'ended before I engaged in the ſame deſign. Nei'ther did I then intend it, but ſome propoſals be'ing afterwards made me by my Bookſeller, I 'deſired his lordſhip's leave that I might accept 'them, which he freely granted, and I have his 'letter to ſhew for that permiſſion. He reſolved 'to have printed his work, which he might have 'done two years before I could have publiſhed

* Crawford's Peerage of Scotland.

mine;

'mine; and had performed it, if death had not 'prevented him. But having his manuſcript in 'my hands, I conſulted it as often as I doubted 'of my author's ſenſe; for no man underſtood 'Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His 'friends have yet another, and more correct copy 'of that tranſlation by them, which if they had 'pleaſed to have given the public, the judges 'might have been convinced that I have not flat-'tered him.'

Lord Lauderdale's friends, ſome years after the publication of Dryden's Tranſlation, permitted his lordſhip's to be printed, and, in the late editions of that performance, thoſe lines are marked with inverted commas, which Dryden thought proper to adopt into his verſion, which are not many; and however cloſely his lordſhip may have rendered Virgil, no man can conceive a high opinion of that poet, contemplated through the medium of his Tranſlation.

Dr. Trapp, in his preface to the Æneis, obſerves, 'that his lordſhip's Tranſlation is pretty near to 'the original, though not ſo cloſe as its brevity 'would make one imagine; and it ſufficiently ap-'pears, that he had a right taſte in poetry in ge-'neral, and the Æneid in particular. He ſhews 'a true ſpirit, and, in many places, is very beau-'tiful. But we ſhould certainly have ſeen Virgil 'far better tranſlated, by a noble hand, had the 'earl of Lauderdale been the earl of Roſcommon, 'and had the Scottiſh peer followed all the pre-'cepts, and been animated with the genius of the 'Iriſh.'

We know of no other poetical compoſitions of this learned nobleman, and the idea we have received from hiſtory of his character, is, that he was in every reſpect the reverſe of his uncle,

from whence we may reaſonably conclude, that he poſſeſſed many virtues, ſince few ſtateſmen of any age ever were tainted with more vices than the duke of Lauderdale.

Dr. JOSEPH TRAPP.

THIS poet was ſecond ſon to the rev. Mr. Joſeph Trapp, rector of Cherington in Glouceſterſhire, at which place he was born, anno 1679. He received the firſt rudiments of learning from his father, who inſtructed him in the languages, and ſuperintended his domeſtic education ‖. When he was ready for the univerſity he was ſent to Oxford, and was many years ſcholar and fellow of Wadham-College, where he took the degree of maſter of arts. In the year 1708 he was unanimouſly choſen profeſſor of poetry, being the firſt of that kind. This inſtitution was founded by Dr. Henry Birkhead, formerly fellow of All-Souls, and the place of lecturer can be held only for ten years.

Dr. Trapp was, in the early part of his life, chaplain to lord Bolingbroke, the father of the famous Bolingbroke, lately deceaſed. The higheſt preferment Dr. Trapp ever had in the church, though he was a man of extenſive learning, was, the rectory of Harlington, Middleſex, and of the united pariſhes of Chriſt-Church, Newgate-

‖ Jacob.

Street,

Street, and St. Leonard's Foſter-Lane, with the lecture-ſhip of St. Lawrence Jewry, and St. Martin's in the Fields. The Dr's principles were not of that caſt, by which promotion could be expected. He was attached to the High-Church intereſt, and as his temper was not ſufficiently pliant to yield to the prevalence of party, perhaps for that very reaſon, his riſing in the church was retarded. A gentleman of learning and genius, when paying a viſit to the Dr. took occaſion to lament, as there had been lately ſome conſiderable alterations made, and men leſs qualified than he, raiſed to the mitre, that diſtinctions ſhould be conferred with ſo little regard to merit, and wondered that he (the Dr.) had never been promoted to a ſee. To this the Dr. replied, 'I am thought to have ſome learning, and 'ſome honeſty, and theſe are but indifferent qua-'lifications to enable a man to riſe in the 'church.'

Dr. Trapp's action in the pulpit has been cenſured by many, as participating too much of the theatrical manner, and having more the air of an itinerant enthuſiaſt, than a grave eccleſiaſtic. Perhaps it may be true, that his pulpit geſticulations were too violent, yet they bore ſtrong expreſſions of ſincerity, and the ſide on which he erred, was the moſt favourable to the audience; as the extreme of over-acting any part, is not half ſo intolerable as a languid indifference, whether what the preacher is then uttering, is true or falſe, is worth attention or no. The Dr. being once in company with a perſon, whoſe profeſſion was that of a player, took occaſion to aſk him, 'what 'was the reaſon that an actor ſeemed to feel 'his part with ſo much ſincerity, and utter it 'with ſo much emphaſis and ſpirit, while a 'preacher, whoſe profeſſion is of a higher nature,

'and whose doctrines are of the last importance, 'remained unaffected, even upon the most solemn 'occasion, while he stood in the pulpit as the 'ambassador of God, to teach righteousness to the 'people?' the player replied, 'I believe no other 'reason can be given, sir, but that we are sin-'cere in our parts, and the preachers are insin-'cere in theirs.' The Dr. could not but acknowledge the truth of this observation in general, and was often heard to complain of the coldness and unaffected indifference of his brethren in those very points, in which it is their business to be sincere and vehement. Would you move your audience, says an ancient sage, you must yourself be moved; and it is a proposition which holds universally true. Dr. Trapp was of opinion, that the highest doctrines of religion were to be considered as infallibly true, and that it was of more importance to impress them strongly on the minds of the audience, to speak to their hearts, and affect their passions, than to bewilder them in disputation, and lead them through labyrinths of controversy, which can yield, perhaps, but little instruction, can never tend to refine the passions, or elevate the mind. Being of this opinion, and from a strong desire of doing good, Dr. Trapp exerted himself in the pulpit, and strove not only to convince the judgment, but to warm the heart, for if passions are the elements of life, they ought to be devoted to the service of religion, as well as the other faculties, and powers of the soul.

But preaching was not the only method by which, this worthy man promoted the interest of religion; he drew the muses into her service, and that he might work upon the hopes and fears of his readers, he has presented them with four poems, on these important subjects; *Death*, *Judgment*, *Heaven*, and *Hell*. The reason of his making choice

choice of those themes on which to write, he very fully explains in his preface. He observes, that however dull, and trite it may be to declaim against the corruption of the age one lives in, yet he presumes it will be allowed by every body, that all manner of wickedness, both in principles and practice, abounds amongst men. 'I have 'lived (says he) in six reigns, but for about these 'twenty years last past, the English nation has 'been, and is so prodigiously debauched, its very nature and genius so changed, that I scarce 'know it to be the English nation, and am almost a foreigner in my own country. Not only 'barefaced, impudent, immorality of all kinds, 'but often professed infidelity and atheism. To 'stop these overflowings of ungodliness, much has 'been done in prose, yet not so as to supersede 'all other endeavours: and therefore the author 'of these poems was willing to try, whether any 'good might be done in verse. This manner of 'conveyance may, perhaps, have some advantage, 'which the other has not; at least it makes variety, which is something considerable. The 'four last things are manifestly subjects of the 'utmost importance. If due reflexions upon Death, 'Judgment, Heaven, and Hell, will not reclaim 'men from their vices, nothing will. This little 'work was intended for the use of all, from the 'greatest to the least. But as it would have been 'intolerably flat, and insipid to the former, had 'it been wholly written in a stile level to the 'capacities of the latter; to obviate inconveniences on both sides, an attempt has been made 'to entertain the upper class of readers, and, by 'notes, to explain such passages in divinity, philosophy, history, &c. as might be difficult to the 'lower. The work (if it may be so called) being 'partly argumentative, and partly descriptive, it 'would have been ridiculous, had it been possible

'to make the first mentioned as poetical as the 'other. In long pieces of music there is the plain 'recitativo, as well as the higher, and more mu-'sical modulation, and they mutually recommend, 'and set off each other. But about these mat-'ters the writer is little sollicitous, any other-'wise, than as they are subservient to the design 'of doing good.'

A good man would naturally wish, that such generous attempts, in the cause of virtue, were always successful. With the lower class of readers, it is more than probable that these poems may have inspired religious thoughts, have awaked a solemn dread of punishment, kindled a sacred hope of happiness, and fitted the mind for the four last important periods *; But with readers of a higher taste, they can have but little effect. There is no doctrine placed in a new light, no descriptions are sufficiently emphatical to work upon a sensible mind, and the perpetual flatness of the poetry is very disgustful to a critical reader, especially, as there were so many occasions of rising to an elevated sublimity.

The Dr. has likewise written a Paraphrase on the 104th Psalm, which, though much superior in poetry to his Four Last Things, yet falls greatly short of that excellent version by Mr. Blacklocke, quoted in the Life of Dr. Brady.

Our author has likewise published four volumes of sermons, and a volume of lectures on poetry, written in Latin.

Before we mention his other poetical compositions, we shall consider him as the translator of Virgil, which is the most arduous province he ever undertook. Dr. Trapp, in his preface, after stating the controversy, which has been long held,

* By his last Will he ordered a copy of that book to be given to each of his parishioners, that when he could no longer speak to them from the pulpit, he might endeavour to instruct them in his writings.

concern-

concerning the genius of Homer and Virgil, to whom the ſuperiority belongs, has informed us, that this work was very far advanced before it was undertaken, having been, for many years, the diverſion of his leiſure hours at the univerſity, and grew upon him, by inſenſible degrees, ſo that a great part of the Æneis was actually tranſlated, before he had any deſign of attempting the whole.

He further informs us, 'that one of the greateſt geniuſes, and beſt judges, and critics, our age has produced, Mr. Smith of Chriſt Church, having ſeen the firſt two or three hundred lines of this tranſlation, adviſed him by all means to go through with it. I ſaid, he laughed at me, replied the Dr. and that I ſhould be the moſt impudent of mortals to have ſuch a thought. He told me, he was very much in earneſt; and asked me why the whole might not be done, in ſo many years, as well as ſuch a number of lines in ſo many days? which had no influence upon me, nor did I dream of ſuch an undertaking, 'till being honoured by the univerſity of Oxford with the public office of profeſſor of poetry, which I ſhall ever gratefully acknowledge, I thought it might not be improper for me to review, and finiſh this work, which otherwiſe had certainly been as much neglected by me, as, perhaps, it will now be by every body elſe.'

As our author has made choice of blank verſe, rather than rhime, in order to bear a nearer reſemblance to Virgil, he has endeavoured to defend blank verſe, againſt the advocates for rhime, and ſhew its ſuperiority for any work of length, as it gives the expreſſion a greater compaſs, or, at leaſt, does not clog and fetter the verſe, by which the ſubſtance and meaning of a line muſt often be mutilated, twiſted, and ſometimes ſacrificed for the ſake of the rhime.

'Blank verſe (ſays he) is not only more majeſtic and ſublime, but more muſical and harmonious. It has more rhime in it, according to the ancient,

and true ſenſe of the word, than rhime itſelf, as it is now uſed: for, in its original ſignification, it conſiſts not in the tinkling of vowels and conſonants, but in the metrical diſpoſition of words and ſyllables, and the proper cadence of numbers, which is more agreeable to the ear, without the jingling of like endings, than with it. And, indeed, let a man conſult his own ears.

——————Him th' Almighty pow'r
Hurl'd headlong, flaming from the ætherial ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains, and penal fire;
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and [night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rowling in the fiery gulph,
Confounded, tho' immortal——————

Who that hears this, can think it wants rhime to recommend it? or rather does not think it ſounds far better without it? We purpoſely produced a citation, beginning and ending in the middle of a verſe, becauſe the privilege of reſting on this, or that foot, ſometimes one, and ſometimes another, and ſo diverſifying the pauſes and cadences, is the greateſt beauty of blank verſe, and perfectly agreeable to the practice of our maſters, the Greeks and Romans. This can be done but rarely in rhime; for if it were frequent, the rhime would be in a manner loſt by it; the end of almoſt every verſe muſt be ſomething of a pauſe; and it is but ſeldom that a ſentence begins in the middle. Though this ſeems to be the advantage of blank verſe over rhime, yet we cannot entirely condemn the uſe of it, even in a heroic poem; nor abſolutely reject that in ſpeculation, which. Mr. Dryden

Dryden and Mr. Pope have enobled by their practice. We acknowledge too, that in ſome particular views, that way of writing has the advantage over this. You may pick out more lines, which, ſingly conſidered, look mean and low, from a poem in blank verſe, than from one in rhime, ſuppoſing them to be in other reſpects equal. For inſtance, the following verſes out of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, b. ii.

Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe elements——
Inſtinct with fire, and nitre hurried him——

taken ſingly, look low and mean: but read them in conjunction with others, and then ſee what a different face will be ſet upon them.

——————Or leſs than of this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
He ſpreads for flight; and in the ſurging ſmoke
Uplifted ſpurns the ground——————
——————Had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud
Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft. That fury ſtay'd;
Quench'd in a boggy ſyrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence.

Our author has endeavoured to juſtify his choice of blank verſe, by ſhewing it leſs ſubject to reſtraints, and capable of greater ſublimity than rhime. But tho' this obſervation may hold true, with reſpect to elevated and grand ſubjects, blank verſe is by no means capable of ſo great univerſality. In ſatire, in elegy, or in paſtoral writing, our language is, it ſeems, ſo feebly conſti-

tuted, as to ſtand in need of the aid of rhime: and as a proof of this, the reader need only look upon the paſtorals of Virgil, as tranſlated by Trapp in blank verſe, and compare them with Dryden's in rhime. He will then diſcern how inſipid and flat the paſtorals of the ſame poet are in one kind of verſification, and how excellent and beautiful in another. Let us give one ſhort example to illuſtrate the truth of this, from the firſt paſtoral of Virgil.

MELIBÆUS.

Beneath the covert of the ſpreading beech
Thou, Tityrus, repos'd, art warbling o'er,
Upon a ſlender reed, thy ſylvan lays:
We leave our country, and ſweet native fields;
We fly our country: careleſs in the ſhade,
Thou teacheſt, Tityrus, the ſounding groves
To eccho beauteous Amaryllis' name.

TITYRUS.

O Melibæus, 'twas a god to us
Indulg'd this freedom: for to me a god
He ſhall be ever: from my folds full oft
A tender lamb his altar ſhall embrue:
He gave my heifers, as thou ſeeſt, to roam;
And me permitted on my rural cane
To ſport at pleaſure, and enjoy my muſe.

TRAPP.

MELIBÆUS.

Beneath the ſhade which beechen-boughs diffuſe,
You, Tityrus, entertain your Silvan muſe:
Round the wide world in baniſhment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleaſing fields, and native home:

While

While ſtretch'd at eaſe you ſing your happy loves:
And Amaryllis fills the ſhady groves.

TITYRUS.

Theſe bleſſings, friend, a deity beſtow'd:
For never can I deem him leſs than God.
The tender firſtlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowry plain:
And to my pipe renew'd the rural ſtrain.

DRYDEN.

Dr. Trapp towards the concluſion of his Preface to the Æneid, has treated Dryden with leſs reverence, than might have been expected from a man of his underſtanding, when ſpeaking of ſo great a genius. The cauſe of Trapp's diſguſt to Dryden, ſeems to have been this: Dryden had a ſtrong contempt for the prieſthood, which we have from his own words,

"Prieſts of all profeſſions are the ſame."

and takes every opportunity to mortify the uſurping ſuperiority of ſpiritual tyrants. Trapp, with all his virtues (for I think it appears he poſſeſſed many) had yet much of the prieſt in him, and for that very reaſon, perhaps, has ſhewn ſome reſentment to Dryden; but if he has with little candour of criticiſm treated Mr. Dryden, he has with great ſervility flattered Mr. Pope; and has inſinuated, as if the Palm of Genius were to be yielded to the latter. He obſerves in general, that where Mr. Dryden ſhines moſt, we often ſee the leaſt of Virgil. To omit many other inſtances, the deſcrip-

tion of the Cyclops forging Thunder for Jupiter, and Armour for Æneas, is elegant and noble to the laſt degree in the Latin; and it is ſo to a great degree in the Engliſh. But then is the Engliſh a tranſlation of the Latin?

> Hither the father of the fire by night,
> Thro' the brown air precipitates his flight:
> On their eternal anvil, here he found
> The brethren beating, and the blows go [round.

The lines are good, and truely poetical; but the two firſt are ſet to render

> Hūc tunc ignipotens cælo deſcendit ab alto.

There is nothing of *cælo ab alto* in the verſion; nor by *night*, *brown air*, or *precipitates his flight*, in the original. The two laſt are put in the room of

> Ferrum exercebant vaſto Cylopes in antro,
> Bronteſque, Steropeſque, & nudus membra Py- [racmon.

Vaſto in antro, in the firſt of theſe lines, and the laſt line is entirely left out in the tranſlation. Nor is there any thing of eternal anvils, or *here he found*, in the original, and the brethren beating, and the blows go round, is but a looſe verſion of *Ferrum exercebant*. Dr. Trapp has allowed, however, that though Mr. Dryden is often diſtant from the original, yet he ſometimes riſes to a more excellent height, by throwing out implied graces, which none but ſo great a poet was capable of. Thus in the 12th book, after the laſt ſpeech of Saturn,

Tantum

Tantum effata, caput glauco contexit amictu,
Multa gemens, & ſe fluvio Dea condidit alto.

She drew a length of ſighs, no more ſhe ſaid,
But with an azure mantle wrapp'd her head;
Then plunged into her ſtream with deep deſpair,
And her laſt ſobs came bubbling up in air.

Though the laſt line is not expreſſed in the original, it is yet in ſome meaſure implied, and it is in itſelf ſo exceedingly beautiful, that the whole paſſage can never be too much admired. Theſe are excellencies indeed; this is truly Mr. Dryden. The power of truth, no doubt, extorted this confeſſion from the Dr. and notwithſtanding many objections may be brought againſt this performance of Dryden, yet we believe moſt of our poetical readers upon peruſing it, will be of the opinion of Pope, 'that, excepting a few human errors, 'it is the nobleſt and moſt ſpirited tranſlation in 'any language.' To whom it may reaſonably be aſked, has Virgil been moſt obliged? to Dr. Trapp who has followed his footſteps in every line; has ſhewn you indeed the deſign, the characters, contexture, and moral of the poem, that is, has given you Virgil's account of the actions of Æneas, or to Mr. Dryden, who has not only conveyed the general ideas of his author, but has conveyed them with the ſame majeſty and fire, has led you through every battle with trepidation, has ſoothed you in the tender ſcenes, and inchanted you with the flowers of poetry? Virgil contemplated thro' the medium of Trapp, appears an accurate writer, and the Æneid a well conducted fable, but diſcerned in Dryden's page, he glows as with fire from heaven, and the Æneid is a continued ſeries of whatever is great, elegant, pathetic, and ſublime.

We have already obſerved, in the Life of Dryden, that it is eaſier to diſcern wherein the beauties of poetical compoſition conſiſt, than to throw out thoſe beauties. Dr. Trapp, in his Prælectiones Poeticæ, has ſhewn how much he was maſter of every ſpecies of poetry; that is, how excellently he underſtood the ſtructure of a poem; what noble rules he was capable of laying down, and what excellent materials he could afford, for building upon ſuch a foundation, a beautiful fabric. There are few better criticiſms in any language, Dryden's dedications and prefaces excepted, than are contained in theſe lectures. The mind is enlarged by them, takes in a wide range of poetical ideas, and is taught to diſcover how many amazing requiſites are neceſſary to form a poet. In his introduction to the firſt lecture, he takes occaſion to ſtate a compariſon between poetry and painting, and ſhew how ſmall pretenſions the profeſſors of the latter have, to compare themſelves with the former. 'The painter indeed (ſays he) has to do with the paſſions, but then they are ſuch paſſions only, as diſcover themſelves in the countenance; but the poet is to do more, he is to trace the riſe of thoſe paſſions, to watch their gradations, to paint their progreſs, and mark them in the heart in their genuine conflicts; and, continues he, the diſproportion between the ſoul and the body, is not greater than the diſproportion between the painter and the poet.

Dr. Trapp is author of a tragedy called Abramule, or Love and Empire, acted at the New Theatre at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1704, dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lady Harriot Godolphin. Scene Conſtantinople. The ſtory is built upon the dethronement of Mahomet IV.

Our

Our author has likewiſe written a piece called The Church of England Defended againſt the Falſe Reaſoning of the Church of Rome. Several occaſional poems were written by him in Engliſh; and there is one Latin poem of his in the Muſæ Anglicanæ. He has tranſlated the Paradiſe Loſt into Latin Verſe, with little ſucceſs, and, as he publiſhed it at his own riſk, he was a conſiderable loſer. The capital blemiſh of that work, is, the unharmonious verſification, which gives perpetual offence to the ear, neither is the language univerſally pure.

He died in the month of November 1747, and left behind him the character of a pathetic and inſtructive preacher, a profound ſcholar, a diſcerning critic, a benevolent gentleman, and a pious Chriſtian.

We ſhall conclude the life of Dr. Trapp with the following verſes of Mr. Layng, which are expreſſive of the Dr's. character as a critic and a poet. The author, after applauding Dryden's verſion, proceeds thus in favour of Trapp.

Behind we ſee a younger bard ariſe,
No vulgar rival in the grand emprize.
Hail! learned Trapp! upon whoſe brow we [find
The poet's bays, and critic's ivy join'd.
Bleſt ſaint! to all that's virtuous ever dear,
Thy recent fate demands a friendly tear.
None was more vers'd in all the Roman ſtore,
Or the wide circle of the Grecian lore,
Leſs happy, from the world recluſe too long,
In all the ſweeter ornaments of ſong;
Intent to teach, too careleſs how to pleaſe,
He boaſts in ſtrength, whate'er he wants in eaſe.

Mr. SAMUEL BOYSE.

THIS Poet was the ſon of the Revd. Mr. Joſeph Boyſe, a Diſſenting miniſter of great eminence in Dublin. Our author's father was a perſon ſo much reſpected by thoſe immediately under his miniſterial care, and whoever elſe had the happineſs of his acquaintance, that people of all denominations united in eſteeming him, not only for his learning and abilities, but his extenſive humanity and undiſſembled piety.

This Revd. Gentleman had ſo much dignity in his manner, that he obtained from the common people the name of biſhop Boyſe, meant as a compliment to the gracefulneſs of his perſon and mien. But though Mr. Boyſe was thus reverenced by the multitude, and courted by people of faſhion, he never contracted the leaſt air of ſupercilioufneſs: He was humane and affable in his temper, equally removed from the ſtiffneſs of pedantry, and offenſive levity. During his miniſterial charge at Dublin, he publiſhed many ſermons, which compoſe ſeveral folio volumes, a few Poems and other Tracts; but what chiefly diſtinguiſhed him as a writer, was the controverſy he carried on with Dr. King, archbiſhop of Dublin, and author of the Origin of Evil, concerning the office of a ſcriptural biſhop. This controverted point was managed on both ſides with great force of argument, and calmneſs of temper. The biſhop aſſerted that the epiſcopal right of juriſdiction had its foundation in the New-Teſtament: Mr. Boyſe, conſiſtent with his principles, denied that any

any eccleſiaſtical ſuperiority appeared there; and in the opinion of many, Mr. Boyſe was more than equal to his antagoniſt, whom he treated in the courſe of the controverſy, with the greateſt candour and good-manners.

It has been reported that Mr. Boyſe had two brothers, one a clergyman of the church of England, and the other a cardinal at Rome; but of this circumſtance we have no abſolute certainty: Be it as it may, he had, however, no brother ſo much diſtinguiſhed in the world as himſelf.

We ſhall now enter upon the life of our poet, who will appear while we trace it, to have been in every reſpect the reverſe of his father, genius excepted.

He was born in the year 1708, and received the rudiments of his education in a private ſchool in Dublin. When he was but eighteen years old, his father, who probably intended him for the miniſtry, ſent him to the univerſity of Glaſgow, that he might finiſh his education there. He had not been a year at the univerſity, till he fell in love with one Miſs Atchenſon, the daughter of a tradeſman in that city, and was imprudent enough to interrupt his education, by marrying her, before he had entered into his 20th year.

The natural extravagance of his temper ſoon expoſed him to want, and as he had now the additional charge of a wife, his reduced circumſtances obliged him to quit the univerſity, and go over with his wife (who alſo carried a ſiſter with her) to Dublin; where they relied upon the old gentleman for ſupport. His behaviour in this dependent ſtate, was the very reverſe of what it ſhould have been. In place of directing his ſtudies to ſome uſeful acquiſition, ſo as to ſupport himſelf and family, he ſpent his time in the moſt abject trifling, and drew many heavy expences upon his father, who had no other means of ſupporting himſelf than what his congregation afforded, and a

ſmall

ſmall eſtate of fourſcore pounds a year in Yorkſhire.

Conſiderations of prudence never entered into the heart of this unhappy young man, who ran from one exceſs to another, till an indulgent parent was reduced by his means to very great embarraſſments. Young Boyſe was of all men the fartheſt removed from a gentleman; he had no graces of perſon, and fewer ſtill of converſation. To this cauſe it was perhaps owing, that his wife, naturally of a very volatile ſprightly temper, either grew tired of him, or became enamour'd of variety. It was however abundantly certain, that ſhe purſued intrigues with other men; and what is ſtill more ſurpriſing, not without the knowledge of her huſband, who had either too abject a ſpirit to reſent it; or was bribed by ſome lucrative advantage, to which he had a mind mean enough to ſtoop. Though never were three people of more libertine characters than young Boyſe, his wife, and ſiſter-in-law; yet the two ladies wore ſuch a maſk of decency before the old gentleman, that his fondneſs was never abated. He hoped that time and experience would recover his ſon from his courſes of extravagance; and as he was of an unſuſpecting temper, he had not the leaſt jealouſy of the real conduct of his daughter-in-law, who grew every day in his favour, and continued to blind him, by the ſeeming decency of her behaviour, and a performance of thoſe acts of piety, he naturally expected from her. But the old gentleman was deceived in his hopes, for time made no alteration in his ſon. The eſtate his father poſſeſſed in Yorkſhire was ſold to diſcharge his debts; and when the old man lay in his laſt ſickneſs, he was entirely ſupported by preſents from his congregation, and buried at their expence.

We have no farther account of Mr. Boyſe, till we find him ſoon after his father's death at Edinburgh; but from what motives he went there we cannot now diſcover.

diſcover. At this place his poetical genius raiſed him many friends, and ſome patrons of very great eminence. He publiſhed a volume of poems in 1731, to which is ſubjoined The Tablature of Cebes, and a Letter upon Liberty, inſerted in the Dublin Journal 1726; and by theſe he obtained a very great reputation. They are addreſſed to the counteſs of Eglington, a lady of diſtinguiſhed excellencies, and ſo much celebrated for her beauty, that it would be difficult for the beſt panegyriſt to be too laviſh in her praiſe. This amiable lady was patroneſs of all men of wit, and very much diſtinguiſhed Mr. Boyſe, while he reſided in that country. She was not however exempt from the lot of humanity, and her conſpicuous accompliſhments were yet chequered with failings: The chief of which was too high a conſciouſneſs of her own charms, which inſpired a vanity that ſometimes betrayed her into errors.

The following ſhort anecdote was frequently related by Mr. Boyſe. The counteſs one day came into the bed-chamber of her youngeſt daughter, then about 13 years old, while ſhe was dreſſing at her toilet. The counteſs obſerving the aſſiduity with which the young lady wanted to ſet off her perſon to the beſt advantage, 'aſked her, what ſhe would give to be 'as handſome as her mamma?' To which Miſs replied; 'As much as your ladyſhip would give 'to be as young as me.' This ſmart repartee which was at once pungent and witty, very ſenſibly affected the counteſs; who for the future was leſs laviſh in praiſe of her own charms.——

Upon the death of the viſcounteſs Stormont, Mr. Boyſe wrote an Elegy, which was very much applauded by her ladyſhip's relations. This Elegy he intitled, The Tears of the Muſes, as the deceaſed lady was a woman of the moſt refined taſte in the ſciences, and a great admirer of poetry. The lord Stormont

Stormont was ſo much pleaſed with this mark of eſteem paid to the memory of his lady, that he ordered a very handſome preſent to be given to Mr. Boyſe, by his attorney at Edinburgh.

Though Mr. Boyſe's name was very well known in that city, yet his perſon was obſcure; for as he was altogether unſocial in his temper, he had but few acquaintances, and thoſe of a caſt much inferior to himſelf, and with whom he ought to have been aſhamed to aſſociate. It was ſome time before he could be found out; and lord Stormont's kind intentions had been defeated, if an advertiſement had not been publiſhed in one of their weekly papers, deſiring the author of the Tears of the Muſes to call at the houſe of the attorney *.

The perſonal obſcurity of Mr. Boyſe might perhaps not be altogether owing to his habits of gloomineſs and retirement. Nothing is more difficult in that city, than to make acquaintances; There are no places where people meet and converſe promiſcuouſly: There is a reſervedneſs and gravity in the manner of the inhabitants, which makes a ſtranger averſe to approach them. They naturally love ſolitude; and are very ſlow in contracting friendſhips. They are generous; but it is with a bad grace. They are ſtrangers to affability, and they maintain a haughtineſs and an apparent indifference, which deters a man from courting them. They may be ſaid to be hoſpitable, but not complaiſant to ſtrangers: Inſincerity and cruelty have no exiſtence amongſt them; but if they ought not to be hated, they can never be much loved, for they are incapable of inſinuation, and their ignorance of the world makes them unfit for entertaining ſenſible ſtrangers. They are public-ſpirited, but torn to pieces by factions. A gloomineſs in re-

* A Profeſſion, which in that City is denominated a Writer.

ligion

ligion renders one part of them very barbarous, and an enthuſiaſm in politics ſo tranſports the genteeler part, that they ſacrifice to party almoſt every conſideration of tenderneſs. Among ſuch a people, a man may long live, little known, and leſs inſtructed; for their reſervedneſs renders them uncommunicative, and their exceſſive haughtineſs prevents them from being ſolicitous of knowledge.

The Scots are far from being a dull nation; they are lovers of pomp and ſhew; but then there is an eternal ſtiffneſs, a kind of affected dignity, which ſpoils their pleaſures. Hence we have the leſs reaſon to wonder that Boyſe lived obſcurely at Edinburgh. His extreme careleſneſs about his dreſs was a circumſtance very inauſpicious to a man who lives in that city. They are ſuch lovers of this kind of decorum, that they will admit of no infringement upon it; and were a man with more wit than Pope, and more philoſophy than Newton, to appear at their market place negligent in his apparel, he would be avoided by his acquaintances who would rather riſk his diſpleaſure, than the cenſure of the public, which would not fail to ſtigmatize them, for aſſociating with a man ſeemingly poor; for they meaſure poverty, and riches, underſtanding, or its oppoſite, by exterior appearance. They have many virtues, but their not being poliſhed prevents them from ſhining.

The notice which lady Eglington and the lord Stormont took of our poet, recommended him likewiſe to the patronage of the dutcheſs of Gordon, who was a lady not only diſtinguiſhed for her taſte; but cultivated a correſpondence with ſome of the moſt eminent poets then living. The dutcheſs was ſo zealous in Mr. Boyſe's affairs, and ſo ſolicitous to raiſe him above neceſſity, that ſhe employed her intereſt in procuring the promiſe of a place for him. She gave him a letter, which he was next day to deliver to one of the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms

at

at Edinburgh. It happened that he was then ſome miles diſtant from the city, and the morning on which he was to have rode to town with her grace's letter of recommendation proved to be rainy. This ſlender circumſtance was enough to diſcourage Boyſe, who never looked beyond the preſent moment: He declined going to town on account of the rainy weather, and while he let ſlip the opportunity, the place was beſtowed upon another, which the commiſſioner declared he kept for ſome time vacant, in expectation of ſeeing a perſon recommended by the dutcheſs of Gordon.

Of a man of this indolence of temper, this ſluggiſh meanneſs of ſpirit, the reader cannot be ſurpriſed to find the future conduct conſiſt of a continued ſerious of blunders, for he who had not ſpirit to proſecute an advantage put in his hands, will neither bear diſtreſs with fortitude, nor ſtruggle to ſurmount it with reſolution.

Boyſe at laſt, having defeated all the kind intentions of his patrons towards him, fell into a contempt and poverty, which obliged him to quit Edinburgh, as his creditors began to ſollicit the payment of their debts, with an earneſtneſs not to be trifled with. He communicated his deſign of going to London to the dutcheſs of Gordon; who having ſtill a very high opinion of his poetical abilities, gave him a letter of recommendation to Mr. Pope, and obtained another for him to Sir Peter King, the lord chancellor of England. Lord Stormont recommended him to the ſollicitor-general his brother, and many other perſons of the firſt faſhion.

Upon receiving theſe letters, he, with great caution, quitted Edinburgh, regretted by none but his creditors, who were ſo exaſperated as to threaten to proſecute him wherever he ſhould be found. But theſe menaces were never carried into execution, perhaps from the conſideration of his indigence,

gence, which afforded no probable proſpect of their being paid.

Upon his arrival in London, he went to Twickenham, in order to deliver the dutcheſs of Gordon's letter to Mr. Pope; but that gentleman not being at home, Mr. Boyſe never gave himſelf the trouble to repeat his viſit, nor in all probability would Pope have been over-fond of him; as there was nothing in his converſation which any wiſe indicated the abilities he poſſeſſed. He frequently related, that he was graciouſly received by Sir Peter King, dined at his table, and partook of his pleaſures. But this relation, they who knew Mr. Boyſe well, never could believe; for he was ſo abject in his diſpoſition, that he never could look any man in the face whoſe appearance was better than his own; nor likely had courage to ſit at Sir Peter King's table, where every one was probably his ſuperior. He had no power of maintaining the dignity of wit, and though his underſtanding was very extenſive, yet but a few could diſcover that he had any genius above the common rank. This want of ſpirit produced the greateſt part of his calamities, becauſe he knew not how to avoid them by any vigorous effort of his mind. He wrote poems, but thoſe, though excellent in their kind, were loſt to the world, by being introduced with no advantage. He had ſo ſtrong a propenſion to groveling, that his acquaintance were generally of ſuch a caſt, as could be of no ſervice to him; and thoſe in higher life he addreſſed by letters, not having ſufficient confidence or politeneſs to converſe familiarly with them; a freedom to which he was intitled by the power of his genius. Thus unfit to ſupport himſelf in the world, he was expoſed to variety of diſtreſs, from which he could invent no means of extricating himſelf, but by writing mendicant letters. It will appear amazing, but impartiality obliges us to relate it, that this man, of ſo abject a ſpirit, was voluptuous

ous and luxurious: He had no taſte for any thing elegant, and yet was to the laſt degree expenſive. Can it be believed, that often when he had received half a guinea, in conſequence of a ſupplicating letter, he would go into a tavern, order a ſupper to be prepared, drink of the richeſt wines, and ſpend all the money that had juſt been given him in charity, without having any one to participate the regale with him, and while his wife and child were ſtarving home? This is an inſtance of baſe ſelfiſhneſs, for which no name is as yet invented, and except by another poet *, with ſome variation of circumſtances, was perhaps never practiſed by the moſt ſenſual epicure.

He had yet ſome friends, many of the moſt eminent diſſenters, who from a regard to the memory of his father, afforded him ſupplies from time to time. Mr. Boyſe by perpetual applications, at laſt exhauſted their patience; and they were obliged to abandon a man on whom their liberality was ill beſtowed, as it produced no other advantage to him, than a few days ſupport, when he returned again with the ſame neceſſities.

The epithet of cold has often been given to charity, perhaps with a great deal of truth; but if any thing can warrant us to withhold our charity, it is the conſideration that its purpoſes are proſtituted by thoſe on whom it is beſtowed.

We have already taken notice of the infidelity of his wife; and now her circumſtances were reduced, her virtue did not improve. She fell into a way of life diſgraceful to the ſex; nor was his behaviour in any degree more moral. They were frequently covered with ignominy, reproaching one another for the acquiſition of a diſeaſe, which both deſerved, becauſe mutually guilty.

It was about the year 1740, that Mr. Boyſe reduced to the laſt extremity of human wretchedneſs,

* Savage.

had

had not a ſhirt, a coat, or any kind of apparel to put on; the ſheets in which he lay were carried to the pawnbroker's, and he was obliged to be confined to bed, with no other covering than a blanket. He had little ſupport but what he got by writing letters to his friends in the moſt abject ſtile. He was perhaps aſhamed to let this inſtance of diſtreſs be known to his friends, which might be the occaſion of his remaining ſix weeks in that ſituation. During this time he had ſome employment in writing verſes for the Magazines; and whoever had ſeen him in his ſtudy, muſt have thought the object ſingular enough. He ſat up in bed with the blanket wrapt about him, through which he had cut a hole large enough to admit his arm, and placing the paper upon his knee, ſcribbled in the beſt manner he could the verſes he was obliged to make: Whatever he got by thoſe, or any of his begging letters, was but juſt ſufficient for the preſervation of life. And perhaps he would have remained much longer in this diſtreſsful ſtate, had not a compaſſionate gentleman, upon hearing this circumſtance related, ordered his cloaths to be taken out of pawn, and enabled him to appear again abroad.

This ſix weeks penance one would imagine ſufficient to deter him for the future, from ſuffering himſelf to be expoſed to ſuch diſtreſſes; but by a long habit of want it grew familiar to him, and as he had leſs delicacy than other men, he was perhaps leſs afflicted with his exterior meanneſs. For the future, whenever his diſtreſſes ſo preſs'd, as to induce him to diſpoſe of his ſhirt, he fell upon an artificial method of ſupplying one. He cut ſome white paper in ſlips, which he tyed round his wriſts, and in the ſame manner ſupplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad, with the additional inconvenience of want of breeches.

He was once ſent for in a hurry, to the houſe of a printer who had employed him to write a poem for his Magazine: Boyſe then was without breeches, or waiſtcoat, but was yet poſſeſſed of a coat, which he threw upon him, and in this ridiculous manner went to the printer's houſe; where he found ſeveral women, whom his extraordinary appearance obliged immediately to retire.

He fell upon many ſtrange ſchemes of raiſing trifling ſums: He ſometimes ordered his wife to inform people that he was juſt expiring, and by this artifice work upon their compaſſion; and many of his friends were frequently ſurpriſed to meet the man in the ſtreet to day, to whom they had yeſterday ſent relief, as to a perſon on the verge of death. At other times he would propoſe ſubſcriptions for poems, of which only the beginning and concluſion were written; and by this expedient would relieve ſome preſent neceſſity. But as he ſeldom was able to put any of his poems to the preſs, his veracity in this particular ſuffered a diminution; and indeed in almoſt every other particular he might juſtly be ſuſpected; for if he could but gratify an immediate appetite, he cared not at what expence, whether of the reputation, or purſe of another.

About the year 1745 Mr. Boyſe's wife died. He was then at Reading, and pretended much concern when he heard of her death.

It was an affectation in Mr. Boyſe to appear very fond of a little lap-dog which he always carried about with him in his arms, imagining it gave him the air of a man of taſte. Boyſe, whoſe circumſtances were then too mean to put himſelf in mourning, was yet reſolved that ſome part of his family ſhould. He ſtep'd into a little ſhop, purchaſed half a yard of black ribbon, which he fixed round his dog's neck by way of mourning for the loſs of its miſtreſs. But this was not the only ridiculous inſtance

ſtance of his behaviour on the death of his wife. Such was the ſottiſhneſs of this man, that when he was in liquor, he always indulged a dream of his wife's being ſtill alive, and would talk very ſpightfully of thoſe by whom he ſuſpected ſhe was entertained. This he never mentioned however, except in his cups, which was only as often as he had money to ſpend. The manner of his becoming intoxicated was very particular. As he had no ſpirit to keep good company, ſo he retired to ſome obſcure alehouſe, and regaled himſelf with hot two-penny, which though he drank in very great quantities, yet he had never more than a pennyworth at a time.—Such a practice rendered him ſo compleatly ſottiſh, that even his abilities, as an author, became ſenſibly impaired.

We have already mentioned his being at Reading. His buſineſs there was to compile a Review of the moſt material tranſactions at home and abroad, during the laſt war; in which he has included a ſhort account of the late rebellion. For this work by which he got ſome reputation, he was paid by the ſheet, a price ſufficient to keep him from ſtarving, and that was all. To ſuch diſtreſs muſt that man be driven, who is deſtitute of prudence to direct the efforts of his genius. In this work Mr. Boyſe diſcovers how capable he was of the moſt irkſome and laborious employment, when he maintained a power over his appetites, and kept himſelf free from intemperance.

While he remained at Reading, he addreſſed, by ſupplicating letters, two Iriſh noblemen, lord Kenyſton, and lord Kingſland, who reſided in Berkſhire, and received ſome money from them; he alſo met with another gentleman there of a benevolent diſpoſition, who, from the knowledge he had of the father, pitied the diſtreſſes of the ſon, and by his intereſt with ſome eminent Diſſenters in thoſe parts, raiſed a ſufficient ſum to cloath him,

for the abjectneſs of his appearance ſecluded our poet even from the table of his Printer *.

Upon his return from Reading, his behaviour was more decent than it had ever been before, and there were ſome hopes that a reformation, tho' late, would be wrought upon him. He was employed by a Bookſeller to tranſlate Fenelon on the Exiſtence of God, during which time he married a ſecond wife, a woman in low circumſtances, but well enough adapted to his taſte. He began now to live with more regard to his character, and ſupport a better appearance than uſual; but while his circumſtances were mending, and his irregular appetites loſing ground, his health viſibly declined: he had the ſatisfaction, while in this lingering illneſs, to obſerve a poem of his, entitled The Deity, recommended by two eminent writers, the ingenious Mr. Fielding, and the rev. Mr. James Harvey, author of The Meditations. The former, in the beginning of his humorous Hiſtory of Tom Jones, calls it an excellent poem. Mr. Harvey ſtiles it a pious and inſtructive piece; and that worthy gentleman, upon hearing that the author was in neceſſitous circumſtances, depoſited two guineas in the hands of a truſty perſon to be given him, whenever his occaſions ſhould preſs. This poem was written ſome years before Mr. Harvey or Mr. Fielding took any notice of it, but it was loſt to the public, as the reputation of the Bookſeller conſiſted in ſending into the world abundance of trifles, amongſt which, it was conſidered as one. Mr. Boyſe ſaid, that upon its firſt publication, a gentleman acquainted with Mr. Pope, took occaſion to aſk that poet, if he was not the

* During his abode at Reading an accident had like to have put an end to his follies and his life together; for he had the ill-luck to fall from his garret down the whole flight of ſtairs; but being deſtined to lengthen out a uſeleſs life for ſome time longer, he eſcaped with only a ſevere bruiſing.

author

author of it, to which Mr. Pope replied, 'that he 'was not the author, but that there were many lines 'in it, of which he ſhould not be aſhamed.' This Mr. Boyſe conſidered as a very great compliment. The poem indeed abounds with ſhining lines and elevated ſentiments on the ſeveral Attributes of the Supreme Being; but then it is without a plan, or any connexion of parts, for it may be read either backwards or forwards, as the reader pleaſes.

While Mr. Boyſe was in this lingering illneſs, he ſeemed to have no notion of his approaching end, nor did he expect it, 'till it was almoſt paſt the thinking of. His mind, indeed, was often religiouſly diſpoſed; he frequently talked upon that ſubject, and, probably ſuffered a great deal from the remorſe of his conſcience. The early impreſſions of his good education were never entirely obliterated, and his whole life was a continued ſtruggle between his will and reaſon, as he was always violating his duty to the one, while he fell under the ſubjection of the other. It was in conſequence of this war in his mind, that he wrote a beautiful poem called The Recantation.

In the month of May, 1749, he died in obſcure lodgings near Shoe-Lane. An old acquaintance of his endeavoured to collect money to defray the expences of his funeral, ſo that the ſcandal of being buried by the pariſh might be avoided. But his endeavours were in vain, for the perſons he ſollicited, had been ſo troubled with applications during the life of this unhappy man, that they refuſed to contribute any thing towards his funeral. The remains of this ſon of the muſes were, with very little ceremony, hurried away by the pariſh officers, and thrown amongſt common beggars; though with this diſtinction, that the ſervice of the church was performed over his corpſe. Never was an exit more ſhocking, nor a life ſpent with leſs grace, than thoſe of Mr. Boyſe,

and never were ſuch diſtinguiſhed abilities given to leſs purpoſe. His genius was not confined to poetry only, he had a taſte for painting, muſic and heraldry, with the latter of which he was very well acquainted. His poetical pieces, if collected, would make ſix moderate volumes. Many of them are ſcattered in the Gentleman's Magazine, marked with the letter Y. and Alceus. Two volumes were publiſhed in London, but as they never had any great ſale, it will be difficult to find them.

An ode of his in the manner of Spenſer, entitled The Olive, was addreſſed to Sir Robert Walpole, which procured him a preſent of ten guineas. He tranſlated a poem from the High Dutch of Van Haren, in praiſe of peace, upon the concluſion of that made at Aix la Chapelle; but the poem which procured him the greateſt reputation, was, that upon the Attributes of the Deity, of which we have already taken notice. He was employed by Mr. Ogle to tranſlate ſome of Chaucer's Tales into modern Engliſh, which he performed with great ſpirit, and received at the rate of three pence a line for his trouble. Mr. Ogle publiſhed a complete edition of that old poet's Canterbury Tales Modernized; and Mr. Boyſe's name is put to ſuch Tales as were done by him. It had often been urged to Mr. Boyſe to turn his thoughts towards the drama, as that was the moſt profitable kind of poetical writing, and as many a poet of inferior genius to him has raiſed large contributions on the public by the ſucceſs of their plays. But Boyſe never ſeemed to reliſh this propoſal, perhaps from a conſciouſneſs that he had not ſpirit to proſecute the arduous taſk of introducing it on the ſtage; or that he thought himſelf unequal to the taſk.

In the year 1743 Mr. Boyſe publiſhed without his name, an Ode on the battle of Dettingen, entitled Albion's Triumph; ſome Stanza's of which we ſhall give as a ſpecimen of Mr. Boyſe's poetry.

STANZA's

STANZA's from ALBION's Triumph.

XIII.

But how, bleſt ſovereign! ſhall th' unpractis'd muſe
  Theſe recent honours of thy reign rehearſe!
How to thy virtues turn her dazzled views,
  Or conſecrate thy deeds in equal verſe!
Amidſt the field of horrors wide diſplay'd,
  How paint the calm * that ſmil'd upon thy brow!
Or ſpeak that thought which every part ſurveyed,
  'Directing where the rage of war ſhould glow:' †
While watchful angels hover'd round thy head,
And victory on high the palm of glory ſpread.

XIV.

Nor royal youth reject the artleſs praiſe,
  Which due to worth like thine the Muſe beſtows,
Who with prophetic extaſy ſurveys
  Theſe early wreaths of fame adorn thy brows.
Aſpire like Naſſau in the glorious ſtrife,
  Keep thy great ſires' examples full in eye;
But oh! for Britain's ſake, conſult a life
  The nobleſt triumphs are too mean to buy;
And while you purchaſe glory——bear in mind,
A prince's trueſt fame is to protect mankind.

XV.

Alike in arts and arms acknowledg'd great,
  Let Stair accept the lays he once could own!
Nor Carteret, thou the column of the ſtate!
  The friend of ſcience! on the labour frown!

* The King gave his orders with the utmoſt calmneſs, tho' no body was more expos'd.

† Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
Mr. Addiſon's Campaign.

Nor ſhall, unjuſt to foreign worth, the Muſe
In ſilence Auſtria's valiant chiefs conceal;
While Aremberg's heroic line ſhe views,
And Neiperg's conduct ſtrikes even envy pale:
Names Gallia yet ſhall further learn to fear,
And Britain, grateful ſtill, ſhall treaſure up as dear!

XIX.

But oh! acknowledg'd victor in the field,
What thanks, dread ſovereign, ſhall thy toils reward!
Such honours as delivered nations yield,
Such for thy virtues juſtly ſtand prepar'd:
When erſt on Oudenarde's deciſive plain,
Before thy youth, the Gaul defeated fled,
The eye of fate § foreſaw on diſtant Maine,
The laurels now that ſhine around thy head:
Oh ſhould entwin'd with theſe freſh Olives bloom!
Thy Triumphs then would ſhame the pride of antient Rome.

XX.

Mean time, while from this fair event we ſhew
That Britiſh valour happily ſurvives,
And cheriſh'd by the king's propitious view,
The riſing plant of glory ſweetly thrives!
Let all domeſtic faction learn to ceaſe,
Till humbled Gaul no more the world alarms:
Till GEORGE procures to Europe ſolid peace,
A peace ſecur'd by his victorious arms:
And binds in iron fetters ear to ear,
Ambition, Rapine, Havock, and Deſpair,
With all the ghaſtly fiends of deſolating war.

§ His Majeſty early diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a volunteer at the battle of Oudenarde, in 1708.

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

THIS eminent poet and phyſician was ſon of Mr. Robert Blackmore, an Attorney at Law. He received his early education at a private country ſchool, from whence, in the 13th year of his age, he was removed to Weſtminſter, and in a ſhort time after to the univerſity of Oxford, where he continued thirteen years.

In the early period of our author's life he was a Schoolmaſter, as appears by a ſatirical copy of verſes Dr. Drake wrote againſt him, conſiſting of upwards of forty lines, of which the following are very pungent.

By nature form'd, by want a pedant made,
Blackmore at firſt ſet up the whipping trade:
Next quack commenc'd; then fierce with pride [he ſwore,
That tooth-ach, gout, and corns ſhould be no more.
In vain his drugs, as well as birch he tried;
His boys grew blockheads, and his patients died.

Some circumſtances concurring, it may be preſumed in Sir Richard's favour, he travelled into Italy, and at Padua took his degrees in phyſic *.

He gratified his curioſity in viſiting France, Germany, and the Low Countries, and after ſpending a year and a half in this delightful exerciſe, he returned to England. As Mr. Blackmore had made phyſic his chief ſtudy, ſo he repaired to

* Jacob.

London to enter upon the practice of it, and no long after he was choſen fellow of the Royal College of Phyſicians, by the charter of King James II. Sir Richard had ſeen too much of foreign ſlavery to be fond of domeſtic chains, and therefore early declared himſelf in favour of the revolution, and eſpouſed thoſe principles upon which it was effected. This zeal, recommended him to King William, and in the year 1697 he was ſworn one of his phyſicians in ordinary. He was honoured by that Prince with a gold medal and chain, was likewiſe knighted by him, and upon his majeſty's death was one of thoſe who gave their opinion in the opening of the king's body. Upon Queen Anne's acceſſion to the throne, he was appointed one of her phyſicians, and continued ſo for ſome time.

This gentleman is author of more original poems, of a conſiderable length, beſides a variety of other works, than can well be conceived could have been compoſed by one man, during the longeſt period of human life. He was a chaſte writer; he ſtruggled in the cauſe of virtue, even in thoſe times, when vice had the countenance of the great, and when an almoſt univerſal degeneracy prevailed. He was not afraid to appear the advocate of virtue, in oppoſition to the higheſt authority, and no luſtre of abilities in his opponents could deter him from ſtripping vice of thoſe gaudy colours, with which poets of the firſt eminence had cloathed her.

An elegant writer having occaſion to mention the ſtate of wit in the reign of King Charles II. characterizes the poets in the following manner;

The wits of Charles found eaſier ways to fame;
Nor ſought for Johnſon's art, nor Shakeſpear's [flame:
Themſelves they ſtudied; as they lived, they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.

Their

Their cauſe was gen'ral, their ſupports were ſtrong,
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was long.

Mr. Pope ſomewhere ſays,

Unhappy Dryden—in all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted lays.

He might likewiſe have excepted Blackmore, who was not only chaſte in his own writings, but endeavoured to correct thoſe who proſtituted the gifts of heaven, to the inglorious purpoſes of vice and folly, and he was, at leaſt, as good a poet as Roſcommon.

Sir Richard had, by the freedom of his cenſures on the libertine writers of his age, incurred the heavy diſpleaſure of Dryden, who takes all opportunities to ridicule him, and ſomewhere ſays, that he wrote to the rumbling of his chariot wheels. And as if to be at enmity with Blackmore had been hereditary to our greateſt poets, we find Mr. Pope taking up the quarrel where Dryden left it, and perſecuting this worthy man with yet a ſeverer degree of ſatire. Blackmore had been informed by Curl, that Mr. Pope was the author of a Traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm, which he takes occaſion to reprehend in his Eſſay on Polite Learning, vol. ii. p. 270. He ever conſidered it as the diſgrace of genius, that it ſhould be employed to burleſque any of the ſacred compoſitions, which as they ſpeak the language of inſpiration, tend to awaken the ſoul to virtue, and inſpire it with a ſublime devotion. Warmed in this honourable cauſe, he might, perhaps, ſuffer his zeal to tranſport him to a height, which his enemies called enthuſiaſm; but of the two extremes, no doubt can be made, that Blackmore's was the ſafeſt, and even dullneſs in favour of virtue (which, by the way, was not the caſe with Sir Richard) is more tolerable than the brighteſt

parts employed in the cauſe of lewdneſs and debauchery.

The poem for which Sir Richard had been moſt celebrated, was, undoubtedly, his Creation, now deſervedly become a claſſic. We cannot convey a more amiable idea of this great production, than in the words of Mr. Addiſon, in his Spectator, Nuumber 339, who, after having criticiſed on that book of Milton, which gives an account of the Works of Creation, thus proceeds, 'I cannot 'conclude this book upon the Creation, without 'mentioning a poem which has lately appeared 'under that title. The work was undertaken 'with ſo good an intention, and executed with ſo 'great a maſtery, that it deſerves to be looked 'upon as one of the moſt uſeful and noble pro'ductions in our Engliſh verſe. The reader can'not but be pleaſed to find the depths of phi'loſophy, enlivened with all the charms of poe'try, and to ſee ſo great a ſtrength of reaſon a'midſt ſo beautiful a redundancy of the imagi'nation. The author has ſhewn us that deſign 'in all the works of nature, which neceſſarily 'leads us to the knowledge of its firſt cauſe. In 'ſhort, he has illuſtrated, by numberleſs and in'conteſtable inſtances, that divine wiſdom, which 'the ſon of Sirach has ſo nobly aſcribed to the 'Supreme Being in his formation of the world, 'when he tells us, that he *created her, and ſaw 'her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all 'his works.*'

The deſign of this excellent poem is to demonſtrate the ſelf-exiſtence of an eternal mind, from the created and dependent exiſtence of the univerſe, and to confute the hypotheſis of the Epicureans and the Fataliſts, under whom all the patrons of impiety, ancient and modern, of whatſoever denomination may be ranged. The firſt of whom affirm, the world was in time cauſed by chance,

chance, and the other, that it exiſted from eternity without a cauſe. 'Tis true, both theſe acknowledge the exiſtence of Gods, but by their abſurd and ridiculous deſcription of them, it is plain, they had nothing elſe in view, but to avoid the obnoxious character of atheiſtical philoſophers. To adorn this poem, no embelliſhments are borrowed from the exploded and obſolete theology of the ancient idolaters of Greece and Rome; no rapturous invocations are addreſſed to their idle deities, nor any alluſions to their fabulous actions. 'I have more than once (ſays Sir 'Richard) publicly declared my opinion, that a 'Chriſtian poet cannot but appear monſtrous and 'ridiculous in a Pagan dreſs. That though it 'ſhould be granted, that the Heathen religion 'might be allowed a place in light and looſe 'ſongs, mock heroic, and the lower lyric com'poſitions, yet in Chriſtian poems, of the ſublime 'and greater kind, a mixture of the Pagan the'ology muſt, by all who are maſters of reflexion 'and good ſenſe, be condemned, if not as impi'ous, at leaſt, as impertinent and abſurd. And 'this is a truth ſo clear and evident, that I make 'no doubt it will, by degrees, force its way, and 'prevail over the contrary practice. Should Bri'tons recover their virtue, and reform their taſte, 'they could no more bear the Heathen religion 'in verſe, than in proſe. Chriſtian poets, as well 'as Chriſtian preachers, the buſineſs of both be'ing to inſtruct the people, though the laſt only 'are wholly appropriated to it, ſhould endeavour 'to confirm, and ſpread their own religion. If a 'divine ſhould begin his ſermon with a ſolemn 'prayer to Bacchus or Apollo, to Mars or Ve'nus, what would the people think of their preach'er? and is it not as really, though not equally 'abſurd, for a poet in a great and ſerious poem, 'wherein he celebrates ſome wonderful and hap-

'py

'py event of divine providence, or magnifies the 'illuſtrious inſtrument that was honoured to bring 'the event about, to addreſs his prayer to falſe 'deities, and cry for help to the abominations of 'the heathen?'

Mr. Gildon, in his Compleat Art of Poetry, after ſpeaking of our author in the moſt reſpectful terms, ſays, 'that notwithſtanding his merit, this 'admirable author did not think himſelf upon the 'ſame footing with Homer.' But how different is the judgment of Mr. Dennis, who, in this particular, oppoſes his friend Mr. Gildon.

'Blackmore's action (ſays he) has neither unity, 'integrity, morality, nor univerſality, and conſe-'quently he can have no fable, and no heroic 'poem. His narration is neither probable, delight-'ful, nor wonderful. His characters have none of 'theſe neceſſary qualifications.——The things con-'tained in his narrations, are neither in their own 'nature delightful nor numerous enough, nor right-'ly diſpoſed, nor ſurprizing, nor pathetic;' nay he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir Richard has no genius; firſt eſtabliſhing it as a principle, 'That 'genius is known by a furious joy, and pride of 'ſoul, on the conception of an extraordinary hint. 'Many men (ſays he) have their hints without theſe 'motions of fury and pride of ſoul; becauſe they 'want fire enough to agitate their ſpirits; and theſe 'we call cold writers. Others who have a great 'deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel 'the fore-mentioned motions, without the extraor-'dinary hints; and theſe we call fuſtian writers.'

And he declares, that Sir Richard hath neither the hints nor the motions *. But Dennis has not contented himſelf, with charging Blackmore with want of genius; but has likewiſe the following

* Preface to Remarks on Prince Arthur, octavo 1696.

remarks

remarks to prove him a bad Church of England man: Theſe are his words. 'All Mr. Blackmore's 'cœleſtial machines, as they cannot be defended ſo 'much as by common received opinion, ſo are they 'directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of 'England, that miracles had ceaſed a long time 'before prince Arthur come into the world. Now 'if the doctrine of the church of England be true, 'as we are obliged to believe, then are all the 'cœleſtial machines of prince Arthur unſufferable, 'as wanting not only human but divine probability. 'But if the machines are ſufferable, that is, if they 'have ſo much as divine probability, then it follows 'of neceſſity, that the doctrine of the church is 'falſe; ſo that I leave it to every impartial clergy-'man to conſider.'

If no greater objection could be brought againſt Blackmore's Prince Arthur, than thoſe raiſed by Mr. Dennis, the Poem would be faultleſs; for what has the doctrine of the church of England to do with an epic poem? It is not the doctrine of the church of England, to ſuppoſe that the apoſtate ſpirits put the power of the Almighty to proof, by openly reſiſting his will, and maintaining an obſtinate ſtruggle with the angels commiſſioned by him, to drive them from the manſions of the bleſs'd; or that they attempted after their perdition, to recover heaven by violence. Theſe are not the doctrines of the church of England; but they are conceived in a true ſpirit of poetry, and furniſh thoſe tremendous deſcriptions with which Milton has enriched his Paradiſe Loſt.

Whoever has read Mr. Dryden's dedication of his Juvenal, will there perceive, that in that great man's opinion, cœleſtial machines might with the utmoſt propriety be introduced in an Epic Poem, built upon a chriſtian model; but at the ſame time he adds, 'The guardian angels of ſtates and king-'doms are not to be managed by a vulgar hand.'

Perhaps

Perhaps it may be true, that the guardian angels of ſtates and kingdoms may have been too powerful for the conduct of Sir Richard Blackmore; but he has had at leaſt the merit of paving the way, and has ſet an example how Epic Poems may be written, upon the principles of chriſtianity; and has enjoyed a comfort of which no bitterneſs, or raillery can deprive him, namely the virtuous intention of doing good, and as he himſelf expreſſes it,' " of reſcuing the Muſes from the hands ' of raviſhers, and reſtoring them again to their ' chaſte and pure manſions.'

Sir Richard Blackmore died on the 9th of October 1729, in an advanced age; and left behind him the character of a worthy man, a great poet, and a friend to religion. Towards the cloſe of his life, his buſineſs as a phyſician declined, but as he was a man of prudent conduct, it is not to be ſuppoſed that he was ſubjected to any want by that accident, for in his earlier years he was conſidered amongſt the firſt in his profeſſion, and his practice was conſequently very extenſive.

The decay of his employment might partly be owing to old age and infirmities, which rendered him leſs active than before, and partly to the diminution his character might ſuffer by the eternal war, which the wits waged againſt him, who ſpared neither bitterneſs nor calumny; and, perhaps, Sir Richard may be deemed the only poet, who ever ſuffered for having too much religion and morality.

The following is the moſt accurate account we could obtain of his writings, which for the ſake of diſtinction we have divided into claſſes, by which the reader may diſcern how various and numerous his compoſitions are.——To have written ſo much upon ſo great a variety of ſubjects, and to have written nothing contemptibly, muſt indicate a genius much ſuperior to the common ſtandard.——His verſification is almoſt every where beautiful; and tho' he

he has been ridiculed in the Treatiſe of the Bathos, publiſhed in Pope's works, for being too minute in his deſcriptions of the objects of nature; yet it rather proceeded from a philoſophical exactneſs, than a penury of genius.

It is really aſtoniſhing to find Dean Swift, joining iſſue with leſs religious wits, in laughing at Blackmore's works, of which he makes a ludicrous detail, ſince they were all written in the cauſe of virtue, which it was the Dean's buſineſs more immediately to ſupport, as on this account he enjoy'd his preferment: But the Dean perhaps, was one of thoſe characters, who choſe to ſacrifice his cauſe to his joke. This was a treatment Sir Richard could never have expected at the hands of a clergyman.

A List of Sir Richard Blackmore's Works.

THEOLOGICAL.

I. Juſt Prejudices againſt the Arian Hypotheſis, Octavo. —— —— —— 1725
II. Modern Arians Unmaſk'd, Octavo, —— 1721
III. Natural Theology; or Moral Duties conſidered apart from poſitive; with ſome Obſervations on the Deſirableneſs and Neceſſity of a ſuper-natural Revelation, Octavo, —— —— 1728
IV. The accompliſhed Preacher; or an Eſſay upon Divine Eloquence, Octavo, —— 1731

This Tract was publiſhed after the author's death, in purſuance of his expreſs order, by the Reverend Mr. John White of Nayland in Eſſex; who attended on Sir Richard during his laſt illneſs, in which he manifeſted an elevated piety towards God, and faith in Chriſt, the Saviour of the World. Mr. White alſo applauds him as a perſon in whoſe character

character great candour and the fineſt humanity were the prevailing qualities. He obſerves alſo that he had the greateſt veneration for the clergy of the Church of England, whereof he was a member. No one, ſays he, did more highly magnify our office, or had a truer eſteem and honour for our perſons, diſcharging our office as we ought, and ſupporting the holy character we bear, with an unblameable converſation.

POETICAL.

I. Creation, a Philoſophical Poem, demonſtrating the Exiſtence and Providence of God, in ſeven Books, Octavo, —— —— —— 1712
II. The Redeemer, a Poem in ſix Books, Octavo, 1721
III. Eliza, a Poem in ten Books, Folio, — 1705
IV. King Arthur, in ten Books, —— 1697
V. Prince Arthur, in ten Books, —— 1695
VI. King Alfred, in twelve Books, Octavo, 1723
VII. A Paraphraſe on the Book of Job; the Songs of Moſes, Deborah and David; the ii. viii. ciii. cxiv. cxlviii. Pſalms. Four chapters of Iſaiah, and the third of Habbakkuk, Folio and Duodecimo, 1716
VIII. A New Verſion of the Book of Pſalms, Duodecimo, —— —— —— 1720
IX. The Nature of Man, a Poem in three Books, Octavo, —— —— —— 1720
X. A Collection of Poems, Octavo, —— 1716
XI. Eſſays on ſeveral Subjects, 2 vols. Octavo. Vol. I. On Epic Poetry, Wit, Falſe Virtue, Immortality of the Soul, Laws of Nature, Origin of Civil Power. Vol. II. On Atheiſm, Spleen, Writing, Future Felicity, Divine Love. 1716
XII. Hiſtory of the Conſpiracy againſt King William the IIId, 1696, Octavo, —— — 1723

MEDICINAL.

MEDICINAL.

I. A Diſcourſe on the Plague, with a preparatory Account of Malignant Fevers, in two Parts; containing an Explication of the Nature of thoſe Diſeaſes, and the Method of Cure, Octavo, 1720

II. A Treatiſe on the Small-Pox, in two Parts; containing an Account of the Nature, and ſeveral Kinds of that Diſeaſe; with the proper Methods of Cure: And a Diſſertation upon the modern Practice of Inoculation, Octavo, 1722

III. A Treatiſe on Conſumptions, and other Diſtempers belonging to the Breaſt and Lungs, Octavo, 1724

VI. A Treatiſe on the Spleen and Vapours; or Hyppocondriacal and Hyſterical Affections; with three Diſcourſes on the Nature and Cure of the Cholic, Melancholly and Palſy, Octavo, 1725

V. A Critical Diſſertation upon the Spleen, ſo far as concerns the following Queſtion, viz. Whether the Spleen is neceſſary or uſeful to the animal poſſeſſed of it? —— —— ——1725

VI. Diſcourſes on the Gout, Rheumatiſm, and the King's Evil; containing an Explanation of the Nature, Cauſes, and different Species of thoſe Diſeaſes, and the Method of curing them, Octavo, 1726

VII. Diſſertations on a Dropſy, a Tympany, the Jaundice, the Stone, and the Diabetes, Octavo, 1727

Single

Single POEMS by Sir *Richard Blackmore.*

I. His Satire againſt Wit, Folio, ——— 1700

II. His Hymn to the Light of the World; with a ſhort Deſcription of the Cartoons at Hampton-Court, Folio, —— —— —— 1703

III. His Advice to the Poets, Folio, —— 1706

IV. His Kit-Kats, Folio, ——— —— 1708

It might juſtly be eſteemed an injury to Blackmore, to diſmiſs his life without a ſpecimen from his beautiful and philoſophical Poem on the Creation In his ſecond Book he demonſtrates the exiſtence of a God, from the wiſdom and deſign which appears in the motions of the heavenly orbs; but more particularly in the ſolar ſyſtem. Firſt in the ſituation of the Sun, and its due diſtance from the earth. The fatal conſequences of its having been placed otherwiſe than it is. Secondly, he conſiders its diurnal motion, whence the change of the day and night proceeds; which we ſhall here inſert as a ſpecimen of the elegant verſification, and ſublime energy of this Poem.

Next ſee, Lucretian Sages, ſee the Sun,
His courſe diurnal, and his annual run.
How in his glorious race he moves along,
Gay as a bridegroom, as a giant ſtrong.
How his unweari'd labour he repeats,
Returns at morning, and at eve retreats;
And by the diſtribution of his light,
Now gives to man the day, and now the night:
Night, when the drowſy ſwain, and trav'ler [ceaſe
Their daily toil, and ſooth their limbs with eaſe;
When

When all the weary ſons of woe reſtrain
Their yielding cares with ſlumber's ſilken chain,
Solace ſad grief, and lull reluctant pain.
And while the ſun, ne'er covetous of reſt,
Flies with ſuch rapid ſpeed from eaſt to weſt,
In tracks oblique he thro' the zodiac rolls,
Between the northern and the ſouthern poles;
From which revolving progreſs thro' the ſkies,
The needful ſeaſons of the year ariſe:
And as he now advances, now retreats,
Whence winter colds proceed, and ſummer heats,
He qualifies, and chears the air by turns,
Which winter freezes, and which ſummer burns.
Thus his kind rays the two extremes reduce,
And keep a temper fit for nature's uſe.
The froſt and drought by this alternate pow'r,
The earth's prolific energy reſtore.
The lives of man and beaſt demand the change;
Hence fowls the air, and fiſh the ocean range.
Of heat and cold, this juſt ſucceſſive reign,
Which does the balance of the year maintain,
The gard'ner's hopes, and farmer's patience [props,
Gives vernal verdure, and autumnal crops.

Mr. JAMES THOMSON.

THIS celebrated poet, from whom his country has derived the moſt diſtinguiſhed honour, was ſon of the revd. Mr. Thomſon, a miniſter of the church of Scotland, in the Preſbytery of Jedburgh.

He was born in the place where his father was miniſter, about the beginning of the preſent century, and received the rudiments of his education at a private country ſchool. Mr. Thomſon, in the early part of his life, ſo far from appearing to poſſeſs a ſprightly genius, was conſidered by his ſchoolmaſter, and thoſe which directed his education, as being really without a common ſhare of parts.

While he was improving himſelf in the Latin and Greek tongues at this country ſchool, he often viſited a miniſter, whoſe charge lay in the ſame preſbytery with his father's, the revd. Mr. Rickerton, a man of ſuch amazing powers, that many perſons of genius, as well as Mr. Thomſon, who converſed with him, have been aſtoniſhed, that ſuch great merit ſhould be buried in an obſcure part of the country, where he had no opportunity to diſplay himſelf, and, except upon periodical meetings of the miniſters, ſeldom an opportunity of converſing with men of learning.

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Though Mr. Thomſon's ſchoolmaſter could not diſcover that he was endowed with a common portion of underſtanding, yet Mr. Rickerton was not ſo blind to his genius; he diſtinguiſhed our author's early propenſion to poetry, and had once in his hands ſome of the firſt attempts Mr. Thomſon ever made in that province.

It is not to be doubted but our young poet greatly improved while he continued to converſe with Mr. Rickerton, who, as he was a philoſophical man, inſpired his mind with a love of the ſciences, nor were the revd. gentleman's endeavours in vain, for Mr. Thomſon has ſhewn in his works how well he was acquainted with natural and moral philoſophy, a circumſtance which, perhaps, is owing to the early impreſſions he received from Mr. Rickerton.

Nature, which delights in diverſifying her gifts, does not beſtow upon every one a power of diſplaying the abilities ſhe herſelf has granted to the beſt advantage. Though Mr. Rickerton could diſcover that Mr. Thomſon, ſo far from being without parts, really poſſeſſed a very fine genius, yet he never could have imagined, as he often declared, that there exiſted in his mind ſuch powers, as even by the beſt cultivation could have raiſed him to ſo high a degree of eminence amongſt the poets.

When Mr. Rickerton firſt ſaw Mr. Thomſon's Winter, which was in a Bookſeller's ſhop at Edinburgh, he ſtood amazed, and after he had read the lines quoted below, he dropt the poem from his hand in the extaſy of admiration. The lines are his induction to Winter, than

ter, than which few poets ever roſe to a more ſublime height *.

After ſpending the uſual time at a country ſchool in the acquiſition of the dead languages, Mr. Thomſon was removed to the univerſity of Edinburgh, in order to finiſh his education, and be fitted for the miniſtry. Here, as at the country ſchool, he made no great figure: his companions thought contemptuouſly of him, and the maſters under whom he ſtudied, had not a higher opinion of our poet's abilities, than their pupils. His courſe of attendance upon the claſſes of philoſophy being finiſhed, he was entered in the Divinity Hall, as one of the candidates for the miniſtry, where the ſtudents, before they are permitted to enter on their probation, muſt yield ſix years attendance.

It was in the ſecond year of Mr. Thomſon's attendance upon this ſchool of divinity, whoſe profeſſor at that time was the revd. and learned Mr. William Hamilton, a perſon whom he always mentioned with reſpect, that our author was appointed by the profeſſor to write a diſcourſe on the Power of the Supreme Being. When his com-

* See winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and ſad, with all his riſing train!
Vapours, and ſtorms, and clouds; be theſe my theme;
Theſe that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought,
And heav'nly muſing; welcome kindred glooms.
Congenial horrors hail!——with frequent foot
Oft have I in my pleaſing calm of life,
When nurs'd by careleſs ſolitude I liv'd,
Oft have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin ſnows; my ſelf as pure;
Heard the winds blow, or the big torrents burſt,
Or ſeen the deep fermenting tempeſt brew'd
In the red evening ſky. Thus paſs'd the time,
'Till from the lucid chambers of the ſouth
Look'd out the joyous ſpring, look'd out and ſmil'd.

panions

panions heard their task assigned him, they could not but arraign the professor's judgment, for assigning so copious a theme to a young man, from whom nothing equal to the subject could be expected. But when Mr. Thomson delivered the discourse, they had then reason to reproach themselves for want of discernment, and for indulging a contempt of one superior to the brightest genius amongst them. This discourse was so sublimely elevated, that both the professor and the students who heard it delivered, were astonished. It was written in blank verse, for which Mr. Hamilton rebuked him, as being improper upon that occasion. Such of his fellow-students as envied him the success of this discourse, and the admiration it procured him, employed their industry to trace him as a plagiary; for they could not be persuaded that a youth seemingly so much removed from the appearance of genius, could compose a declamation, in which learning, genius, and judgment had a very great share. Their search, however, proved fruitless, and Mr. Thomson continued, while he remained at the university, to possess the honour of that discourse, without any diminution.

We are not certain upon what account it was that Mr. Thomson dropt the notion of going into the ministry; perhaps he imagined it a way of life too severe for the freedom of his disposition: probably he declined becoming a presbyterian minister, from a consciousness of his own genius, which gave him a right to entertain more ambitious views; for it seldom happens, that a man of great parts can be content with obscurity, or the low income of sixty pounds a year, in some retired corner of a neglected country; which must have been the lot

of Thomſon, if he had not extended his views beyond the ſphere of a miniſter of the eſtabliſhed church of Scotland.

After he had dropt all thoughts of the clerical profeſſion, he began to be more ſollicitous of diſtinguiſhing his genius, as he placed ſome dependence upon it, and hoped to acquire ſuch patronage as would enable him to appear in life with advantage. But the part of the world where he then was, could not be very auſpicious to ſuch hopes; for which reaſon he began to turn his eyes towards the grand metropolis.

The firſt poem of Mr. Thomſon's, which procured him any reputation from the public, was his Winter, of which mention is already made, and further notice will be taken; but he had private approbation for ſeveral of his pieces, long before his Winter was publiſhed, or before he quitted his native country. He wrote a Paraphraſe on the 104th Pſalm, which, after it had received the approbation of Mr. Rickerton, he permitted his friends to copy. By ſome means or other this Paraphraſe fell into the hands of Mr. Auditor Benſon, who, expreſſing his admiration of it, ſaid, that he doubted not if the author was in London, but he would meet with encouragement equal to his merit. This obſervation of Benſon's was communicated to Thomſon by a letter, and, no doubt, had its natural influence in inflaming his heart, and haſtening his journey to the metropolis. He ſoon ſet out for Newcaſtle, where he took ſhipping, and landed at Billinſgate. When he arrived, it was his immediate care to wait on * Mr. Mallet, who then lived in Hanover-Square

* Mr. Mallet was his quondam ſchoolfellow (but much his junior) they contracted an early intimacy, which improved with their years, nor was it ever once diſturbed by any caſual miſtake, envy, or jealouſy on either ſide: a proof that two writers of merit may agree, in ſpite of the common obſervation to the contrary.

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in the character of tutor to his grace the duke of Montroſe, and his late brother lord G. Graham. Before Mr. Thomſon reached Hanover-Square, an accident happened to him, which, as it may divert ſome of our readers, we ſhall here inſert. He had received letters of recommendation from a gentleman of rank in Scotland, to ſome perſons of diſtinction in London, which he had carefully tied up in his pocket-handkerchief. As he ſauntered along the ſtreets, he could not withhold his admiration of the magnitude, opulence, and various objects this great metropolis continually preſented to his view. Theſe muſt naturally have diverted the imagination of a man of leſs reflexion, and it is not greatly to be wondered at, if Mr. Thomſon's mind was ſo ingroſſed by theſe new preſented ſcenes, as to be abſent to the buſy crowds around him. He often ſtopped to gratify his curioſity, the conſequences of which he afterwards experienced. With an honeſt ſimplicity of heart, unſuſpecting, as unknowing of guilt, he was ten times longer in reaching Hanover-Square, than one leſs ſenſible and curious would have been. When he arrived, he found he had paid for his curioſity; his pocket was picked of his handkerchief, and all the letters that were wrapped up in it. This accident would have proved very mortifying to a man leſs philoſophical than Thomſon; but he was of a temper never to be agitated; he then ſmiled at it, and frequently made his companions laugh at the relation.

It is natural to ſuppoſe, that as ſoon as Mr. Thomſon arrived in town, he ſhewed to ſome of his friends his poem on Winter *. The approba-

* The Winter was firſt wrote in detached pieces, or occaſional deſcriptions; it was by the advice of Mr. Mallet they were collected and made into one connected piece. This was finiſhed the firſt of all the ſeaſons, and was the firſt poem he publiſhed. By the farther advice, and at the earneſt requeſt, of Mr. Mallet, he wrote the other three ſeaſons.

tion it might meet with from them, was not, however, a ſufficient recommendation to introduce it to the world. He had the mortification of offering it to ſeveral Bookſellers without ſucceſs, who, perhaps, not being qualified themſelves to judge of the merit of the performance, refuſed to riſque the neceſſary expences, on the work of an obſcure ſtranger, whoſe name could be no recommendation to it. Theſe were ſevere repulſes; but, at laſt, the difficulty was ſurmounted Mr. Mallet, offered it to Mr. Millan, now Bookſeller at Charing-Croſs, who, without making any ſcruples, printed it. For ſome time Mr. Millan had reaſon to believe, that he ſhould be a loſer by his frankneſs; for the impreſſion lay like as paper on his hands, few copies being ſold, 'till by an accident its merit was diſcovered *. One Mr. Whatley, a man of ſome taſte in letters, but perfectly enthuſiaſtic in the admiration of any thing which pleaſed him, happened to caſt his eye upon it, and finding ſomething which delighted him, peruſed the whole, not without growing aſtoniſhment, that the poem ſhould be unknown, and the author obſcure. He learned from the Bookſeller the circumſtances already mentioned,

* Though 'tis poſſible this piece might be offered to more Printers who could read, than could taſte, nor is it very ſurprizing, that an unknown author might meet with a difficulty of this ſort; ſince an eager deſire to peruſe a new piece, with a faſhionable name to it, ſhall, in one day, occaſion the ſale of thouſands of what may never reach a ſecond edition: while a work, that has only its intrinſic merit to depend on, may lie long dormant in a Bookſeller's ſhop, 'till ſome perſon, eminent for taſte, points out its worth to the many, declares the bullion ſterling, ſtamps its value with his name, and makes it paſs current with the world. Such was the fate of Thomſon at this juncture: Such heretofore was Milton's, whoſe works were only found in the libraries of the curious, or judicious few, 'till Addiſon's remarks ſpread a taſte for them; and, at length, it became even unfaſhionable not to have read them.

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and, in the extaſy of his admiration of this poem, he went from Coffee-houſe to Coffee-houſe, pointing out its beauties, and calling upon all men of taſte, to exert themſelves in reſcuing one of the greateſt geniuſes that ever appeared, from obſcurity. This had a very happy effect, for, in a ſhort time, the impreſſion was bought up, and they who read the poem, had no reaſon to complain of Mr. Whatley's exaggeration; for they found it ſo compleatly beautiful, that they could not but think themſelves happy in doing juſtice to a man of ſo much merit.

The poem of Winter is, perhaps, the moſt finiſhed, as well as moſt pictureſque, of any of the Four Seaſons. The ſcenes are grand and lively. It is in that ſeaſon that the creation appears in diſtreſs, and nature aſſumes a melancholy air; and an imagination ſo poetical as Thomſon's, could not but furniſh thoſe awful and ſtriking images, which fill the ſoul with a ſolemn dread of *thoſe Vapours, and Storms, and Clouds*, he has ſo well painted. Deſcription is the peculiar talent of Thomſon; we tremble at his thunder in ſummer, we ſhiver with his winter's cold, and we rejoice at the renovation of nature, by the ſweet influence of ſpring. But the poem deſerves a further illuſtration, and we ſhall take an opportunity of pointing out ſome of its moſt ſtriking beauties; but before we ſpeak of theſe, we beg leave to relate the following anecdote.

As ſoon as Winter was publiſhed, Mr. Thomſon ſent a copy of it as a preſent to Mr. Joſeph Mitchell, his countryman, and brother poet, who, not liking many parts of it, incloſed to him the following couplet;

Beauties and faults ſo thick lye ſcattered here,
Thoſe I could read, if theſe were not ſo near.

To this Mr. Thomſon anſwered extempore.

Why all not faults, injurious Mitchell; why
Appears one beauty to thy blasted eye;
Damnation worse than thine, if worse can be,
Is all I ask, and all I want from thee.

Upon a friend's remonstrating to Mr. Thomson, that the expression of blasted eye would look like a personal reflexion, as Mr. Mitchell had really that misfortune, he changed the epithet blasted, into blasting. But to return:

After our poet has represented the influence of Winter upon the face of nature, and particularly described the severities of the frost, he has the following beautiful transition;

——————Our infant winter sinks,
Divested of its grandeur; should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual night
Holds o'er the glitt'ring waste her starry reign:
There thro' the prison of unbounded wilds
Barr'd by the hand of nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch athwart the solitary waste,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And chearless towns far distant, never blest'd
Save when its annual course, the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay *
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cherished there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables of glossy black; and dark embrown'd
Or beauteous, streak'd with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.

* The old name of China.

The

The deſcription of a thaw is equally pictureſque. The following lines conſequent upon it are excellent.

——————Thoſe ſullen ſeas
That waſh th' ungenial pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty North;
But rouſing all their waves reſiſtleſs heave.——
And hark! the lengthen'd roar continuous runs
Athwart the refted deep: at once it burſts
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches [charg'd,
That toſt amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege 'em round!
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,
The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire ecchoes bellowing round the main.

As the induction of Mr. Thomſon's Winter has been celebrated for its ſublimity, ſo the concluſion has likewiſe a claim to praiſe, for the tenderneſs of the ſentiments, and the pathetic force of the expreſſion.

'Tis done! — Dread winter ſpreads her lateſt [glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
Her deſolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flow'ring ſpring, thy ſummer's ardent [ſtrength,

Thy ſober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene.———

He concludes the poem by enforcing a reliance on providence, which will in proper time compenſate for all thoſe ſeeming ſeverities, with which good men are often oppreſſed.

———————Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view which only ſaw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of Wintry time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

The poem of Winter meeting with ſuch general applauſe, Mr. Thomſon was induced to write the other three ſeaſons, which he finiſhed with equal ſucceſs. His Autumn was next given to the public, and is the moſt unfiniſhed of the four; it is not however without its beauties, of which many have conſidered the ſtory of Lavinia, naturally and artfully introduced, as the moſt affecting. The ſtory is in itſelf moving and tender. It is perhaps no diminution to the merit of this beautiful tale, that the hint of it is taken from the book of Ruth in the Old Teſtament.

The author next publiſhed the Spring, the induction to which is very poetical and beautiful.

Come gentle Spring, etherial mildneſs come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhow'r
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.

It is addreſſed to the counteſs of Hertford, with the following elegant compliment,

O Hertford!

O Hertford! fitted, or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plains,
With innocence and meditation joined,
In ſoft aſſemblage; liſten to the ſong,
Which thy own ſeaſon paints; while nature all
Is blooming, and benevolent like thee.——

The deſcriptions in this poem are mild, like the ſeaſon they paint; but towards the end of it, the poet takes occaſion to warn his countrymen againſt indulging the wild and irregular paſſion of love. This digreſſion is one of the moſt affecting in the whole piece, and while he paints the language of a lover's breaſt agitated with the pangs of ſtrong deſire, and jealous tranſports, he at the ſame time diſſuades the ladies from being too credulous in the affairs of gallantry. He repreſents the natural influence of ſpring, in giving a new glow to the beauties of the fair creation, and firing their hearts with the paſſion of love.

The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins; and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear extatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Down-caſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying man.

Summer has many manly and ſtriking beauties, of which the Hymn to the Sun, is one of the ſublimeſt and moſt maſterly efforts of genius we have ever ſeen. —— There are ſome hints taken from Cowley's beautiful Hymn to Light.——Mr. Thomſon has ſubjoined a Hymn to the Seaſons, which is not inferior to the foregoing in poetical merit.

The Four Seaſons conſidered ſeparately, each Seaſon as a diſtinct poem has been judged defective in point of plan. There appears no particular deſign; the parts are not ſubſervient to one another; nor is there any dependance or connection throughout; but this perhaps is a fault almoſt inſeparable from a ſubject in itſelf ſo diverſified, as not to admit of ſuch limitation. He has not indeed been guilty of any incongruity; the ſcenes deſcribed in ſpring, are all peculiar to that ſeaſon, and the digreſſions, which make up a fourth part of the poem, flow naturally. He has obſerved the ſame regard to the appearances of nature in the other ſeaſons; but then what he has deſcribed in the beginning of any of the ſeaſons, might as well be placed in the middle, and that in the middle, as naturally towards the cloſe. So that each ſeaſon may rather be called an aſſemblage of poetical ideas, than a poem, as it ſeems written without a plan.

Mr. Thomſon's poetical diction in the Seaſons is very peculiar to him: His manner of writing is entirely his own: He has introduced a number of compound words; converted ſubſtantives into verbs, and in ſhort has created a kind of new language for himſelf. His ſtile has been blamed for its ſingularity and ſtiffneſs; but with ſubmiſſion to ſuperior judges, we cannot but be of opinion, that though this obſervation is true, yet is it admirably fitted for deſcription. The object he paints ſtands full before the eye, we admire it in all its luſtre, and who would not rather enjoy a perfect inſpection into a

natural

natural curioſity through a microſcope capable of diſcovering all the minute beauties, though its exterior form ſhould not be comely, than perceive an object but faintly, through a microſcope ill adapted for the purpoſe, however its outſide may be decorated. Thomſon has a ſtiffneſs in his manner, but then his manner is new; and there never yet aroſe a diſtinguiſhed genius, who had not an air peculiarly his own. 'Tis true indeed, the tow'ring ſublimity of Mr. Thomſon's ſtile is ill adapted for the tender paſſions, which will appear more fully when we conſider him as a dramatic writer, a ſphere in which he is not ſo excellent as in other ſpecies of poetry.

The merit of theſe poems introduced our author to the acquaintance and eſteem of ſeveral perſons, diſtinguiſhed by their rank, or eminent for their talents:——Among the latter Dr. Rundle, afterwards biſhop of Derry, was ſo pleaſed with the ſpirit of benevolence and piety, which breathes throughout the Seaſons, that he recommended him to the friendſhip of the late lord chancellor Talbot, who committed to him the care of his eldeſt ſon, then preparing to ſet out on his travels into France and Italy.

With this young nobleman, Mr. Thomſon performed (what is commonly called) The Tour of Europe, and ſtay'd abroad about three years, where no doubt he inriched his mind with the noble monuments of antiquity, and the converſation of ingenious foreigners. 'Twas by comparing modern Italy with the idea he had of the antient Romans, which furniſhed him with the hint of writing his Liberty, in three parts. The firſt is Antient and Modern Italy compared. The ſecond Greece, and the third Britain. The whole is addreſſed to the eldeſt ſon of lord Talbot, who died in the year 1734, upon his travels.

Amongſt Mr. Thomſon's poems, is one to the memory of Sir Iſaac Newton, of which we ſhall

ſay no more than this, that if he had never wrote any thing beſides, he deſerved to enjoy a diſtinguiſhed reputation amongſt the poets. Speaking of the amazing genius of Newton, he ſays,

Th' aerial flow of ſound was known to him,
From whence it firſt in wavy circles breaks.
Nor could the darting beam of ſpeed immenſe,
Eſcape his ſwift purſuit, and meaſuring eye.
Ev'n light itſelf, which every thing diſplays,
Shone undiſcover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwiſted all the ſhining robe of day;
And from the whitening undiſtinguiſhed blaze,
Collecting every ſeparated ray,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent colours. Firſt, the flaming red,
Sprung vivid forth, the tawny orange next,
And next refulgent yellow; by whoſe ſide
Fell the kind beams of all-refreſhing green.
Then the pure blue, that ſwells autumnal ſkies,
Æthereal play'd; and then of ſadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy ſkirted evening droops with froſt,
While the laſt gleamings of refracted light,
Died in the fainting violet away.
Theſe when the clouds diſtil the roſy ſhower,
Shine out diſtinct along the watr'y bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy viſion bends,
Delightful melting in the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from theſe reſult,
And myriads ſtill remain—Infinite ſource
Of beauty ever-fluſhing, ever new.

About the year 1728 Mr. Thomſon wrote a piece called Britannia, the purport of which was to rouſe the nation to arms, and excite in the ſpirit of the people a generous diſpoſition to revenge the injuries done them by the Spaniards: This is far from being one of his beſt poems.

Upon

Upon the death of his generous patron, lord chancellor Talbot, for whom the nation joined with Mr. Thomſon in the moſt ſincere inward ſorrow, he wrote an elegiac poem, which does honour to the author, and to the memory of that great man he meant to celebrate. He enjoyed, during lord Talbot's life, a very profitable place, which that worthy patriot had conferred upon him, in recompence of the care he had taken in forming the mind of his ſon. Upon his death, his lordſhip's ſucceſſor reſerved the place for Mr. Thomſon, and always expected when he ſhould wait upon him, and by performing ſome formalities enter into the poſſeſſion of it. This, however, by an unaccountable indolence he neglected, and at laſt the place, which he might have enjoyed with ſo little trouble, was beſtowed upon another.

Amongſt the lateſt of Mr. Thomſon's productions is his Caſtle of Indolence, a poem of ſo extraordinary merit, that perhaps we are not extravagant, when we declare, that this ſingle performance diſcovers more genius and poetical judgment, than all his other works put together. We cannot here complain of want of plan, for it is artfully laid, naturally conducted, and the deſcriptions riſe in a beautiful ſucceſſion: It is written in imitation of Spenſer's ſtile; and the obſolete words, with the ſimplicity of diction in ſome of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, have been thought neceſſary to make the imitation more perfect.

'The ſtile (ſays Mr. Thomſon) of that admir-
'able poet, as well as the meaſure in which he
'wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by cuſtom to
'all allegorical poems written in our language;
'juſt as in French, the ſtile of Marot, who lived
'under Francis the Iſt, has been uſed in Tales and
'familiar Epiſtles, by the politeſt writers of the
'age of Louis the XIVth.'

We

We ſhall not at preſent enquire how far Mr. Thomſon is juſtifiable in uſing the obſolete words of Spenſer: As Sir Roger de Coverley obſerved on another occaſion, much may be ſaid on both ſides. One thing is certain, Mr. Thomſon's imitation is excellent, and he muſt have no poetry in his imagination, who can read the pictureſque deſcriptions in his Caſtle of Indolence, without emotion. In his LXXIſt Stanza he has the following picture of beauty:

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court,
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made reſort;
Where, from groſs mortal care, and bus'neſs free,
They lay, pour'd out in eaſe and luxury:
Or ſhould they a vain ſhew of work aſſume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twiſt, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is caſt the diſtaff, ſpinning-wheel, and loom.

He purſues the deſcription in the ſubſequent Stanza.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They ſit, they loll, turn o'er ſome idle rhime;
Then riſing ſudden, to the glaſs they go,
Or ſaunter forth, with tott'ring ſteps and ſlow:
This ſoon too rude an exerciſe they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they ſighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury God ſoft breathing in the wind.

In the two following Stanzas, the dropſy and hypochondria are beautifully deſcribed.

Of

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft ſwoln and pale, here lay the Hydropſy:
Unwieldly man; with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various die,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And ſome her frantic deem'd, and ſome her [deem'd a wit.
A lady proud ſhe was, of antient blood,
Yet oft her fear, her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the ſpitals know,
And ſought all phyſic which the ſhops beſtow;
And ſtill new leaches, and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering too and fro;
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes [cry,
And ſudden waxed wroth, and all ſhe knew not [why.

The ſpeech of Sir Induſtry in the ſecond Canto, when he enumerates the various bleſſings which flow from action, is ſurely one of the higheſt inſtances of genius which can be produced in poetry. In the ſecond ſtanza, before he enters upon the ſubject, the poet complains of the decay of patronage, and the general depravity of taſte; and in the third breaks out into the following exclamation, which is ſo perfectly beautiful, that it would be the greateſt mortification not to tranſcribe it,

I care not, fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
Through which Aurora ſhews her bright'ning [face;

You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living ſtream at eve:
Let health my nerves, and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me be-
[reave.

Before we quit this poem, permit us, reader, to give you two more ſtanzas from it: the firſt ſhews Mr. Thomſon's opinion of Mr. Quin as an actor; of their friendſhip we may ſay more hereafter.

STANZA LXVII.

Of the CASTLE of INDOLENCE.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Æſopus * of the age;
But called by fame, in ſoul ypricked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his ſleep.
Even from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlighten'd
[judgment takes.

The next ſtanza (wrote by a friend of the author's, as the note mentions) is a friendly, though familiar, compliment; it gives us an image of our bard himſelf, at once entertaining, ſtriking, and juſt.

STANZA LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beſeems,
Who void of envy, guile, and luſt of gain,
On virtue ſtill, and nature's pleaſing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ſtrain:

* Mr. Quin.

The

The world forſaking with a calm diſdain.
Here laugh'd he, careleſs in his eaſy ſeat;
Here quaff'd, encircl'd with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing ſage: his ditty ſweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

We ſhall now conſider Mr. Thomſon as a dramatic writer.

In the year 1730, about ſix years after he had been in London, he brought a Tragedy upon the ſtage, called Sophoniſba, built upon the Carthaginian hiſtory of that princeſs, and upon which the famous Nathaniel Lee has likewiſe written a Tragedy. This play met with a favourable reception from the public. Mrs. Oldfield greatly diſtinguiſhed herſelf in the character of Sophoniſba, which Mr. Thomſon acknowledges in his preface.——'I cannot conclude, ſays he, without owning my obligations to thoſe concerned in the repreſentation. They have indeed done me more than juſtice: Whatever was deſigned as amiable and engaging in Maſineſſa ſhines out in Mr. Wilks's action. Mrs. Oldfield, in the character of Sophoniſba, has excelled what even in the fondneſs of an author I could either wiſh or imagine. The grace, dignity and happy variety of her action, have been univerſally applauded, and are truly admirable.'

Before we quit this play, we muſt not omit two anecdotes which happened the firſt night of the repreſentation. Mr. Thomſon makes one of his characters addreſs Sophoniſba in a line, which ſome critics reckoned the falſe pathetic.

O! Sophoniſba, Sophoniſba Oh!

Upon which a ſmart from the pit cried out,

Oh!

Oh! Jamey Thomſon, Jamey Thomſon Oh!

However ill-natured this critic might be in interrupting the action of the play for ſake of a joke; yet it is certain that the line ridiculed does partake of the falſe pathetic, and ſhould be a warning to tragic poets to guard againſt the ſwelling ſtile; for by aiming at the ſublime, they are often betrayed into the bombaſt.——Mr. Thomſon who could not but feel all the emotions and ſollicitudes of a young author the firſt night of his play, wanted to place himſelf in ſome obſcure part of the houſe, in order to ſee the repreſentation to the beſt advantage, without being known as the poet.——He accordingly placed himſelf in the upper gallery; but ſuch was the power of nature in him, that he could not help repeating the parts along with the players, and would ſometimes whiſper to himſelf, 'now ſuch a ſcene is to open,' by which he was ſoon diſcovered to be the author, by ſome gentlemen who could not, on account of the great crowd, be ſituated in any other part of the houſe.

After an interval of four years, Mr. Thomſon exhibited to the public his ſecond Tragedy called Agamemnon. Mr. Pope gave an inſtance of his great affection to Mr. Thomſon on this occaſion: he wrote two letters in its favour to the managers, and honoured the repreſentation on the firſt night with his preſence. As he had not been for ſome time at a play, this was conſidered as a very great inſtance of eſteem. Mr. Thomſon ſubmitted to have this play conſiderably ſhortened in the action, as ſome parts were too long, others unneceſſary, in which not the character but the poet ſpoke; and though not brought on the ſtage till the month of April, it continued to be acted with applauſe for ſeveral nights.

Many

Many have remark'd that his characters in his plays are more frequently deſcriptive, than expreſſive, of the paſſions; but they all abound with uncommon beauties, with fire, and depth of thought, with noble ſentiments and nervous writing. His ſpeeches are often too long, eſpecially for an Engliſh audience; perhaps ſometimes they are unnaturally lengthened: and 'tis certainly a greater relief to the ear to have the dialogue more broken; yet our attention is well rewarded, and in no paſſages, perhaps, in his tragedies, more ſo, than in the affecting account Meliſander * gives of his being betrayed, and left on the deſolate iſland.

——'Tis

* The mention of this name reminds me of an obligation I had to Mr. Thomſon; and, at once, an opportunity offers, of gratefully acknowledging the favour, and doing myſelf juſtice.

I had the pleaſure of peruſing the play of Agamemnon, before it was introduced to the manager. Mr. Thomſon was ſo thoroughly ſatisfied (I might ſay more) with my reading of it; he ſaid, he was confirmed in his deſign of giving to me the part of Meliſander. When I expreſſed my ſentiments of the favour, he told me, he thought it none; that my old acquaintance Savage knew, he had not forgot my taſte in reading the poem of Winter ſome years before: he added, that when (before this meeting) he had expreſſed his doubt, to which of the actors he ſhould give this part (as he had ſeen but few plays ſince his return from abroad) Savage warmly urged, I was the fitteſt perſon, and, with an oath affirmed, that Theo. Cibber would taſte it, feel it, and act it; perhaps he might extravagantly add, 'beyond any one elſe.' 'Tis likely, Mr. Savage might be then more vehement in this aſſertion, as ſome of his friends had been more uſed to ſee me in a comic, than a ſerious light; and which was, indeed, more frequently my choice. But to go on. When I read the play to the manager, Mr. Quin, &c. (at which ſeveral gentlemen, intimate friends of the author, were preſent) I was complimented by them all; Mr. Quin particularly declared, he never heard a play done ſo much juſtice to, in reading, through all its various parts. Mrs. Porter alſo (who on this occaſion was to appear in the character of Clytemneſtra) ſo much approved my entering into the taſte, ſenſe, and ſpirit of the piece, that ſhe was pleaſed to deſire me to repeat a reading of it, which, at her requeſt, and that of other principal performers, I often did; they all confeſſed their approbation, with thanks.

When

——————————'Tis thus my friend.
Whilſt ſunk in unſuſpecting ſleep I lay,
Some midnight ruffians ruſh'd into my chamber,
Sent by Egiſthus, who my preſence deem'd
Obſtructive

When this play was to come forward into rehearſal, Mr. Thomſon told me, another actor had been recommended to him for this part in private, by the manager (who, by the way) our author, or any one elſe, never eſteemed as the beſt judge, of either play, or player. But money may purchaſe, and intereſt procure, a patent, though they cannot purchaſe taſte, or parts) the perſon propoſed was, poſſibly, ſome favoured flatterer, the partner of his private pleaſures, or humble admirer of his table talk: Theſe little monarchs have their little courtiers. Mr. Thomſon inſiſted on my keeping the part. He ſaid, 'Twas his opinion, none but myſelf, or Mr. Quin, could do it any juſtice; and, as that excellent actor could not be ſpared from the part of Agamemnon (in the performance of which character he added to his reputation, though before juſtly rated as the firſt actor of that time) he was peremptory for my appearing in it; I did ſo, and acquitted myſelf to the ſatisfaction of the author and his friends (men eminent in rank, in taſte, and knowledge) and received teſtimonies of approbation from the audience, by their attention and applauſe.

By this time the reader may be ready to cry out, 'to what 'purpoſe is all this?' Have patience, ſir. As I gained reputation in the forementioned character, is there any crime in acknowledging my obligation to Mr. Thomſon? or, am I unpardonable, though I ſhould pride myſelf on his good opinion and friendſhip? may not gratitude, as well as vanity, be concerned in this relation? but there is another reaſon that may ſtand as an excuſe, for my being led into this long narrative; which, as it is only an annotation, not made part of our author's life, the reader, at his option, may peruſe, or paſs it over, without being interrupted in his attention to what more immediately concerns Mr. Thomſon.

As what I have related is a truth, which living men of worth can teſtify; and as it evidently ſhews that Mr. Savage's opinion of me as an actor was, in this latter part of his life, far from contemptible, of which, perhaps, in his earlier days he had too laviſhly ſpoke; I thought this no improper (nor ill-timed) contradiction to a remark the writer of ‖ Mr. Savage's Life has been pleaſed, in his Gaité de Cœur, to

‖ *Publiſhed about the year* 1743.

make,

Obſtructive (ſo I ſolve it) to his views,
Black views, I fear, as you perhaps may know,
Sudden they ſeiz'd, and muffled up in darkneſs,
Strait bore me to the ſea, whoſe inſtant prey
I did conclude myſelf, when firſt around

make, which almoſt amounts to an unhandſome innuendo, that Mr. Savage, and ſome of his friends, thought me no acter at all.

I accidentally met with the book ſome years ago, and dipt into that part where the author ſays, 'The preface (to Sir 'Thomas Overbury) contains a very liberal encomium on the 'blooming excellences of Mr. Theophilus Cibber, which Mr. 'Savage could not, in the latter part of his life, ſee his 'friends about to read, without ſnatching the play out of their 'hands.' As poor Savage was well remembered to have been as inconſiderate, inconſiſtent, and inconſtant a mortal as ever exiſted, what he might have ſaid carried but little weight; and, as he would blow both hot and cold, nay, too frequently, to gratify the company preſent, would ſacrifice the abſent, though his beſt friend, I diſregarded this invidious hint, 'till I was lately informed, a perſon of diſtinction in the learned world, had condeſcended to become the biographer of this unhappy man's unimportant life: as the ſanction of ſuch a name might prove of prejudice to me, I have ſince thought it worth my notice.

The truth is, I met Savage one ſummer, in a condition too melancholy for deſcription. He was ſtarving; I ſupported him, and my father cloathed him, 'till his tragedy was brought on the ſtage, where it met with ſucceſs in the repreſentation, tho' acted by the young part of the company, in the ſummer ſeaſon; whatever might be the merit of hisplay, his neceſſities were too preſſing to wait 'till winter for its performance. When it was juſt going to be publiſhed (as I met with uncommon encouragement in my young attempt in the part of Somerſet) he repeated to me a moſt extraordinary compliment, as he might then think it, which, he ſaid, he intended to make me in his preface. Neither my youth (for I was then but 18) or vanity, was ſo devoid of judgment, as to prevent my objecting to it. I told him, I imagined this extravagancy would have ſo contrary an effect to his intention, that what he kindly meant for praiſe, might be miſinterpreted, or render him liable to cenſure, and me to ridicule; I inſiſted on his omitting it: contrary to his uſual obſtinacy, he conſented, and ſent his orders to the Printer to leave it out; it was too late; the ſheets were all work'd off, and the play was advertiſed to come out (as it did) the next day.

T. C.

The

The ſhip unmoor'd, I heard the chiding wave.
But theſe fel tools of cruel power, it ſeems,
Had orders in a deſart iſle to leave me;
There hopeleſs, helpleſs, comfortleſs. to prove
The utmoſt gall and bitterneſs of death.
Thus malice often overſhoots itſelf,
And ſome unguarded accident betrays
The man of blood.—Next night—a dreary night!
Caſt on the wildeſt of the Cyclad Iſles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the ſhore,
Theſe ruffians left me.—Yet believe me, Arcas,
Such is the rooted love we bear mankind,
All ruffians as they were, I never heard
A ſound ſo diſmal as their parting oars.—
Then horrid ſilence follow'd, broke alone
By the low murmurs of the reſtleſs deep,
Mixt with the doubtful breeze that now and then
Sigh'd thro' the mournful woods. Beneath a ſhade
I ſat me down, more heavily oppreſs'd,
More deſolate at heart, than e'er I felt
Before. When, Philomela, o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy ſtrain,
As piteous of my woes, 'till, by degrees,
Compoſing ſleep on wounded nature ſhed
A kind but ſhort relief. At early morn,
Wak'd by the chant of birds, I look'd around
For uſual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me ſtretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods in ſavage view behind.
Wrapt for a moment in amaz'd confuſion,
My thought turn'd giddy round; when all at once,
To memory full my dire condition ruſh'd——

In the year 1736 Mr. Thomſon offered to the ſtage a Tragedy called Edward and Eleonora, which was forbid to be acted, for ſome political reaſon, which it is not in our power to gueſs.

The play of Tancred and Sigiſmunda was acted in the year 1744; this ſucceeded beyond any other

of

of Thomſon's plays, and is now in poſſeſſion of the ſtage. The plot is borrowed from a ſtory in the celebrated romance of Gil Blas: The fable is very intereſting, the characters are few, but active; and the attention in this play is never ſuffered to wander. The character of Seffredi has been juſtly cenſured as inconſiſtent, forced, and unnatural.

By the command of his royal highneſs the prince of Wales, Mr. Thomſon, in conjunction with Mr. Mallet, wrote the Maſque of Alfred, which was performed twice in his royal highneſs's gardens at Cliffden. Since Mr. Thomſon's death, this piece has been almoſt entirely new modelled by Mr. Mallet, and brought on the ſtage in the year 1751, its ſucceſs being freſh in the memory of its frequent auditors, 'tis needleſs to ſay more concerning it.

Mr. Thomſon's laſt Tragedy, called Coriolanus, was not acted till after his death; the profits of it were given to his ſiſters in Scotland, one of whom is married to a miniſter there, and the other to a man of low circumſtances in the city of Edinburgh. This play, which is certainly the leaſt excellent of any of Thomſon's, was firſt offered to Mr. Garrick, but he did not think proper to accept it. The prologue was written by Sir George Lyttleton, and ſpoken by Mr. Quin, which had a very happy effect upon the audience. Mr. Quin was the particular friend of Thomſon, and when he ſpoke the following lines, which are in themſelves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintance, roſe at once to his imagination, while the tears guſhed from his eyes.

He lov'd his friends (forgive this guſhing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here)
He lov'd his friends with ſuch a warmth of heart,
So clear of int'reſt, ſo devoid of art,

Such

Such generous freedom, ſuch unſhaken zeal,
No words can ſpeak it, but our tears may tell.

The beautiful break in theſe lines had a fine effect in ſpeaking: Mr. Quin here excelled himſelf; he never appeared a greater actor than at this inſtant, when he declared himſelf none: 'twas an exquiſite ſtroke to nature; art alone could hardly reach it. Pardon the digreſſion, reader, but, we feel a deſire to ſay ſomewhat more on this head. The poet and the actor were friends, it cannot then be quite foreign to the purpoſe to proceed. A deep-fetch'd ſigh filled up the heart felt pauſe; grief ſpread o'er all the countenance; the tear ſtarted to the eye, the muſcles fell, and,

'The whiteneſs of his cheek
'Was apter than his tongue to ſpeak his tale.'

They all expreſſed the tender feelings of a manly heart, becoming a Thomſon's friend. His pauſe, his recovery were maſterly; and he delivered the whole with an emphaſis and pathos, worthy the excellent lines he ſpoke; worthy the great poet and good man, whoſe merits they painted, and whoſe loſs they deplored.

The epilogue too, which was ſpoken by Mrs. Woffington, with an exquiſite humour, greatly pleaſed. Theſe circumſtances, added to the conſideration of the author's being no more, procured this play a run of nine nights, which without theſe aſſiſtances 'tis likely it could not have had; for, without playing the critic, it is not a piece of equal merit to many other of his works. It was his misfortune as a dramatiſt, that he never knew when to have done; he makes every character ſpeak while there is any thing to be ſaid; and during theſe long inter-

interviews, the action too ſtands ſtill, and the ſtory languiſhes. His Tancred and Sigiſmunda may be excepted from this general cenſure: But his characters are too little diſtinguiſhed; they ſeldom vary from one another in their manner of ſpeaking. In ſhort, Thomſon was born a deſcriptive poet; he only wrote for the ſtage, from a motive too obvious to be mentioned, and too ſtrong to be reſiſted. He is indeed the eldeſt born of Spenſer, and he has often confeſſed that if he had any thing excellent in poetry, he owed it to the inſpiration he firſt received from reading the Fairy Queen, in the very early part of his life.

In Auguſt 1748 the world was deprived of this great ornament of poetry and genius, by a violent fever, which carried him off in the 48th year of his age. Before his death he was provided for by Sir George Littleton, in the profitable place of comptroller of America, which he lived not long to enjoy. Mr. Thomſon was extremely beloved by his acquaintance. He was of an open generous diſpoſition; and was ſometimes tempted to an exceſſive indulgence of the ſocial pleaſures: A failing too frequently inſeparable from men of genius. His exterior appearance was not very engaging, but he grew more and more agreeable, as he entered into converſation: He had a grateful heart, ready to acknowledge every favour he received, and he never forgot his old benefactors, notwithſtanding a long abſence, new acquaintance, and additional eminence; of which the following inſtance cannot be unacceptable to the reader.

Some time before Mr. Thomſon's fatal illneſs, a gentleman enquired for him at his houſe in Kew-Lane, near Richmond, where he then lived. This gentleman had been his acquaintance when very young, and proved to be Dr. Guſtard, the ſon of a revd. miniſter in the city of Edinburgh. Mr. Guſtard had been Mr. Thomſon's patron in the early

part of his life, and contributed from his own purſe (Mr. Thomſon's father not being in very affluent circumſtances) to enable him to proſecute his ſtudies. The viſitor ſent not in his name, but only intimated to the ſervant that an old acquaintance deſired to ſee Mr. Thomſon. Mr. Thomſon came forward to receive him, and looking ſtedfaſtly at him (for they had not ſeen one another for many years) ſaid, 'Troth Sir, I cannot ſay I ken your countenance well—Let me therefore crave your name. Which the gentleman no ſooner mentioned but the tears guſhed from Mr. Thomſon's eyes. He could only reply, good God! are you the ſon of my dear friend, my old benefactor; and then ruſhing to his arms, he tenderly embraced him; rejoicing at ſo unexpected a meeting.

It is a true obſervation, that whenever gratitude is abſent from a heart, it is generally capable of the moſt conſummate baſeneſs; and on the other hand, where that generous virtue has a powerful prevalence in the ſoul, the heart of ſuch a man is fraught with all thoſe other endearing and tender qualities, which conſtitute goodneſs. Such was the heart of this amiable poet, whoſe life was as inoffenſive as his page was moral: For of all our poets he is the fartheſt removed from whatever has the appearance of indecency; and, as Sir George Lyttleton happily expreſſes it, in the prologue to Mr. Thomſon's Coriolanus,

—— His chaſte muſe employ'd her heav'n-taught [lyre
None but the nobleſt paſſions to inſpire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wiſh to blot.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

THIS illustrious poet was born at London, in 1688, and was descended from a good family of that name, in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the earl of Lindsey. His father, a man of primitive simplicity, and integrity of manners, was a merchant of London, who upon the Revolution quitted trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to near 10,000 l. with which he retired into the country; and died in 1717, at the age of 75.

Our poet's mother, who lived to a very advanced age, being 93 years old when she died, in 1733, was the daughter of William Turner, Esq; of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of king Charles; and the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after sequestration, and forfeitures of her family. To these circumstances our poet alludes in his epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, in which he mentions his parents.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain, honour had applause)
Each parent sprang,——What fortune pray?——
[their own,
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.

Born to no pride, inheriting no ſtrife,
Nor marrying diſcord in a noble wife;
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innoxious thro' his age:
No courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try;
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lye:
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolmen's ſubtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart:
By nature honeſt, by experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His life though long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant and without a groan.

The education of our great author was attended with circumſtances very ſingular, and ſome of them extremely unfavourable; but the amazing force of his genius fully compenſated the want of any advantage in his earlieſt inſtruction. He owed the knowledge of his letters to an aunt; and having learned very early to read, took great delight in it, and taught himſelf to write by copying after printed books, the characters of which he could imitate to great perfection. He began to compoſe verſes, farther back than he could well remember; and at eight years of age, when he was put under one Taverner a prieſt, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues at the ſame time, he met with Ogilby's Homer, which gave him great delight; and this was encreaſed by Sandys's Ovid: The raptures which theſe authors, even in the diſguiſe of ſuch tranſlations, then yielded him, were ſo ſtrong, that he ſpoke of them with pleaſure ever after. From Mr. Taverner's tuition he was ſent to a private ſchool at Twiford, near Wincheſter, where he continued about a year, and was then removed to another near Hyde Park Corner; but was ſo unfortunate as to loſe under his two laſt maſters, what he had acquired under the firſt.

While

While he remained at this ſchool, being permitted to go to the play-houſe, with ſome of his ſchool fellows of a more advanced age, he was ſo charmed with dramatic repreſentations, that he formed the tranſlation of the Iliad into a play, from ſeveral of the ſpeeches in Ogilby's tranſlation, connected with verſes of his own; and the ſeveral parts were performed by the upper boys of the ſchool, except that of Ajax by the maſter's gardener. At the age of 12 our young poet, went with his father to reſide at his houſe at Binfield, in Windſor foreſt, where he was for a few months under the tuition of another prieſt, with as little ſucceſs as before; ſo that he reſolved now to become his own maſter, by reading thoſe Claſſic Writers which gave him moſt entertainment; and by this method, at fifteen he gained a ready habit in the learned languages, to which he ſoon after added the French and Italian. Upon his retreat to the foreſt, he became firſt acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spenſer and Dryden; in the laſt of which he immediately found what he wanted; and the poems of that excellent writer were never out of his hands; they became his model, and from them alone he learned the whole magic of his verſification.

The firſt of our author's compoſitions now extant in print, is an Ode on Solitude, written before he was twelve years old; Which, conſider'd as the production of ſo early an age, is a perfect maſter piece; nor need he have been aſhamed of it, had it been written in the meridian of his genius. While it breathes the moſt delicate ſpirit of poetry, it at the ſame time demonſtrates his love of ſolitude, and the rational pleaſures which attend the retreats of a contented country life.

Two years after this, he tranſlated the firſt Book of Statius' Thebais, and wrote a copy of verſes on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rocheſter's

poem on Nothing *. Thus we find him no ſooner capable of holding the pen, than he employed it in writing verſes,

"*He lips'd in Numbers, for the Numbers came.*"

Though we have had frequent opportunity to obſerve, that poets have given early diſplays of genius, yet we cannot recollect, that among the inſpired tribe, one can be found who at the age of twelve could produce ſo animated an Ode; or at the age of fourteen tranſlate from the Latin. It has been reported indeed, concerning Mr. Dryden, that when he was at Weſtminſter-School, the maſter who had aſſigned a poetical taſk to ſome of the boys, of writing a Paraphraſe on our Saviour's Miracle, of turning Water into Wine, was perfectly aſtoniſhed when young Dryden preſented him with the following line, which he aſſerted was the beſt comment could be written upon it.

The conſcious water ſaw its God, and bluſh'd.

This was the only inſtance of an early appearance of genius in this great man, for he was turn'd of 30 before he acquired any reputation; an age in which Mr. Pope's was in its full diſtinction.

The year following that in which Mr. Pope wrote his poem on Silence, he began an Epic Poem, intitled Alcander, which he afterwards very judiciouſly committed to the flames, as he did likewiſe a Comedy, and a Tragedy; the latter taken from a ſtory in the legend of St. Genevieve; both of theſe being the product of thoſe early days. But his Paſtorals, which were written in 1704, when he was only 16 years of age, were eſteemed by Sir

* See a Note in Warburton's Edition of Pope's Works.

William

William Trumbull, Mr. Granville, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walſh and others of his friends, too valuable to be condemned to the ſame fate.

Mr. Pope's Paſtorals are four, viz.

Spring, addreſs'd to Sir William Trumbull,
Summer, to Dr. Garth.
Autumn, to Mr. Wycherley.
Winter, in memory of Mrs. Tempeſt.

The three great writers of Paſtoral Dialogue, which Mr. Pope in ſome meaſure ſeems to imitate, are Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenſer. Mr. Pope is of opinion, that Theocritus excells all others in nature and ſimplicity.

That Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines on his original; and in all points in which judgment has the principal part is much ſuperior to his maſter.

That among the moderns, their ſucceſs has been greateſt who have moſt endeavoured to make theſe antients their pattern. The moſt conſiderable genius appears in the famous Taſſo, and our Spenſer. Taſſo in his Aminta has far excelled all the paſtoral writers, as in his Gieruſalemme he has outdone the Epic Poets of his own country. But as this piece ſeems to have been the original of a new ſort of poem, the Paſtoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot ſo well be conſidered as a copy of the antients. Spenſer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the moſt compleat work of this kind, which any nation has produced ever ſince the time of Virgil. But this he ſaid before Mr. Pope's Paſtorals appeared.

Mr. Walſh pronounces on our Shepherd's Boy (as Mr. Pope called himſelf) the following judgment, in a letter to Mr. Wycherly.

'The verſes are very tender and eaſy. The 'author ſeems to have a particular genius for 'that kind of poetry, and a judgment that much

'exceeds the years, you told me he was of. It is 'no flattery at all to ſay, that Virgil had written 'nothing ſo good at his age. I ſhall take it as 'a favour if you will bring me acquainted with 'him; and if he will give himſelf the trouble, any 'morning, to call at my houſe, I ſhall be very 'glad to read the verſes with him, and give him 'him my opinion of the particulars more largely 'than I can well do in this letter.'

Thus early was Mr. Pope introduced to the acquaintance of men of genius, and ſo improved every advantage, that he made a more rapid progreſs towards a conſummation in fame, than any of our former Engliſh poets. His Meſſiah; his Windſor-Foreſt, the firſt part of which was written at the ſame time with his paſtorals; his Eſſay on Criticiſm in 1709, and his Rape of the Lock in 1712, eſtabliſhed his poetical character in ſuch a manner, that he was called upon by the public voice, to enrich our language with the tranſlation of the Iliad; which he began at 25, and executed in five years. This was publiſhed for his own benefit, by ſubſcription, the only kind of reward, which he received for his writings, which do honour to our age and country: His religion rendering him incapable of a place, which the lord treaſurer Oxford uſed to expreſs his concern for, but without offering him a penſion, as the earl of Halifax, and Mr. Secretary Craggs afterwards did, though Mr. Pope declined it.

The reputation of Mr. Pope gaining every day upon the world, he was careſſed, flattered, and railed at; according as he was feared, or loved by different perſons. Mr. Wycherley was amongſt the firſt authors of eſtabliſhed reputation, who contributed to advance his fame, and with whom he for ſome time lived in the moſt unreſerved intimacy. This poet, in his old age, conceived a deſign of publiſhing his poems, and as he was but a very imperfect

mperfect maſter of numbers, he entruſted his manuſcripts to Mr. Pope, and ſubmitted them to his correction. The freedom which our young bard was under a neceſſity to uſe, in order to poliſh and refine what was in the original, rough, unharmonious, and indelicate, proved diſguſtful to the old gentleman, then near 70, who, perhaps, was a little aſhamed, that a boy at 16 ſhould ſo ſeverely correct his works. Letters of diſſatisfaction were written by Mr. Wycherley, and at laſt he informed him, in few words, that he was going out of town, without mentioning to what place, and did not expect to hear from him 'till he came back. This cold indifference extorted from Mr. Pope a proteſtation, that nothing ſhould induce him ever to write to him again. Notwithſtanding this peeviſh behaviour of Mr. Wycherley, occaſioned by jealouſy and infirmities, Mr. Pope preſerved a conſtant reſpect and reverence for him while he lived, and after his death lamented him. In a letter to Edward Blount, eſq; written immediately upon the death of this poet, he has there related ſome anecdotes of Wycherly, which we ſhall inſert here, eſpecially as they are not taken notice of in his life.

'DEAR SIR,

'I know of nothing that will be ſo intereſting to you, at preſent, as ſome circumſtances of the laſt act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as, I doubt not, he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry, as ſoon as his life was deſpaired of: accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, and joined together thoſe two ſacraments, which, wiſe men ſay, ſhould be the laſt we receive; for, if you obſerve, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechiſm, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to

be taken. The old man then lay down, ſatisfied in the conſcience of having, by this one act, paid his juſt debts, obliged a woman, who, he was told, had merit, and ſhewn a heroic reſentment of the ill uſage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady, diſcharged thoſe debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort himſelf, as well as he could, with the miſerable remains of a mortgaged eſtate. I ſaw our friend twice after this was done, leſs peeviſh in his ſickneſs, than he uſed to be in his health, neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much aſhamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bed ſide, and earneſtly entreated her not to deny him one requeſt, the laſt he ſhould ever make. Upon her aſſurance of conſenting to it, he told her, my dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again. I cannot help remarking, that ſickneſs, which often deſtroys both wit and wiſdom, yet ſeldom has power to remove that talent we call humour. Mr. Wycherley ſhewed this even in this laſt compliment, though, I think, his requeſt a little hard; for why ſhould he bar her from doubling her jointure on the ſame eaſy terms.'

One of the moſt affecting and tender compoſitions of Mr. Pope, is, his Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, built on a true ſtory. We are informed in the Life of Pope, for which Curl obtained a patent, that this young lady was a particular favourite of the poet, though it is not aſcertained whether he himſelf was the perſon from whom ſhe was removed. This young lady was of very high birth, poſſeſſed an opulent fortune, and under the tutorage of an uncle, who gave her an education ſuitable to her titles and pretenſions. She was eſteemed a match for the greateſt peer in the realm, but, in her early years, ſhe ſuffered her heart

heart to be engaged by a young gentleman, and in conſequence of this attachment, rejected offers made to her by perſons of quality, ſeconded by the ſollicitations of her uncle. Her guardian being ſurprized at this behaviour, ſet ſpies upon her, to find out the real cauſe of her indifference. Her correſpondence with her lover was ſoon diſcovered, and, when urged upon that topic, ſhe had too much truth and honour to deny it. The uncle finding, that ſhe would make no efforts to diſengage her affection, after a little time forced her abroad, where ſhe was received with a ceremony due to her quality, but reſtricted from the converſation of every one, but the ſpies of this ſevere guardian, ſo that it was impoſſible for her lover even to have a letter delivered to her hands. She languiſhed in this place a conſiderable time, bore an infinite deal of ſickneſs, and was overwhelmed with the profoundeſt ſorrow. Nature being wearied out with continual diſtreſs, and being driven at laſt to deſpair, the unfortunate lady, as Mr. Pope juſtly calls her, put an end to her own life, having bribed a maid-ſervant to procure her a ſword. She was found upon the ground weltering in her blood. The ſeverity of the laws of the place, where this fair unfortunate periſhed, denied her Chriſtian burial, and ſhe was interred without ſolemnity, or even any attendants to perform the laſt offices of the dead, except ſome young people of the neighbourhood, who ſaw her put into common ground, and ſtrewed the grave with flowers.

The poet in the elegy takes occaſion to mingle with the tears of ſorrow, juſt reproaches upon her cruel uncle, who drove her to this violation.

But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou baſe betrayer of a brother's blood!
See on thoſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Thoſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death:

Lifeleſs the breaſt, which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.

The concluſion of this elegy is irreſiſtably affecting.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
Which once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame,
How lov'd, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

No poem of our author's more deſervedly obtained him reputation, than his Eſſay on Criticiſm. Mr. Addiſon, in his Spectator, N°. 253, has celebrated it with ſuch profuſe terms of admiration, that it is really aſtoniſhing, to find the ſame man endeavouring afterwards to diminiſh that fame he had contributed to raiſe ſo high.

"The art of criticiſm (ſays he) which was publiſhed ſome months ago, is a maſter-piece in its kind. The obſervations follow one another, like thoſe in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity, which would have been requiſite in a proſe writer. They are ſome of them uncommon, but ſuch as the reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees them explained with that elegance and perſpicuity in which they are delivered. As for thoſe which are the moſt known, and the moſt received, they are placed in ſo beautiful a light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt alluſions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, ſtill more convinced of their truth and ſolidity. And here give me leave to mention, what Monſieur Boileau has ſo well enlarged upon, in the preface to his works; that wit and fine writing do not conſiſt ſo much in advancing things

that

that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impoſſible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make obſervations in criticiſm, morality, or any art and ſcience, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little elſe left us, but to repreſent the common ſenſe of mankind in more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Ariſtotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Auguſtan age. His way of expreſſing, and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.——

"Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the ſame kind of ſublime, which he obſerves in the ſeveral paſſages which occaſioned them. I cannot but take notice, that our Engliſh author has, after the ſame manner, exemplified ſeveral of his precepts, in the very precepts themſelves." He then produces ſome inſtances of a particular kind of beauty in the numbers, and concludes with ſaying, that we have three poems in our tongue of the ſame nature, and each a maſter-piece in its kind: The Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe, the Eſſay on the Art of Poetry, and the Eſſay on Criticiſm."

In the Lives of Addiſon and Tickell, we have thrown out ſome general hints concerning the quarrel which ſubſiſted between our poet and the former of theſe gentlemen; here it will not be improper to give a more particular account of it.

The author of Miſt's Journal poſitively aſſerts, 'that Mr. Addiſon raiſed Pope from obſcurity, 'obtained him the acquaintance and friendſhip of 'the whole body of our nobility, and transferred 'his powerful influence with thoſe great men to 'this riſing bard, who frequently levied by that 'means, unuſual contributions on the pubic. No 'ſooner

'ſooner was his body lifeleſs, but this author reviv-
'ing his reſentment, libelled the memory of his
'departed friend, and what was ſtill more heinous,
'made the ſcandal public.'

When this charge of ingratitude and diſhonour was publiſhed againſt Mr. Pope, to acquit himſelf of it, he called upon any nobleman, whoſe friendſhip, or any one gentleman, whoſe ſubſcription Mr. Addiſon had procured to our author, to ſtand forth, and declare it, that truth might appear. But the whole libel was proved a malicious ſtory, by many perſons of diſtinction, who, ſeveral years before Mr. Addiſon's deceaſe, approved thoſe verſes denominated a libel, but which were, 'tis ſaid, a friendly rebuke, ſent privately in our author's own hand, to Mr. Addiſon himſelf, and never made public, 'till by Curl in his Miſcellanies, 12mo. 1727. The lines indeed are elegantly ſatirical, and, in the opinion of many unprejudiced judges, who had opportunities of knowing the character of Mr. Addiſon, are no ill repreſentation of him. Speaking of the poetical triflers of the times, who had declared againſt him, he makes a ſudden tranſition to Addiſon.

Peace to all ſuch! But were there one whoſe fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inſpires,
Bleſt with each talent, and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe;
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no rival near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts, that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And, without ſneering, others teach to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;

Dreading

Dreading even fools; by flatt'rers beſieg'd;
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd.
Like Cato give his litttle ſenate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe.
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be!
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

Some readers may think theſe lines ſevere, but the treatment he received from Mr. Addiſon, was more than ſufficient to juſtify them, which will appear when we particularize an interview between theſe two poetical antagoniſts, procured by the warm ſollicitations of Sir Richard Steele, who was preſent at it, as well as Mr. Gay.

Mr. Jervas being one day in company with Mr. Addiſon, the converſation turned upon Mr. Pope, for whom Addiſon, at that time, expreſſed the higheſt regard, and aſſured Mr. Jervas, that he would make uſe not only of his intereſt, but of his art likewiſe, to do Mr. Pope ſervice; he then ſaid, he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court, and proteſted, notwithſtanding many inſinuations were ſpread, that it ſhall not be his fault, if there was not the beſt underſtanding and intelligence between them. He obſerved, that Dr. Swift might have carried him too far among the enemy, during the animoſity, but now all was ſafe, and Mr. Pope, in his opinion, was eſcaped. When Mr. Jervas communicated this converſation to Mr. Pope, he made this reply: 'The friendly office you endeavour to do between Mr. Addiſon and me deſerves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my readineſs to teſtify it by all ways in my power; you alſo thoroughly knew the meanneſs of that proceeding of Mr. Phillips, to make a man I ſo highly value ſuſpect my diſpoſition

diſpoſition towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addiſon muſt be judge in what regards himſelf, and as he has ſeemed not to be a very juſt one to me, ſo I muſt own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his friendſhip; and as for any offers of real kindneſs or ſervice which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould be aſhamed to receive them from a man, who has no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party man, nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. In a word, Mr. Addiſon is ſure of my reſpect at all times, and of my real friendſhip, whenever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I am.'

Some years after this converſation, at the deſire of Sir Richard Steele, they met. At firſt, a very cold civility, and nothing elſe appeared on either ſide, for Mr. Addiſon had a natural reſerve and gloom at the beginning of an evening, which, by converſation and a glaſs, brightened into an eaſy chearfulneſs. Sir Richard Steele, who was a moſt ſocial benevolent man, begged of him to fulfill his promiſe, in dropping all animoſity againſt Mr. Pope. Mr. Pope then deſired to be made ſenſible how he had offended; and obſerved, that the tranſlation of Homer, if that was the great crime, was undertaken at the requeſt, and almoſt at the command of Sir Richard Steele. He entreated Mr. Addiſon to ſpeak candidly and freely, though it might be with ever ſo much ſeverity, rather than by keeping up forms of complaiſance, conceal any of his faults. This Mr. Pope ſpoke in ſuch a manner as plainly indicated he thought Mr. Addiſon the aggreſſor, and expected him to condeſcend, and own himſelf the cauſe of the breach between them. But he was diſappointed; for Mr. Addiſon, without appearing to be angry, was quite overcome with it. He began with declaring, that he always had wiſhed

him well, had often endeavoured to be his friend, and in that light adviſed him, if his nature was capable of it, to diveſt himſelf of part of his vanity, which was too great for his merit; that he had not arrived yet to that pitch of excellence he might imagine, or think his moſt partial readers imagined; that when he and Sir Richard Steele corrected his verſes, they had a different air; reminding Mr. Pope of the amendment (by Sir Richard) of a line, in the poem called The MESSIAH.

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

Which is taken from the prophet Iſaiah,

The Lord God will wipe all tears from off all faces.

From every face he wipes off ev'ry tear.

And it ſtands ſo altered in the newer editions of Mr. Pope's works. He proceeded to lay before him all the miſtakes and inaccuracies hinted at by the writers, who had attacked Mr. Pope, and added many things, which he himſelf objected to. Speaking of his tranſlation in general, he ſaid, that he was not to be blamed for endeavouring to get ſo large a ſum of money, but that it was an ill-executed thing, and not equal to Tickell, which had all the ſpirit of Homer. Mr. Addiſon concluded, in a low hollow voice of feigned temper, that he was not ſollicitous about his own fame as a poet; that he had quitted the muſes to enter into the buſineſs of the public, and that all he ſpoke was through friendſhip to Mr. Pope, whom he adviſed to have a leſs exalted ſenſe of his own merit.

Mr. Pope could not well bear ſuch repeated reproaches, but boldly told Mr. Addiſon, that he appealed from his judgment to the public, and that he

he had long known him too well to expect any friendſhip from him; upbraided him with being a penſioner from his youth, ſacrificing the very learning purchaſed by the public money, to a mean thirſt of power; that he was ſent abroad to encourage literature, in place of which he had always endeavoured to ſuppreſs merit. At laſt, the conteſt grew ſo warm, that they parted without any ceremony, and Mr. Pope upon this wrote the foregoing verſes, which are eſteemed too true a picture of Mr. Addiſon.

In this account, and, indeed, in all other accounts, which have been given concerning this quarrel, it does not appear that Mr. Pope was the aggreſſor. If Mr. Addiſon entertained ſuſpicions of Mr. Pope's being carried too far among the enemy, the danger was certainly Mr. Pope's, and not Mr. Addiſon's. It was his misfortune, and not his crime. If Mr. Addiſon ſhould think himſelf capable of becoming a rival to Mr. Pope, and, in conſequence of this opinion, publiſh a tranſlation of part of Homer; at the ſame time with Mr. Pope's, and if the public ſhould decide in favour of the latter by reading his tranſlation, and neglecting the other; can any fault be imputed to Mr. Pope? could he be blamed for exerting all his abilities in ſo arduous a province? and was it his fault that Mr. Addiſon (for the firſt book of Homer was undoubtedly his) could not tranſlate to pleaſe the public? Beſides, was it not ſomewhat preſumptuous to inſinuate to Mr. Pope, that his verſes bore another face when he corrected them, while, at the ſame time, the tranſlation of Homer, which he had never ſeen in manuſcript, bore away the palm from that very tranſlation, he himſelf aſſerted was done in the true ſpirit of Homer? In matters of genius the public judgment ſeldom errs, and in this caſe poſterity has confirmed the ſentence of that age, which gave the preference to Mr. Pope; for his tranſla-

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tion is in the hands of all readers of taſte, while the other is ſeldom regarded but as a foil to Pope's.

It would appear as if Mr. Addiſon were himſelf ſo immerſed in party buſineſs, as to contract his benevolence to the limits of a faction: Which was infinitely beneath the views of a philoſopher, and the rules which that excellent writer himſelf eſtabliſhed. If this was the failing of Mr. Addiſon, it was not the error of Pope, for he kept the ſtricteſt correſpondence with ſome perſons, whoſe affections to the Whig-intereſt were ſuſpected, yet was his name never called in queſtion. While he was in favour with the duke of Buckingham, the lords Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Harcourt, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Prior, he did not drop his correſpondence with the lord Hallifax, Mr. Craggs, and moſt of thoſe who were at the head of the Whig intereſt. A profeſſed Jacobite one day remonſtrated to Mr. Pope, that the people of his party took it ill that he ſhould write with Mr. Steele upon ever ſo indifferent a ſubject; at which he could not help ſmiling, and obſerved, that he hated narrowneſs of ſoul in any party; and that if he renounced his reaſon in religious matters, he ſhould hardly do it on any other, and that he could pray not only for oppoſite parties, but even for oppoſite religions. Mr. Pope conſidered himſelf as a citizen of the world, and was therefore obliged to pray for the proſperity of mankind in general. As a ſon of Britain he wiſhed thoſe councils might be ſuffered by providence to prevail, which were moſt for the intereſt of his native country: But as politics was not his ſtudy, he could not always determine, at leaſt, with any degree of certainty, whoſe councils were beſt; and had charity enough to believe, that contending parties might mean well. As taſte and ſcience are confined to no country,

country, ſo ought they not to be excluded from any party, and Mr. Pope had an unexceptionable right to live upon terms of the ſtricteſt friendſhip with every man of parts, to which party ſoever he might belong. Mr. Pope's uprightneſs in his conduct towards contending politicians, is demonſtrated by his living independent of either faction. He accepted no place, and had too high a ſpirit to become a penſioner.

Many effects however were made to proſelyte him from the Popiſh faith, which all proved ineffectual. His friends conceived hopes from the moderation which he on all occaſions expreſſed, that he was really a Proteſtant in his heart, and that upon the death of his mother, he would not ſcruple to declare his ſentiments, notwithſtanding the reproaches he might incur from the Popiſh party, and the public obſervation it would draw upon him. The biſhop of Rocheſter ſtrongly adviſed him to read the controverted points between the Proteſtant and the Catholic church, to ſuffer his unprejudiced reaſon to determine for him, and he made no doubt, but a ſeparation from the Romiſh communion would ſoon enſue. To this Mr. Pope very candidly anſwered, 'Whether the change would 'be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows: 'This I know, that I mean as well in the religion 'I now profeſs, as ever I can do in any other. 'Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a change, even 'if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, 'the part of joining with any one body of Chriſtians 'might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would not be 'ſo to renounce the other.

'Your lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to 'read the beſt controverſies between the churches. 'Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at 14 years 'old (for I loved reading, and my father had no 'other books) there was a collection of all that

'had

'had been written on both sides, in the reign of 'King James II. I warmed my head with them, 'and the consequence was, I found myself a Pa- 'pist, or a Protestant by turns, according to the 'last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are 'in the same case, and when they stop, they are 'not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see 'how little glory you would gain by my con- 'version: and after all, I verily believe, your lord- 'ship and I are both of the same religion, if we 'were thoroughly understood by one another, and 'that all honest and reasonable Christians would 'be so, if they did but talk enough together e- 'very day, and had nothing to do together but to 'serve God, and live in peace with their neigh- 'bours.

'As to the temporal side of the question, I can 'have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the 'beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shin- 'ing ones, lie on the part you would invite me 'to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what 'I think you do but fancy, that I have any ta- 'lents for active life, I want health for it; and 'besides it is a real truth. I have, if possible, less 'inclination, than ability. Contemplative life is 'not only my scene, but is my habit too. I be- 'gun my life where most people end theirs, with 'all that the world calls ambition. I don't know 'why it is called so, for, to me, it always seem- 'ed to be stooping, or climbing. I'll tell you 'my politic and religious sentiments in a few 'words. In my politics, I think no farther, than 'how to preserve my peace of life, in any go- 'vernment under which I live; nor in my reli- 'gion, than to preserve the peace of my consci- 'ence, in any church with which I communicate. 'I hope all churches, and all governments are so 'far of God, as they are rightly understood, and 'rightly administered; and where they are, or may

'be

'be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend, or 'reform them, which, whenever he does, it muſt 'be by greater inſtruments than I am. I am not 'a Papiſt, for I renounce the temporal invaſions 'of the papal power, and deteſt their arrogated 'authority over Princes and States. I am a Ca-'tholic in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If I 'was born under an abſolute Prince, I would be 'a quiet ſubject; but, I thank God, I was not. 'I have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the Bri-'tiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things I have 'always wiſhed to ſee, are not a Roman Catholic, 'or a French Catholic, or a Spaniſh Catholic, but 'a True Catholic; and not a King of Whigs, or 'or a King of Tories, but a King of England.'

Theſe are the peaceful maxims upon which we find Mr. Pope conducted his life, and if they cannot in ſome reſpects be juſtified, yet it muſt be owned, that his religion and his politics were well enough adapted for a poet, which entitled him to a kind of univerſal patronage, and to make every good man his friend.

Dean Swift ſometimes wrote to Mr. Pope on the topic of changing his religion, and once humorouſly offered him twenty pounds for that purpoſe. Mr. Pope's anſwer to this, lord Orrery has obliged the world by preſerving in the life of Swift. It is a perfect maſter-piece of wit and pleaſantry.

We have already taken notice, that Mr. Pope was called upon by the public voice to tranſlate the Iliad, which he performed with ſo much applauſe, and at the ſame time, with ſo much profit to himſelf, that he was envied by many writers, whoſe vanity perhaps induced them to believe themſelves equal to ſo great a deſign. A combination of inferior wits were employed to write The Popiad, in which his tranſlation is characterized, as unjuſt to the original, without beauty of language, or variety of numbers. Inſtead of the juſtneſs of the original, they ſay there is abſurdity

ſurdity and extravagance. Inſtead of the beautiful language of the original, there is ſoleciſm and barbarous Engliſh. A candid reader may eaſily diſcern from this furious introduction, that the critics were actuated rather by malice than truth, and that they muſt judge with their eyes ſhut, who can ſee no beauty of language, no harmony of numbers in this tranſlation.

But the moſt formidable critic againſt Mr. Pope in this great undertaking, was the celebrated Madam Dacier, whom Mr. Pope treated with leſs ceremony in his Notes on the Iliad, than, in the opinion of ſome people, was due to her ſex. This learned lady was not without a ſenſe of the injury, and took an opportunity of diſcovering her reſentment.

'Upon finiſhing (ſays ſhe) the ſecond edition of my tranſlation of Homer, a particular friend ſent me a tranſlation of part of Mr. Pope's preface to his Verſion of the Iliad. As I do not underſtand Engliſh, I cannot form any judgment of his performance, though I have heard much of it. I am indeed willing to believe, that the praiſes it has met with are not unmerited, becauſe whatever work is approved by the Engliſh nation, cannot be bad; but yet I hope I may be permitted to judge of that part of the preface, which has been tranſmitted to me, and I here take the liberty of giving my ſentiments concerning it. I muſt freely acknowledge that Mr. Pope's invention is very lively, though he ſeems to have been guilty of the ſame fault into which he owns we are often precipitated by our invention, when we depend too much upon the ſtrength of it; as magnanimity (ſays he) may run up to confuſion and extravagance, ſo may great invention to redundancy and wildneſs.

'This has been the very caſe of Mr. Pope himſelf; nothing is more overſtrained, or more falſe than

than the images in which his fancy has represented Homer; sometimes he tells us, that the Iliad is a wild paradise, where, if we cannot see all the beauties, as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. Sometimes he compares him to a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind; and, lastly, he represents him under the notion of a mighty tree, which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes and produces the finest fruit, but bears too many branches, which might be lopped into form, to give it a more regular appearance.

'What! is Homer's poem then, according to Mr. Pope, a confused heap of beauties, without order or symmetry, and a plot whereon nothing but seeds, nor nothing perfect or formed is to be found; and a production loaded with many unprofitable things which ought to be retrenched, and which choak and disfigure those which deserve to be preserved? Mr. Pope will pardon me if I here oppose those comparisons, which to me appear very false, and entirely contrary to what the greatest of ancient, and modern critics ever thought.

'The Iliad is so far from being a wild paradise, that it is the most regular garden, and laid out with more symmetry than any ever was. Every thing therein is not only in the place it ought to have been, but every thing is fitted for the place it hath. He presents you at first with that which ought to be first seen; he places in the middle what ought to be in the middle, and what would be improperly placed at the beginning or end, and he removes what ought to be at a greater distance, to create the more agreeable surprize; and, to use a comparison drawn from painting, he places that in the greatest light which cannot be too visible, and sinks in the obscurity of the shade, what does not

not require a full view; ſo that it may be ſaid, that Homer is the Painter who beſt knew how to employ the ſhades and lights. The ſecond compariſon is equally unjuſt; how could Mr. Pope ſay, 'that one can only diſcover ſeeds, and the firſt 'productions of every kind in the Iliad?' every beauty is there to ſuch an amazing perfection, that the following ages could add nothing to thoſe of any kind; and the ancients have always propoſed Homer, as the moſt perfect model in every kind of poetry.

'The third compariſon is compoſed of the errors of the two former; Homer had certainly an incomparable fertility of invention, but his fertility is always checked by that juſt ſenſe, which made him reject every ſuperfluous thing which his vaſt imagination could offer, and to retain only what was neceſſary and uſeful. Judgment guided the hand of this admirable gardener, and was the pruning hook he employed to lop off every uſeleſs branch.'

Thus far Madam Dacier differs in her opinion from Mr. Pope concerning Homer; but theſe remarks which we have juſt quoted, partake not at all of the nature of criticiſm; they are meer aſſertion. Pope had declared Homer to abound with irregular beauties. Dacier has contradicted him, and aſſerted, that all his beauties are regular, but no reaſon is aſſigned by either of theſe mighty geniuſes in ſupport of their opinions, and the reader is left in the dark, as to the real truth. If he is to be guided by the authority of a name only, no doubt the argument will preponderate in favour of our countryman. The French lady then proceeds to anſwer ſome obſervations, which Mr. Pope made upon her Remarks on the Iliad, which ſhe performs with a warmth that generally attends writers of her ſex. Mr. Pope, however, paid more regard to this fair antagoniſt, than any other cri-

tic upon his works. He confeſſed that he had received great helps from her, and only thought ſhe had (through a prodigious, and almoſt ſuperſtitious, fondneſs for Homer) endeavoured to make him appear without any fault, or weakneſs, and ſtamp a perfection on his works, which is no where to be found. He wrote her a very obliging letter, in which he confeſſed himſelf exceedingly ſorry that he ever ſhould have diſpleaſed ſo excellent a wit, and ſhe, on the other hand, with a goodneſs and frankneſs peculiar to her, proteſted to forgive it, ſo that there remained no animoſities between thoſe two great admirers and tranſlators of Homer.

Mr. Pope, by his ſucceſsful tranſlation of the Iliad, as we have before remarked, drew upon him the envy and raillery of a whole tribe of writers. Though he did not eſteem any particular man amongſt his enemies of conſequence enough to provoke an anſwer, yet when they were conſidered collectively, they offered excellent materials for a general ſatire. This ſatire he planned and executed with ſo extraordinary a maſtery, that it is by far the moſt compleat poem of our author's; it diſcovers more invention, and a higher effort of genius, than any other production of his. The hint was taken from Mr. Dryden's Mac Flecknoe, but as it is more general, ſo it is more pleaſing. The Dunciad is ſo univerſally read, that we reckon it ſuperfluous to give any further account of it here; and it would be an unpleaſing taſk to trace all the provocations and reſentments, which were mutually diſcovered upon this occaſion. Mr. Pope was of opinion, that next to praiſing good writers, there was a merit in expoſing bad ones, though it does not hold infallibly true, that each perſon ſtigmatized as a dunce, was genuinely ſo. Something muſt be allowed to perſonal reſentment; Mr. Pope was a man of keen paſſions; he felt an injury ſtrongly, retained a long remembrance of it, and

could very pungently repay it. Some of the gentlemen, however, who had been more ſeverely laſhed than the reſt, meditated a revenge, which redounds but little to their honour. They either intended to chaſtize him corporally, or gave it out that they had really done ſo, in order to bring ſhame upon Mr. Pope, which, if true, could only bring ſhame upon themſelves.

While Mr. Pope enjoyed any leiſure from ſeverer applications to ſtudy, his friends were continually ſolliciting him to turn his thoughts towards ſomething that might be of laſting uſe to the world, and engage no more in a war with dunces who were now effectually humbled. Our great dramatic poet Shakeſpear had paſs'd through ſeveral hands, ſome of whom were very reaſonably judged not to have underſtood any part of him tolerably, much leſs were capable to correct or reviſe him.

The friends of Mr. Pope therefore ſtrongly importuned him, to undertake the whole of Shakeſpear's plays, and, if poſſible, by comparing all the different copies now to be procured, reſtore him to his ancient purity. To which our poet made this modeſt reply, that not having attempted any thing in the Drama, it might in him be deemed too much preſumption. To which he was anſwered, that this did not require great knowledge of the foundation and diſpoſition of the drama, as that muſt ſtand as it was, and Skakeſpear himſelf had not always paid ſtrict regard to the rules of it; but this was to clear the ſcenes from the rubbiſh with which ignorant editors had filled them.

His proper buſineſs in this work was to render the text ſo clear as to be generally underſtood, to free it from obſcurities, and ſometimes groſs abſurdities, which now ſeem to appear in it, and to explain doubtful and difficult paſſages of which there are great numbers. This however was an arduous province, and how Mr. Pope has acquitted himſelf

in it has been differently determined: It is certain he never valued himself upon that performance, nor was it a task in the least adapted to his genius; for it seldom happens that a man of lively parts can undergo the servile drudgery of collecting passages, in which more industry and labour are necessary than persons of quick penetration generally have to bestow.

It has been the opinion of some critics, that Mr. Pope's talents were not adapted for the drama, otherwise we cannot well account for his neglecting the most gainful way of writing which poetry affords, especially as his reputation was so high, that without much ceremony or mortification, he might have had any piece of his brought upon the stage. Mr. Pope was attentive to his own interest, and if he had not either been conscious of his inability in that province, or too timid to wish the popular approbation, he would certainly have attempted the drama. Neither was he esteemed a very competent judge of what plays were proper or improper for representation. He wrote several letters to the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, in favour of Thomson's Agamemnon, which notwithstanding his approbation, Thomson's friends were obliged to mutulate and shorten; and after all it proved a heavy play.——Though it was generally allowed to have been one of the best acted plays that had appeared for some years.

He was certainly concerned in the Comedy, which was published in Mr. Gay's name, called Three Hours after Marriage, as well as Dr. Arbuthnot. This illustrious triumvirate, though men of the most various parts, and extensive understanding, yet were not able it seems to please the people, tho' the principal parts were supported by the best actors in that way on the stage. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr Pope were no doubt solicitous to conceal their concern in it; but by a letter which Gay wrote to Pope, published

liſhed in Ayre's Memoirs, it appears evident (if Ayre's authority may be depended on) that they both aſſiſted in the compoſition.

DEAR POPE,

'Too late I ſee, and confeſs myſelf miſtaken in 'relation to the Comedy; yet I do not think, had 'I followed your advice, and only introduced the 'mummy, that the abſence of the crocodile had 'ſaved it. I can't help laughing myſelf (though 'the vulgar do not conſider it was deſigned to look 'ridiculous) to think how the poor monſter and 'mummy were daſhed at their reception, and when 'the cry was loudeſt, I thought that if the thing 'had been written by another, I ſhould have deemed 'the town in ſome meaſure miſtaken; and as to 'your apprehenſion that this may do us future 'injury, do not think of it; the Dr. has a more 'valuable name than can be hurt by any thing 'of this nature; and your's is doubly ſafe. I 'will, if any ſhame there be, take it all to my-'ſelf, and indeed I ought, the motion being firſt 'mine, and never heartily approved by you.'

Of all our poet's writings none were read with more general approbation than his Ethic Epiſtles, or multiplied into more editions. Mr. Pope who was a perfect œconomiſt, ſecured to himſelf the profits ariſing from his own works; he was never ſubjected to neceſſity, and therefore was not to be impoſed upon by the art or fraud of publiſhers.

But now approaches the period in which as he himſelf expreſſed it, he ſtood in need of the generous tear he paid,

Poets themſelves muſt fall like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the generous tear he pays.

Mr. Pope who had been always ſubjected to a variety of bodily infirmities, finding his ſtrength give way, began to think that his days, which had been prolonged paſt his expectation, were drawing towards a concluſion. However, he viſited the Hot-Wells at Briſtol, where for ſome time there were ſmall hopes of his recovery; but making too free with purges he grew worſe, and ſeemed deſirous to draw nearer home. A dropſy in the breaſt at laſt put a period to his life, at the age of 56, on the 30th of May 1744, at his houſe at Twickenham, where he was interred in the ſame grave with his father and mother.

Mr. Pope's behaviour in his laſt illneſs has been variouſly repreſented to the world: Some have affirmed that it was timid and peeviſh; that having been fixed in no particular ſyſtem of faith, his mind was wavering, and his temper broken and diſturb'd. Others have aſſerted that he was all chearfulneſs and reſignation to the divine will: Which of theſe opinions is true we cannot now determine; but if the former, it muſt be regretted, that he, who had taught philoſophy to others, ſhould himſelf be deſtitute of its aſſiſtance in the moſt critical moments of his life.

The bulk of his fortune he bequeath'd to Mrs. Blount, with whom he lived in the ſtricteſt friendſhip, and for whom he is ſaid to have entertained the warmeſt affection. His works, which are in the hands of every perſon of true taſte, and will laſt as long as our language will be underſtood, render unneceſſary all further remarks on his writings. He was equally admired for the dignity and ſublimity of his moral and philoſophical works, the vivacity of his ſatirical, the clearneſs and propriety of his didactic, the richneſs and variety of his deſcriptive, and the elegance of all, added to an harmony of verſification and correctneſs of ſentiment and language, unknown to our former poets, and

and of which he has ſet an example which will be an example or a reproach to his ſucceſſors. His proſe-ſtile is as perfect in its kind as his poetic, and has all the beauties proper for it, joined to an uncommon force and perſpicuity.

Under the profeſſion of the Roman-Catholic religion, to which he adhered to the laſt, he maintained all the moderation and charity becoming the moſt thorough and conſiſtent Proteſtant. His converſation was natural, eaſy and agreeable, without any affectation of diſplaying his wit, or obtruding his own judgment, even upon ſubjects of which he was ſo eminently a maſter.

The moral character of our author, as it did not eſcape the laſh of his calumniators in his life; ſo have there been attempts ſince his death to diminiſh his reputation. Lord Bolingbroke, whom Mr. Pope eſteemed to almoſt an enthuſiaſtic degree of admiration, was the firſt to make this attack. Not many years ago, the public were entertained with this controverſy immediately upon the publication of his lordſhip's Letters on the Spirit of Patriotiſm, and the Idea of a Patriot King. Different opinions have been offered, ſome to extenuate the fault of Mr. Pope, for printing and mutilating theſe letters without his lordſhip's knowledge; others to blame him for it as the higheſt breach of friendſhip, and the greateſt mark of diſhonour. It would exceed our propoſed bounds to enter into the merits of this controverſy; the reader, no doubt, will find it amply diſcuſſed in that account of the life of this great author, which Mr. Warburton has promiſed the public.

This great man is allowed to have been one of the firſt rank amongſt the poets of our nation, and to acknowledge the ſuperiority of none but Shakeſpear, Milton, and Dryden. With the two former, it is unnatural to compare him, as their province in writing is ſo very different. Pope has never attempted

the drama, nor publiſhed an Epic Poem, in which theſe two diſtinguiſhed genius's have ſo wonderfully ſucceeded. Though Pope's genius was great, it was yet of ſo different a caſt from Shakeſpear's, and Milton's, that no compariſon can be juſtly formed. But if this may be ſaid of the former two, it will by no means hold with reſpect to the latter, for between him and Dryden, there is a great ſimilarity of writing, and a very ſtriking coincidence of genius. It will not perhaps be unpleaſing to our readers, if we purſue this compariſon, and endeavour to diſcover to whom the ſuperiority is juſtly to be attributed, and to which of them poetry owes the higheſt obligations.

When Dryden came into the world, he found poetry in a very imperfect ſtate; its numbers were unpoliſhed; its cadences rough, and there was nothing of harmony or melliſluence to give it a graceful of flow. In this harſh, unmuſical ſituation, Dryden found it (for the refinements of Waller were but puerile and unſubſtantial) he poliſhed the rough diamond, he taught it to ſhine, and connected beauty, elegance, and ſtrength, in all his poetical compoſitions. Though Dryden thus poliſhed our Engliſh numbers, and thus harmonized verſification, it cannot be ſaid, that he carried his art to perfection. Much was yet left undone; his lines with all their ſmoothneſs were often rambling, and expletives were frequently introduced to compleat his meaſures. It was apparent therefore that an additional harmony might ſtill be given to our numbers, and that cadences were yet capable of a more muſical modulation. To effect this purpoſe Mr. Pope aroſe, who with an ear elegantly delicate, and the advantage of the fineſt genius, ſo harmonized the Engliſh numbers, as to make them compleatly muſical. His numbers are likewiſe ſo minutely correct, that it would be difficult to conceive how any of his lines can be altered

to

to advantage. He has created a kind of mechanical verſification; every line is alike; and though they are ſweetly muſical, they want diverſity, for he has not ſtudied ſo great a variety of pauſes, and where the accents may be laid gracefully. The ſtructure of his verſe is the beſt, and a line of his is more muſical than any other line can be made, by placing the accents elſewhere; but we are not quite certain, whether the ear is not apt to be ſoon cloy'd with this uniformity of elegance, this ſameneſs of harmony. It muſt be acknowledged however, that he has much improved upon Dryden in the article of verſification, and in that part of poetry is greatly his ſuperior. But though this muſt be acknowledged, perhaps it will not neceſſarily follow that his genius was therefore ſuperior.

The grand characteriſtic of a poet is his invention, the ſureſt diſtinction of a great genius. In Mr. Pope, nothing is ſo truly original as his Rape of the Lock, nor diſcovers ſo much invention. In this kind of mock-heroic, he is without a rival in our language, for Dryden has written nothing of the kind. His other work which diſcovers invention, fine deſigning, and admirable execution, is his Dunciad; which, tho' built on Dryden's Mac Flecknoe, is yet ſo much ſuperior, that in ſatiric writing, the Palm muſt juſtly be yielded to him. In Mr. Dryden's Abſalom and Achitophel, there are indeed the moſt poignant ſtrokes of ſatire, and characters drawn with the moſt maſterly touches; but this poem with all its excellencies is much inferior to the Dunciad, though Dryden had advantages which Mr. Pope had not; for Dryden's characters are men of great eminence and figure in the ſtate, while Pope has to expoſe men of obſcure birth and unimportant lives only diſtinguiſhed from the herd of mankind, by a glimmering of genius, which rendered the greateſt part of them more emphatically contemptible. Pope's was the hardeſt

taſk, and he has executed it with the greateſt ſucceſs. As Mr. Dryden muſt undoubtedly have yielded to Pope in ſatyric writing, it is incumbent on the partizans of Dryden to name another ſpecies of compoſition, in which the former excells ſo as to throw the ballance again upon the ſide of Dryden. This ſpecies is the Lyric, in which the warmeſt votaries of Pope muſt certainly acknowledge, that he is much inferior; as an irreſiſtable proof of this we need only compare Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, with Mr. Pope's; in which the diſparity is ſo apparent, that we know not if the moſt finiſhed of Pope's compoſitions has diſcovered ſuch a variety and command of numbers.

It hath been generally acknowledged, that the Lyric is a more excellent kind of writing than the Satiric; and conſequently he who excells in the moſt excellent ſpecies, muſt undoubtedly be eſteemed the greateſt poet.——Mr. Pope has very happily ſucceeded in many of his occaſional pieces, ſuch as Eloiſa to Abelard, his Elegy on an unfortunate young Lady, and a variety of other performances deſervedly celebrated. To theſe may be oppoſed Mr. Dryden's Fables, which though written in a very advanced age, are yet the moſt perfect of his works. In theſe Fables there is perhaps a greater variety than in Pope's occaſional pieces: Many of them indeed are tranſlations, but ſuch as are original ſhew a great extent of invention, and a large compaſs of genius.

There are not in Pope's works ſuch poignant diſcoveries of wit, or ſuch a general knowledge of the humours and characters of men, as in the Prologues and Epilogues of Dryden, which are the beſt records of the whims and capricious oddities of the times in which they are written.

When theſe two great genius's are conſidered in the light of tranſlators, it will indeed be difficult to determine into whoſe ſcale the ballance ſhould be

be thrown: That Mr. Pope had a more arduous province in doing juſtice to Homer, than Dryden with regard to Virgil is certainly true; as Homer is a more various and diffuſe poet than Virgil; and it is likewiſe true, that Pope has even exceeded Dryden in the execution, and none will deny, that Pope's Homer's Iliad, is a finer poem than Dryden's Æneis of Virgil: Making a proper allowance for the diſproportion of the original authors. But then a candid critic ſhould reflect, that as Dryden was prior in the great attempt of rendering Virgil into Engliſh; ſo did he perform the taſk under many diſadvantages, which Pope, by a happier ſituation in life, was enabled to avoid; and could not but improve upon Dryden's errors, though the authors tranſlated were not the ſame: And it is much to be doubted, if Dryden were to tranſlate the Æneid now, with that attention which the correctneſs of the preſent age would force upon him, whether the preference would be due to Pope's Homer.

But ſuppoſing it to be yielded (as it certainly muſt) that the latter bard was the greateſt tranſlator; we are now to throw into Mr. Dryden's ſcale all his dramatic works; which though not the moſt excellent of his writings, yet as nothing of Mr. Pope's can be oppoſed to them, they have an undoubted right to turn the ballance greatly in favour of Mr. Dryden.——When the two poets are conſidered as critics, the compariſon will very imperfectly hold. Dryden's Dedications and Prefaces, beſides that they are more numerous, and are the beſt models for courtly panegyric, ſhew that he underſtood poetry as an art, beyond any man that ever lived. And he explained this art ſo well, that he taught his antagoniſts to turn the tables againſt himſelf; for he ſo illuminated the mind by his clear and perſpicuous reaſoning, that dullneſs itſelf became capable of diſcerning; and when at any

time his performances fell ſhort of his own ideas of excellence; his enemies tried him by rules of his own eſtabliſhing; and though they owed to him the ability of judging, they ſeldom had candour enough to ſpare him.

Perhaps it may be true that Pope's works are read with more appetite, as there is a greater evenneſs and correctneſs in them; but in peruſing the works of Dryden the mind will take a wider range, and be more fraught with poetical ideas: We admire Dryden as the greater genius, and Pope as the moſt pleaſing verſifier.

ERRATA in the foregoing life, viz.

P. 237. l. 27. for with all that the world calls ambition, read with *a diſguſt of* all, &c. And l. 29. for 'ſtooping or climbing' read, *rather* ſtooping *than* climbing.

AARON HILL, Eſq; *

WAS the ſon of George Hill, eſq; of Malmſbury-Abbey in Wiltſhire; a gentleman poſſeſſed of an eſtate of about 2000 l. a year, which was entailed upon him, and the eldeſt ſon, and to his heirs for many deſcents. But the unhappy miſconduct of Mr. George Hill, and the weakneſs of the truſtees, entangled it in ſuch a manner as hitherto has rendered it of no advantage to his family; for, without any legal title ſo to do, he ſold it all, at different times, for ſums greatly beneath the value of it, and left his children to their mother's care, and her mother's (Mrs. Ann Gregory) who took great pains with her grandſon's education. At nine years old ſhe put him

* This was ſent us by an unknown hand.

him to ſchool to Mr. Rayner at Barnſtable in Devonſhire, from whence, he went to Weſtminſter ſchool; where ſoon (under the care of Dr. Knipe) his genius ſhewed itſelf in a diſtinguiſhed light, and often made him ſome amends for his hard fortune, which denied him ſuch ſupplies of pocket-money as his ſpirit wiſhed, by enabling him to perform the taſks of many who had not his capacity.

Mr. Aaron Hill, was born in Beaufort-Buildings in the Strand, on February 10, 1684-5. At fourteen years of age he left Weſtminſter ſchool; and, ſhortly after, hearing his grandmother make mention of a relation much eſteemed (lord Paget, then ambaſſador at Conſtantinople) he formed a reſolution of paying him a viſit there, being likewiſe very deſirous to ſee that empire.

His grandmother being a woman of uncommon underſtanding, and great good-nature, would not oppoſe him in it; and accordingly he ſoon embark'd on board a ſhip, then going there, March 2, 1700, as appears by a Journal which he kept during his voyage, and in his travels (though at ſo weak an age) wherein he gave the moſt accurate account of every particular, in a manner much above his years.

When he arrived, lord Paget received him with as much ſurprize, as pleaſure, wondering that ſo young a perſon as he was (but then in his fifteenth year) ſhould chuſe to run the hazard of ſuch a voyage to viſit a relation, whom he knew but by character. The ambaſſador immediately provided for him a very learned eccleſiaſtic in his own houſe, and, under his tuition, ſent him to travel, being deſirous to improve, as far as poſſible, the education of a perſon he found worthy of it. With this tutor he had the opportunity of ſeeing Egypt, Paleſtine, and a great part of the Eaſtern country.

With lord Paget he returned home, about the year 1703, through great part of Europe; in which tour he ſaw moſt of the courts. He

He was in great eſteem with that nobleman; inſomuch, that in all probability he had been ſtill more diſtinguiſhed by him at his death, than in his life time, had not the envious fears and malice of a certain female, who was in high authority and favour with that lord, prevented and ſupplanted his kind diſpoſition towards him: My lord took great pleaſure in inſtructing him himſelf, wrote him whole books in different languages, on which his ſtudent placed the greateſt value; which was no ſooner taken notice of by jealous obſervation, than they were ſtolen from his apartment, and ſuffered to be ſome days miſſing, to the great diſpleaſure of my lord, but ſtill much greater affliction of his pupil, whoſe grief for loſing a treaſure he ſo highly valued, was more than doubled, by perceiving that from ſome falſe inſinuation that had been made, it was believed he had himſelf wilfully loſt them: But young Mr. Hill was ſoon entirely cleared on this head.

A few years after, he was deſired both on account of his ſobriety and underſtanding, to accompany Sir William Wentworth, a worthy baronet of Yorkſhire, who was then going to make the tour of Europe; with whom he travelled two or three years, and brought him home improved, to the ſatisfaction of that gentleman's relations.

'Twas in thoſe different travels he collected matter for the hiſtory he wrote of Turky, and publiſhed in 1709; a work he afterwards often repented having printed; and (though his own) would criticiſe upon it with much ſeverity. (But, as he uſed to ſay, he was a very boy when he began and ended it; therefore great allowance may be made on that account); and in a letter which has ſince been printed in his works, wrote to his greatly valued friend, the worthy author of Clariſſa, he acknowledges his conſciouſneſs of ſuch defects: where ſpeaking of obſcurity, he ſays,

'Obſcurity,

'Obscurity, indeed (if they had penetration to mean that) is burying sense alive, and some of my rash, early, too affected, puerile scriblings must, and should, have pleaded guilty to so just an accusation.'

The fire of youth, with an imagination lively as his was, seldom, if ever, go hand in hand with solid judgment. Mr. Hill did not give himself indeed time for correction, having wrote it so very expeditiously, as hardly would be credited. But (as Dr. Sprat, then bishop of Rochester, used to observe) there is certainly visible in that book, the seeds of a great writer.—He seldom in his riper years was guilty of the fault of non-correction; for he revis'd, too strictly rather, every piece he purposed for the public eye (exclusive of an author's natural fondness); and it has been believed by many, who have read some of his pieces in the first copy, that had they never been by a revisal deepned into greater strength, they would have pleased still more, at least more generally.

About the year 1709 he published his first poem, called Camillus; in vindication, and honour of the earl of Peterborough, who had been general in Spain. After that nobleman had seen it, he was desirous to know who was the author of it; which having found by enquiry, he complimented him by making him his secretary, in the room of Mr. Furly, who was gone abroad with another nobleman: And Mr. Hill was always held in high esteem with that great peer; with whom, however, he did not continue long; for in the year 1710 he married the only daughter of Edmund Morris, Esq; of Stratford, in Essex; with whom he had a very handsome fortune: By her he had nine children, four of whom (a son, and three daughters) are still living.

In 1709 he was made master of the Theatre in Drury-Lane; and then, at the desire of Mr. Barton Booth, wrote his first Tragedy, (Elfrid, or the Fair Inconstant)

Inconſtant) which from his firſt beginning of it he compleated in a little more than a week.—The following year, 1710, he was maſter of the Opera Houſe in the Hay-Market; and then wrote an Opera called Rinaldo, which met with great ſucceſs: It was the firſt which that admirable genius Mr. Handel compos'd, after he came to England; (this he dedicated to Queen Anne).——His genius was adapted greatly to the buſineſs of the ſtage; and while he held the management, he conducted both Theatres, intirely to the ſatisfaction of the public.——But in a few months he relinquiſhed it, from ſome miſunderſtanding with the then lord chamberlain; and though he was ſoon after ſollicited to take that charge again upon him (by a perſon the higheſt in command) he ſtill declined it.

From that time he bent his thoughts on ſtudies far more ſolid and deſirable to him; to views of public benefit: For his mind was ardently devoted to the purſuit of general improvement. But, as one genius ſeldom is adapted to both theory and practice; ſo in the execution of a variety of undertakings, the moſt advantageous in themſelves, by ſome miſmanagement of thoſe concerned with him, he fail'd of the ſucceſs his labours merited.

As in particular, in an affair he ſet on foot about the year 1715, and was the ſole diſcoverer of, for which he had a patent; the making of an Oil, as ſweet as that from Olives, from the Beech-Nuts: But this being an undertaking of a great extent, he was obliged to work conjointly with other men's aſſiſtance, and materials; whence aroſe diſputes among them, which terminated in the overthrowing the advantage then ariſing from it; which otherwiſe might have been great and laſting.

This, has occaſioned that affair to be miſunderſtood by many; it therefore may not be thought improper, here, to ſet it in a juſter light; and this cannot more exactly be given, than from his own words,

words, called, A fair state of the Account, published in the year 1716.

'An impartial state of the case, between the patentee, annuitants, and sharers, in the Beech-Oil-Company.'—Some part of which is here recited.

'The disappointments of the Beech-Oil-Company this year have made abundance of sharers peevish; the natural effect of peevishness is clamour, and clamour like a tide will work itself a passage, where it has no right of flowing; some gentlemen, misled by false conceptions both of the affair and its direction, have driven their discontent through a mistaken chanel, and inclined abundance who are strangers to the truth, to accuse the patentee of faults, he is not only absolutely free from, but by which he is, of all concern'd, the greatest sufferer.

'But, he is not angry with the angry; he considers they must take things as they hear them represented; he governs all his actions by this general maxim; never to be moved at a reproach, unless it be a just one.

'In October 1713 the patentee procured a grant for fourteen years, to him and his assigns, for the Beech-Oil invention.

'Anno 1714, he made and published proposals, for taking a subscription of 20,000 l. upon the following conditions;

'That every subscriber should receive, by half yearly payments, at Lady-Day and Michaelmas, during the continuance of the patent from Lady-Day 1715, inclusive, an annuity amounting to fifty-pound per cent. for any sum subscribed, excepting a deduction for the payment of the directors.

'That nine directors should be chosen on midsummer-day, who should receive complaints upon non-payments of annuities; and in such case, upon refusal, any five of the nine directors had power to meet and chuse a governor from among themselves, enrolling that choice in chancery, together with the reasons for it.

'That

'That after such choice and enrollment, the patentee should stand absolutely excluded, the business be carried on, and all the right of the grant be vested (not as a mortgage, but as a sale without redemption) in the governor so chosen, for the joint advantage of the annuitants, in proportion to their several interests.

'As a security for making good the articles, the patentee did, by indenture enrolled in chancery, assign and make over his patent to trustees, in the indenture named, for the uses above mentioned.

'In the mean time the first half yearly payments to the annuitants, amounting to 3750 l. became due, and the company not being yet compleated, the patentee himself discharged it, and has never reckon'd that sum to the account between him and the company; which he might have done by virtue of the articles on which he gave admission to the sharers.

'For the better explanation of this scheme it will be necessary to observe, that while the shares were selling, he grew apprehensive that the season would be past, before the fifty pounds per share they were to furnish by the articles could be contributed: He therefore gave up voluntarily, and for the general good, 20,000 l. of his own 25,000 guineas purchase money, as a loan to the company till the expiration of the patent, after which it was again to be made good to him, or his assigns; and this money so lent by the patentee, is all the stock that ever has been hitherto employed by the company.

'But instead of making good the above-mentioned conditional covenant, the board proceeded to unnecessary warmth, and found themselves involved still more and more in animosities, and those irregularities which naturally follow groundless controversy. He would therefore take upon himself the hazard and the power of the whole affair, accountable however to the board, as to the money part;

part; and yet would bind himself to pay for three years to come, a profit of forty shillings per annum upon every share, and then deliver back the business to the general care, above the reach of future disappointments.

'What reasons the gentlemen might have to refuse so inviting an offer is best known to themselves; but they absolutely rejected that part of it, which was to fix the sole power of management in the patentee. Upon which, and many other provocations afterward, becoming more and more dissatisfied, he thought fit to demand repayment of five hundred pounds, which he had lent the company; as he had several other sums before; and not receiving it, but, on the contrary, being denied so much as an acknowledgment that it was due, withdrew himself intirely from the board, and left them to their measures.

'Thus at the same time have I offered my defence, and my opinion: By the first I am sure I shall be acquitted from all imputations; and confirmed in the good thoughts of the concerned on either side, who will know for the future what attention they should give to idle reflections, and the falsehood of rumour; and from the last, I have hopes that a plan may be drawn, which will settle at once all disputed pretensions, and restore that fair prospect, which the open advantage of last year's success (indifferent as it was) has demonstrated to be a view that was no way chimerical.——

'They know how to judge of malicious insinuations to my prejudice, by this *one most scandalous example*, which has been given by the endeavours of some to persuade the out-sharers that I have made an extravagant *profit* from the *losses* of the adventurers. Whereas on the contrary, out of *Twenty-five Thousand Guineas*, which was the whole I should have received by the sale of the shares, I have given up *Twenty Thousand Pounds* to the use of the company,

pany, and to the annuities afterward; and three thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty pounds more I paid to the annuitants, at Lady-Day 1715, on the company's account; and have never demanded it again, in conſideration of their diſappointments the firſt year.

'So that it plainly appears, that out of twenty-five thouſand guineas, I have given away in two articles only, twenty-three thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty pounds for the public advantage. And I can eaſily prove, that the little remainder has been ſhort of making good the charges I have been at for their ſervice; by which means I am not one farthing a gainer by the company, notwithſtanding the clamour and malice of ſome unthinking adventurers: And for the truth of all this, I appeal to their own *Office-Books*, and defy the moſt angry among them to deny any article of it. See then what a grateful and generous encouragement may be expected by men, who would dedicate their labours to the profit of others.

November the 30th. 1716. A. HILL.'

This, and much more, too tedious to inſert, ſerves to demonſtrate that it was a great misfortune, for a mind ſo fertile of invention and improvement, to be embarraſſed by a narrow power of fortune; too weak alone to execute ſuch undertakings.

About the ſame year he wrote another Tragedy, intiled the Fatal Viſion *, or the Fall of Siam (which was acted the ſame year, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields) to which he gave this Motto out of Horace.

* This play he made a preſent of to the patentee, and had ſeveral fine ſcenes painted for it, at his own expence: He indeed gave all his pieces to the ſtage; never taking any benefit, or gratuity from the managers, as an author——'till his laſt piece, Merope, was brought on the ſtage; when (unhappy gentleman) he was under the neceſſity of receiving his profits of the third nights; which 'till then, his generoſity, and ſpirit, had ever declined.

I not

I not for vulgar admiration write;
To be well read, not much, is my delight.

And to his death he would declare in favour of that choice.——That year, he likewise published the two first books of an Epic Poem, called Gideon (founded on a Hebrew Story) which like its author, and all other authors, had its enemies; but many more admirers.

But his poetic pieces were not frequent in their appearance. They were the product of some leisure hours, when he relaxed his thoughts from drier study; as he took great delight in diving into every useful science, viz. criticism, history, geography, physic, commerce in general, agriculture, war, and law; but in particular natural philosophy, wherein he has made many and valuable discoveries.

Concerning poetry, he says, in his preface to King Henry the Vth, where he laments the want of taste for Tragedy,

'But in all events I will be easy, who have no better reason to wish well to poetry, than my love for a mistress I shall never be married to: For, whenever I grow ambitious, I shall wish to build higher; and owe my memory to some occasion of more importance than my writings.'

He had acquired so deep an insight in law, that he has from his arguments and demonstrations obliged some of the greatest council (formally) under their hands, to retract their own first-given opinions.

He wrote part of a Tract of War; another upon Agriculture; but they are left unfinished, with several other pieces.

In his younger days he bought a grant of Sir Robert Montgomery (who had purchas'd it of the lords proprietors of Carolina) with whom, &c. he had been concern'd, in a design of settling a new plantation

plantation in the South of Carolina, of a vaſt tract of land; on which he then deſigned to purſue the ſame intention.———But being not maſter of a fortune equal to that ſcheme, it never proved of any ſervice to him, though many years ſince, it has been cultivated largely *.

His perſon was (in youth) extremely fair, and handſome; his eyes were a dark blue, both bright and penetrating; brown hair and viſage oval; which was enlivened with a ſmile, the moſt agreeable in converſation; where his addreſs was affably engageing; to which was joined a dignity, which rendered him at once reſpected and admired, by thoſe (of either ſex) who were acquainted with him ——He was tall, genteelly made, and not thin.——His voice was ſweet, his converſation elegant; and capable of entertaining upon various ſubjects.—His diſpoſition was benevolent, beyond the power of the fortune he was bleſſed with; the calamities of thoſe he knew (and valued as deſerving) affected him more than his own: He had fortitude of mind ſufficient to ſupport with calmneſs great misfortune; and from his birth it may be truly ſaid he was obliged to meet it.

Of himſelf, he ſays in his epiſtle dedicatory to one of his poems,

'I am ſo devoted a lover of a private and unbuſy life, that I cannot recollect a time wherein 'I wiſh'd an increaſe to the little influence I cultivate in the dignified world, unleſs when I have 'felt the deficience of my own power, to reward 'ſome merit that has charm'd me:'——

His temper, though by nature warm (when injuries were done him) was as nobly forgiving; mindful of that great leſſon in religion, of returning good for evil; and he fulfilled it often to the pre-

* Under the name of Georgia.

judice

judice of his own circumstances. He was a tender husband, friend, and father; one of the best masters to his servants, detesting the too common inhumanity, that treats them almost as if they were not fellow-creatures.

His manner of life was temperate in all respects (which might have promis'd greater length of years) late hours excepted; which his indefatigable love of study drew him into; night being not liable to interruptions like the day.

About the year 1718 he wrote a poem called the Northern-Star, upon the actions of the Czar Peter the Great; and several years after he was complimented with a gold medal from the empress Catherine (according to the Czar's desire before his death) and was to have wrote his life, from papers which were to be sent him of the Czar's: But the death of the Czarina, quickly after, prevented it.——In an advertisement to the reader, in the fifth edition of that poem, published in 1739, the author says of it.

'Though the design was profess'd panegyric, I may with modesty venture to say it was not a very politic, perhaps, but an honest example of praise without flattery.——In the verse, I am afraid there was much to be blamed, as too low; but, I am sure there was none of that fault in the purpose: The poem having never been hinted, either before or after the publication, to any person (native or foreigner) who could be supposed to have interest in, or concern for, its subject.

'In effect, it had for six years or more been forgot by myself—and my country,—when upon the death of the prince it referred to, I was surprized by the condescension of a compliment from the empress his relict, and immediate successor; and thereby first became sensible that the poem had, by means of some foreign translation, reach'd the eye and regard of that emphatically great monarch, in justice to whom it was written.' Soon

Soon after he finiſhed ſix books more of Gideon; which made eight, of the twelve he purpos'd writing; but did not live to finiſh it.

In 1723 he brought his Tragedy called King Henry the Vth, upon the ſtage in Drury-Lane; which is (as he declares in the preface) a new fabric, yet built on Shakeſpear's foundation..

In 1724, for the advantage of an unhappy gentleman (an old officer in the army) he wrote a paper in the manner of the Spectators, in conjunction with Mr. William Bond, &c. intitled the Plain Dealer; which were ſome time after publiſhed in two volumes octavo. And many of his former writings were appropriated to ſuch humane uſes; both thoſe to which he has prefixed his name, and ſeveral others which he wrote and gave away intirely. But, though the many imagined authors are not living, their names, and thoſe performances will be omitted here; yet, in mere juſtice to the character of Mr. Hill, we mention this particular.

In 1728, he made a journey into the North of Scotland, where he had been about two years before, having contracted with the York-Buildings Company, concerning many woods of great extent in that kingdom, for timber for the uſes of the navy; and many and various were the aſſertions upon this occaſion: Some thought, and thence reported, that there was not a ſtick in Scotland could be capable of anſwering that purpoſe; but he demonſtrated the contrary: For, though there was not a great number large enough for maſts to ſhips of the greateſt burthen; yet there were millions, fit for all ſmaller veſſels; and planks and bauks, proper for every ſort of building.—One ſhip was built entirely of it; and a report was made, that never any better timber was brought from any part of the world: But he found many difficulties in this undertaking; yet had ſagacity to overcome them all (as far as his own management extended) for when the trees

trees were by his order chain'd together into floats, the ignorant Highlanders refus'd to venture themselves on them down the river Spey; till he first went himself, to make them sensible there was no danger.—In which passage however, he found a great obstacle in the rocks, by which that river seemed impassible; but on these he ordered fires to be made, when by the lowness of the river they were most expos'd; and then had quantities of water thrown upon them: Which method being repeated with the help of proper tools, they were broke in pieces and thrown down, which made the passage easy for the floats.

This affair was carried on to a very good account, till those concern'd thought proper to call off the men and horses from the woods of Abernethy, in order to employ them in their lead mines in the same country; from which they hoped to make greater advantage.

The magistrates of Inverness paid him the compliment of making him a present of the freedom of that place (at an elegant entertainment made by them on that occasion) a favour likewise offered him at Aberdeen, &c.

After a stay of several months in the Highlands, during which time he visited the duke and duchess of Gordon, who distinguished him with great civilities, he went to York, and other places in that country; where his wife then was, with some relations, for the recovery of her health; but his staying longer there (on that account) than he intended, had like to have proved of unhappy consequence; by giving room for some, who imagined (as they wished) that he would not return, to be guilty of a breach of trust that aimed at the destruction of great part of what he then was worth; but they were disappointed.

In that retirement in the North, he wrote a poem intitled, The Progress of Wit, a Caveat for the

uſe of an eminent Writer. It was compoſed of the genteeleſt praiſe, and keeneſt allegorical ſatire; and it gave no ſmall uneaſineſs to Mr. Pope: Who had indeed drawn it upon himſelf, by being the aggreſſor in his Dunciad.—This afterwards occaſioned a private paper-war between thoſe writers, in which 'tis generally thought that Mr. Hill had greatly the advantage of Mr. Pope. For the particulars, the reader is referred to a ſhilling pamphlet lately publiſhed by Owen, containing Letters between Mr. Pope and Mr. Hill, &c.

The progreſs of wit begins with the eight following lines, wherein the SNEAKINGLY APPROVES affected Mr. Pope extreamly.

Tuneful Alexis on the Thames' fair ſide,
The Ladies play-thing, and the Muſes pride,
With merit popular, with wit polite,
Eaſy tho' vain, and elegant tho' light:
Deſiring, and deſerving other's praiſe,
Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays:
Unborn to cheriſh, SNEAKINGLY APPROVES,
And wants the ſoul to ſpread the worth he loves.

During their controverſy, Mr. Pope ſeemed to expreſs his repentance, by denying the offence he had given; thus, in one of his letters, he ſays,

'That the letters A. H. were apply'd to you in 'the papers I did not know (for I ſeldom read 'them) I heard it only from Mr. Savage *, as

* Savage was of great uſe to Mr. Pope, in helping him to little ſtories, and idle tales, of many perſons whoſe names, lives, and writings, had been long ſince forgot, had not Mr. Pope mentioned them in his Dunciad:----This office was too mean for any one but inconſiſtent Savage: Who, with a great deal of abſurd pride, could ſubmit to ſervile offices; and for the vanity of being thought Mr. Pope's intimate, made no ſcruple of frequently ſacrificing a regard to ſincerity or truth. He had certainly, at one time, conſiderable influence over that great poet; but an aſſuming arrogance at laſt tired out Mr. Pope's patience.

'from

'from yourself, and sent my assurances to the contrary: But I don't see how the annotator on the 'D. could have rectified that mistake publicly, 'without particularizing your name in a book where 'I thought it too good to be inserted, &c. *.'

And in another place he says,

'I should imagine the Dunciad meant you a real 'compliment, and so it has been thought by many 'who have ask'd to whom that passage made that 'oblique panegyric. As to the notes, I am weary 'of telling a great truth, which is, that I am not 'author of them, &c.'

Which paragraph was answer'd by the following in Mr. Hill's reply.

'As to your oblique panegyric, I am not under 'so blind an attachment to the goddess I was de-'voted to in the Dunciad, but that I know it was 'a commendation; though a dirtier one than I 'wished for; who am neither fond of some of 'the company in which I was listed—the noble 'reward, for which I was to become a diver;— 'the allegorical muddiness in which I was to try 'my skill; — nor the institutor of the games you 'were so kind to allow me a share in, &c.'——A genteel severe reprimand.

Much about the same time he wrote another poem, called Advice to the Poets; in praise of worthy poetry, and in censure of the misapplication of poetry in general. The following lines here quoted, are the motto of it, taken from the poem.

* A lame come-off.

Shame on your jingling, ye ſoft ſons of rhyme,
Tuneful conſumers of your reader's time!
Fancy's light dwarfs! whoſe feather-footed ſtrains,
Dance in wild windings, thro' a waſte of brains:
Your's is the guilt of all, who judging wrong,
Miſtake tun'd nonſenſe for the poet's ſong.

He likewiſe in this piece, reproves the above named celebrated author, for deſcending below his genius; and in ſpeaking of the inſpiration of the Muſe, he ſays,

I feel her now.—Th' invader fires my breaſt:
And my ſoul ſwells, to ſuit the heav'nly gueſt.
Hear her, O Pope!——She ſounds th' inſpir'd [decree,
Thou great Arch-Angel of wit's heav'n! for thee!
Let vulgar genii, ſour'd by ſharp diſdain,
Piqu'd and malignant, words low war maintain,
While every meaner art exerts her aim,
O'er rival arts, to lift her queſtion'd fame;
Let half-ſoul'd poets ſtill on poets fall,
And teach the willing world to ſcorn them all.
But, let no Muſe, pre-eminent as thine,
Of voice melodious, and of force divine,
Stung by wits, waſps, all rights of rank forego,
And turn, and ſnarl, and bite, at every foe.
No—like thy own Ulyſſes, make no ſtay:
Shun monſters—and purſue thy ſtreamy way.

In 1731 he brought his Tragedy of Athelwold upon the ſtage in Drury-Lane; which, as he ſays in his preface to it, was written on the ſame ſubject as his Elfrid or the Fair Inconſtant, which he there calls, 'An unprun'd wilderneſs of fancy, with here 'and there a flower among the leaves; but without 'any fruit of judgment.'—

He likewiſe mentions it as a folly, having began and finiſhed Elfrid in a week; and both the difference

ence of time and judgment are visible in favour of the last of those performances.

That year he met the greatest shock that affliction ever gave him; in the loss of one of the most worthy of wives, to whom he had been married above twenty years.

The following epitaph he wrote, and purpos'd for a monument which he designed to erect over her grave.

Enough, cold stone! suffice her long-lov'd name;
Words are too weak to pay her virtues claim.
Temples, and tombs, and tongues, shall waste [away,
And power's vain pomp, in mould'ring dust decay.
But e'er mankind a wife more perfect see,
Eternity, O Time! shall bury thee.

He was a man susceptible of love, in its sublimest sense; as may be seen in that poetical description of that passion, which he has given in his poem called the Picture of Love; wrote many years ago (from whence the following two lines are taken)

No wild desire can this proud bliss bestow,
Souls must be match'd in heav'n, tho' mix'd [below.

About the year 1735 he was concern'd with another gentleman in writing a paper called the Prompter; all those mark'd with a B. were his. —This was meant greatly for the service of the stage; and many of them have been regarded in the highest manner.—But, as there was not only instruction, but reproof, the bitter, with the sweet, by some could not be relish'd.

In 1736 having translated from the French of Monsieur de Voltaire, the Tragedy of Zara, he gave it to be acted for the benefit of Mr. William

Bond; and it was repreſented firſt, at the Long-Room in Villars-Street, York-Buildings; where that poor gentleman performed the part of Luſignan (the old expiring king) a character he was at that time too well ſuited to; being, and looking, almoſt dead, as in reality he was before the run of it was over.—Soon after this play was brought upon the ſtage in Drury-Lane, by Mr. Fleetwood, at the earneſt ſollicitation of Mr. Theophilus Cibber; the part of Zara was played by Mrs. Cibber, and was her firſt attempt in Tragedy; of the performers therein he makes very handſome mention in the preface. This play he dedicated to his royal highneſs the Prince of Wales.

The ſame year was acted, at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, another Tragedy of his tranſlating from the ſame French author, called Alzira, which was likewiſe dedicated to the Prince.—His dedications generally wore a different face from thoſe of other writers; he there moſt warmly recommends Monſieur de Voltaire, as worthy of his royal highneſs's partiality; diſclaiming for himſelf all expectations of his notice. But he was, notwithſtanding, particularly honoured with his approbation.

Theſe plays, if not a litteral tranſlation, have been thought much better, for their having paſt his hands; as generouſly was acknowledged by Monſieur de Voltaire himſelf.

In 1737 he publiſhed a poem called, The Tears of the Muſes; compoſed of general ſatire: in the addreſs to the reader he ſays (ſpeaking of ſatire)

'There is, indeed, ſomething ſo like cruelty in the face of that ſpecies of poetry, that it can only be reconciled to humanity, by the general benevolence of its purpoſe; attacking particulars for the public advantage.'

The

The following year he wrote (in prose) a book called, An Enquiry into the Merit of Assassination, with a View to the Character of Cæsar; and his Designs on the Roman Republic.

About this time, he in a manner left the world, (though living near so populous a part of it as London) and settled at Plaistow in Essex; where he entirely devoted himself to his study, family, and garden; and the accomplishment of many profitable views; particularly one, in which for years he had laboured through experiments in vain; and when he brought it to perfection, did not live to reap the benefit of it: The discovery of the art of making pot-ash like the Russian, which cost this nation, yearly, an immense sum of money.

In the year 1743 he published The Fanciad, an Heroic Poem; inscribed to his grace the duke of Marlborough: Who as no name was then prefixed to it, perhaps, knew not the author by whom he was distinguished in it.

Soon after he wrote another, intitled the Impartial; which he inscribed, in the same manner, to the lord Carteret (now earl of Granville). In the beginning of it are the following lines,

Burn, sooty slander, burn thy blotted scroll;
Greatness is greatness, spite of faction's soul.

Deep let my soul detest th' adhesive pride,
That changing sentiment, unchanges side.

It would be tedious to enumerate the variety of smaller pieces he at different times was author of.

His notions of the deity were boundlessly extensive; and the few lines here quoted from his Poem upon faith, published in 1746, must give the best idea of his sentiments upon that most elevated of all subjects.

What then muſt be believ'd?—Believe God kind,
To fear were to offend him. Fill thy heart
With his felt laws; and act the good he loves.
Rev'rence his power. Judge him but by his works:
Know him but in his mercies. Rev'rence too
The moſt miſtaken ſchemes that mean his praiſe.
Rev'rence his prieſts.—for ev'ry prieſt is his,—
Who finds him in his conſcience. ————

This year he publiſhed his Art of Acting, a Poem, deriving Rules from a new Principle, for touching the Paſſions in a natural Manner, &c. Which was dedicated to the Earl of Cheſterfield.

Having for many years been in a manner forgetful of the eight Books he had finiſhed of his Epic Poem called Gideon, — in 1749 he re-peruſed that work, and publiſhed three of the Books; to which he gave the name of Gideon, or the Patriot. —They were inſcribed to the late lord Bolingbroke; to whom he accounts as follows, for the alterations he had made ſince the firſt publication of two Books.

Erring, where thouſands err'd, in youth's hot [ſmart,
Propulſive prejudice had warp'd his heart:
Bold, and too loud he ſigh'd, for high diſtreſs,
Fond of the fall'n, nor form'd to ſerve ſucceſs;
Partial to woes, had weigh'd their cauſe too light,
Wept o'er misfortune,—and miſ-nam'd it right:
Anguiſh, attracting, turn'd attachment wrong,
And pity's note miſ-tun'd his devious ſong.

'Tis much lamented by many who are admirers of that ſpecies of poetry, that the author did not finiſh it.

The ſame year (after a length of different applications, for ſeveral ſeaſons, at both Theatres without ſucceſs)

ſucceſs) his Tragedy, called Merope, was brought upon the ſtage in Drury-Lane by Mr. Garrick; to whom, as well as to another gentleman he likewiſe highly both admired and eſteemed, he was greatly obliged; and his own words (here borrowed) will ſhew how juſt a ſenſe he had of theſe obligations.—They begin the preface to the play.

'If there can be a pride that ranks with virtues, it is that we feel from friendſhips with the worthy. Mr. Mallet, therefore, muſt forgive me, that I boaſt the honour he has done my Merope—I have ſo long been a retreater from the world, that one of the beſt ſpirits in it told me lately, I had made myſelf an alien there. I muſt confeſs, I owe ſo many obligations to its ornaments of moſt diſtinguiſhed genius, that I muſt have looked upon it as a great unhappineſs to have made choice of ſolitude, could I have judged ſociety in general, by a reſpect ſo due to theſe adorners of it.'

And in relation to this Tragedy he ſays, after very juſtly cenſuring Monſieur de Voltaire, for repreſenting in the preface to his Merope the Engliſh as incapable of Tragedy,

'To ſuch provoking ſtimulations I have owed inducement to retouch, for Mr. Voltaire's uſe, the characters in his high boaſted Merope; and I have done it on a plan as near his own as I could bring it with a ſafe conſcience; that is to ſay, without diſtaſte to Engliſh audiences.

This he likewiſe dedicated to lord Bolingbroke; and was the laſt he ever wrote.—There is a melancholy thread of fatal prophecy in the beginning of it; of his own approaching diſſolution.

Cover'd in fortune's ſhade, I reſt reclin'd;
My griefs all ſilent; and my joys reſign'd.
With patient eye life's evening gloom ſurvey:
Nor ſhake th' out-haſt'ning ſands; nor bid 'em [ſtay.
Yet,

Yet, while from life my ſetting proſpects fly,
Fain wou'd my mind's weak offſpring ſhun to die.
Fain wou'd their hope ſome light through time explore;
The name's kind paſport—When the man's no more.

From about the time he was ſolliciting the bringing on this play, an illneſs ſeized him; from the tormenting pains of which he had ſcarce an hour's intermiſſion; and after making trial of all he thought could be of ſervice to him in medicine; he was deſirous to try his native air of London (as that of Plaiſtow was too moiſt a one) but he was then paſt all recovery, and waſted almoſt to a ſkeleton, from ſome internal cauſe, that had produced a general decay (and was believed to have been an inflamation in the kidneys; which his intenſe attachment to his ſtudies might probably lay the foundation of.—When in town, he had the comfort of being honoured with the viſits of the moſt worthy and eſteemed among his friends; but he was not permitted many weeks to taſte that bleſſing.

The ſame humane and generous Mr. Mallet, who had before aided his Merope, about this time was making intereſt for its being played again, for the advantage of its author:—His royal highneſs the prince of Wales had the great goodneſs to command it; and Mr. Hill juſt lived to expreſs his grateful acknowledgments (to thoſe about him) upon hearing of it:—But on the day before it was to be repreſented he died, in the very minute of the earthquake, February the eighth, 1749, which he ſeemed ſenſible of, though then deprived of utterance. Had he lived two days longer, he had been ſixty-five years old.—He endur'd a twelvemonth's torment of the body with a calmneſs that confeſs'd a ſuperiority of ſoul! He was interred in

the ſame grave with her the moſt dear to him when living, in the great cloiſter of Weſtminiſter-Abbey, near the lord Godolphin's tomb.

It may be truly ſaid of Mr. Hill, he was a great and general writer; and had he been poſſeſt of the eſtate he was intitled to, his liberality had been no leſs extenſive than his genius. But often do we ſee misfortune's clouds obſcure the brighteſt ſunſhine.

Beſides his works which here have been enumerated, there are ſeveral other; particularly two poems, intitled the Creation, and the Judgment-Day; which were publiſhed many years ago.—Another in blank verſe he publiſhed in the time of his retreat into Eſſex; it was called, Cleon to Lycidas, a Time Piece; the date not marked by the printer.

Some years before his death, he talked of making a collection of his works for publication; but poſtponed it for the finiſhing ſome pieces, which he did not live to effect.

Since his death, four volumes of them have been publiſhed by ſubſcription, for his family. He left one Tragedy, never yet acted; which was wrote originally about 1737, and intitled Cæſar; but ſince, he has named it the Roman Revenge:—But as the author was avowedly a great admirer of Cæſar's character, not in the light he is generally underſtood (that of a tyrant) but in one much more favourable, he was adviſed by ſeveral of the firſt diſtinction, both in rank and judgment, to make ſuch alterations in it as ſhould adapt it more to the general opinion; and upon that advice he in a manner new wrote the play: But as moſt firſt opinions are not eaſily eradicated, it has been never able to make a public trial of the ſucceſs; which many of the greateſt underſtanding have pronounced it highly worthy of.—The late lord Bolingbroke (in a letter wrote to the author) has called it one of the nobleſt drama's, that our language, or any age can boaſt.

Theſe few little ſpeeches are taken from the part of Cæſar.

'Tis the great mind's expected pain, Calphurnia,
To labour for the thankleſs.—He who ſeeks
Reward in ruling, makes ambition guilt;
And living for himſelf diſclaims mankind.

And thus ſpeaking to Mark Anthony;

If man were placed above the reach of inſult,
To pardon were no virtue.———Think, warm [Anthony,
What mercy is——'Tis, daring to be wrong'd,
Yet unprovok'd by pride, perſiſt, in pity.

This again to Calphurnia.

No matter.—Virtue triumphs by neglect:
Vice, while it darkens, lends but foil to bright- [neſs:
And juſter times, removing ſlander's veil,
Wrong'd merit after death is help'd to live.

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD.

THIS gentleman was born at Sittingburn in Kent, of which place his father, Mr. Peter Theobald, was an eminent attorney. His grammatical learning he received chiefly under the revd. Mr. Ellis, at Iſleworth in Middleſex, and afterwards

wards applied himſelf to the ſtudy and practice of the law: but finding that ſtudy too tedious and irkſome for his genius, he quitted it for the profeſſion of poetry. He engaged in a paper called the Cenſor, publiſhed in Miſt's Weekly Journal; and by delivering his opinion with two little reſerve, concerning ſome eminent wits, he expoſed himſelf to their laſhes, and reſentment. Upon the publication of Pope's Homer, he praiſed it in the moſt extravagant terms of admiration; but afterwards thought proper to retract his opinion, for reaſons we cannot gueſs, and abuſed the very performance he had before hyperbollically praiſed.

Mr. Pope at firſt made Mr. Theobald the hero of his Dunciad, but afterwards, for reaſons beſt known to himſelf, he thought proper to diſrobe him of that dignity, and beſtow it upon another: with what propriety we ſhall not take upon us to determine, but refer the reader to Mr. Cibber's two letters to Mr. Pope. He was made hero of the poem, the annotator informs us, becauſe no better was to be had. In the firſt book of the Dunciad, Mr. Theobald, or Tibbald, as he is there called, is thus ſtigmatiſed,

——————Dullneſs her image full expreſt,
But chief in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Sees Gods with Dæmons in ſtrange league engage,
And Earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles [wage:
She eyed the bard, where ſupperleſs he ſate,
And pin'd unconſcious of his riſing fate;
Studious he ſate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt pro- [found!
Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there;
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in meer deſpair.

He

He roll'd his eyes, that witneſs'd huge diſmay,
Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay.

He deſcribes Mr. Theobald as making the following addreſs to Dulneſs.

——— ——— For thee
Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders nicely ſeek,
And crucify poor Shakeſpear once a-week.
For thee I dim theſe eyes, and ſtuff this head,
With all ſuch reading as was never read;
For thee, ſupplying in the worſt of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddeſs, and about it;
So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours till it clouds itſelf all o'er.

In the year 1726 Mr. Theobald publiſhed a piece in octavo, called Shakeſpear Reſtored: Of this it is ſaid, he was ſo vain as to aver, in one of Miſt's Journals, June the 8th, 'That to expoſe 'any errors in it was impracticable;' and in another, April the 27th, 'That whatever care might 'for the future be taken, either by Mr. Pope, or 'any other aſſiſtants, he would give above five-hundred emendations, that would eſcape them all.'

During two whole years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition, he publiſhed advertiſements, requeſting aſſiſtance, and promiſing ſatisfaction to any who would contribute to its greater perfection. But this reſtorer, who was at that time ſolliciting favours of him, by letters, did wholly conceal that he had any ſuch deſign till after its publication; which he owned in the Daily Journal of November 26, 1728: and then an outcry was made, that Mr. Pope had joined with the bookſeller to raiſe an extravagant ſubſcription; in which he had no ſhare,

of

of which he had no knowledge, and againſt which he had publickly advertiſed in his own propoſals for Homer.

Mr. Theobald was not only thus obnoxious to the reſentment of Pope, but we find him waging war with Mr. Dennis, who treated him with more roughneſs, though with leſs ſatire. Mr. Theobald in the Cenſor, Vol. II. N°. XXXIII. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. 'The modern Furius (ſays 'he) is to be looked upon as more the object of 'pity, than that which he daily provokes, laughter, 'and contempt. Did we really know how much 'this poor man ſuffers by being contradicted, or 'which is the ſame thing in effect, by hearing another praiſed; we ſhould in compaſſion ſometimes 'attend to him with a ſilent nod, and let him go 'away with the triumphs of his ill-nature. Poor 'Furius, where any of his cotemporaries are ſpoken 'well of, quitting the ground of the preſent diſpute, ſteps back a thouſand years, to call in the 'ſuccour of the antients. His very panegyric is 'ſpiteful, and he uſes it for the ſame reaſon as 'ſome ladies do their commendations of a dead 'beauty, who never would have had their good 'word; but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applauſe is not the 'tribute of his heart, but the ſacrifice of his revenge.'

Mr. Dennis in reſentment of this repreſentation made of him, in his remarks on Pope's Homer, page 9. 10. thus mentions him. 'There is a notorious idiot, one HIGHT WHACHUM, who from 'an Under-ſpur-leather to the law, is become an 'Under-ſtrapper to the play-houſe, who has lately 'burleſqued the Metamorphoſes of Ovid, by a vile 'tranſlation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an 'impertinent paper called the Cenſor.' Such was the language of Mr. Dennis, when enflamed by contradiction.

In

In the year 1729 Mr. Theobald introduced upon the ſtage a Tragedy called the Double Falſehood; the greateſt part of which he aſſerted was Shakeſpear's. Mr. Pope inſinuated to the town, that it was all, or certainly the greateſt part written, not by Shakeſpear, but Theobald himſelf, and quotes this line,

None but thyſelf can be thy parallel.

Which he calls a marvellous line of Theobald, 'unleſs (ſays he) the play called the Double Falſe-'hood be (as he would have it thought) Shake-'ſpear's; but whether this line is his or not, he 'proves Shakeſpear to have written as bad.' The arguments which Mr. Theobald uſes to prove the play to be Shakeſpear's are indeed far from ſatisfactory;——Firſt, that the MS. was above ſixty years old;——Secondly, that once Mr. Betterton had it, or he hath heard ſo;——Thirdly, that ſome body told him the author gave it to a baſtard daughter of his;——But fourthly, and above all, that he has a great mind that every thing that is good in our tongue ſhould be Shakeſpear's.

This Double Falſehood was vindicated by Mr. Theobald, who was attacked again in the art of ſinking in poetry. Here Mr. Theobald endeavours to prove falſe criticiſms, want of underſtanding Shakeſpear's manner, and perverſe cavelling in Mr. Pope: He juſtifies himſelf and the great dramatic poet, and eſſays to prove the Tragedy in queſtion to be in reality Shakeſpear's, and not unworthy of him. We cannot ſet this controverſy in a clearer light, than by tranſcribing a letter ſubjoined to the Double Falſehood.

DEAR SIR,

You deſire to know, why in the general attack which Mr. Pope has lately made againſt writers living

living and dead, he has ſo often had a fling of ſatire at me. I ſhould be very willing to plead guilty to his indictment, and think as meanly of myſelf as he can poſſibly do, were his quarrel altogether upon a fair, or unbiaſſed nature. But he is angry at the man; and as Juvenal ſays——

Facit indignatio verſum.

He has been pleaſed to reflect on me in a few quotations from a play, which I had lately the good fortune to uſher into the world; I am there concerned in reputation to enter upon my defence. There are three paſſages in his Art of Sinking in Poetry, which he endeavours to bring into diſgrace from the Double Falſehood.

One of theſe paſſages alledged by our critical examiner is of that ſtamp, which is certain to include me in the claſs of profound writers. The place ſo offenſive for its cloudineſs, is,

——The obſcureneſs of her birth
Cannot eclipſe the luſtre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.

I muſt own, I think, there needs no great Œdipus to ſolve the difficulty of this paſſage. Nothing has ever been more common, than for lovers to compare their miſtreſſes eyes to ſuns and ſtars. And what does Henriquez ſay more here than this, 'That though his miſtreſs be obſcure by her birth; 'yet her eyes are ſo refulgent, they ſet her above 'that diſadvantage, and make her all over bright-'neſs.' I remember another rapture in Shakeſpear, upon a painter's drawing a fine lady's picture, where the thought ſeems to me every whit as magnified and dark at the firſt glance,

—But

— But her eyes ———
How could he ſee to do them! having done one,
Methinks it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſhed. ———

This paſſage is taken from the Merchant of Venice, which will appear the more beautiful, the more it is conſidered.

Another paſſage which Mr. Pope is pleaſed to be merry with, is in a ſpeech of Violante's;

Wax! render up thy truſt.——

This, in his Engliſh is open the letter; and he facetiouſly mingles it with ſome pompous inſtances, moſt I believe of his own framing; which in plain terms ſignify no more than, See, whoſe there; ſnuff the candle; uncork the bottle; chip the bread; to ſhew how ridiculous actions of no conſequence are, when too much exalted in the diction. This he brings under a figure, which he calls the Buſkin, or Stately. But we'll examine circumſtances fairly, and then we ſhall ſee which is moſt ridiculous; the phraſe, or our ſagacious cenſurer.

Violante is newly debauched by Henriquez, on his ſolemn promiſe of marrying her: She thinks he is returning to his father's court, as he told her, for a ſhort time; and expects no letter from him. His ſervant who brings the letter, contradicts his maſter's going for court; and tells her he is gone ſome two months progreſs another way, upon a change of purpoſe. She who knew what conceſſions ſhe had made to him, declares herſelf by ſtarts, under the greateſt agonies; and immediately upon the ſervant leaving her, expreſſes an equal impatience, and fear of the contents of this unexpected letter.

To hearts like mine, ſuſpence is miſery.
Wax! render up thy truſt,——Be the contents
Proſperous, or fatal, they are all my due.

Now

Now Mr. Pope ſhews us his profound judgment in dramatical paſſions; thinks a lady in her circumſtances cannot without abſurdity open a letter that ſeems to her as ſurprize, with any more preparation than the moſt unconcerned perſon alive ſhould a common letter by the penny-poſt. I am aware Mr. Pope may reply, his cavil was not againſt the action itſelf of addreſſing to the wax, but of exalting that action in the terms. In this point I may fairly ſhelter myſelf under the judgment of a man, whoſe character in poetry will vie with any rival this age ſhall produce.

Mr. Dryden in his Eſſay on Dramatic Poetry, tells us. 'That when from the moſt elevated 'thoughts of verſe, we paſs to thoſe which are 'moſt mean, and which are common with the low-'eſt houſhold converſation; yet ſtill there is a 'choice to be made of the beſt words, and the leaſt 'vulgar (provided they be apt) to expreſs ſuch 'thoughts. Our language, ſays he, is noble, full, 'and ſignificant; and I know not, why he who is 'maſter of it, may not cloath ordinary things in 'it, as decently as the Latin, if we uſe the ſame 'diligence in the choice of words.'

I come now to the laſt quotation, which in our examiner's handling, falls under this predicament of *being a thought aſtoniſhingly out of the way of common ſenſe.*

None but himſelf can be his parallel.

This, he hints, may ſeem borrowed from the thought of that maſter of a ſhow in Smithfield, who wrote in large letters over the picture of his Elephant. *This is the greateſt Elephant in the world except himſelf.* I like the pleaſantry of the banter, but have no great doubt of getting clear from the ſeverity of it. The lines in the play ſtand thus.

Is

Is there a treachery like this in baſeneſs,
Recorded any where? It is the deepeſt;
None but itſelf can be its parallel.

I am not a little ſurprized, to find that our examiner at laſt is dwindled into a word-catcher. Literally ſpeaking, indeed, I agree with Mr. Pope, that nothing can be the parallel to itſelf; but allowing a little for the liberty of expreſſion, does it not plainly imply, that it is a treachery which ſtands ſingle for the nature of its baſeneſs, and has not its parallel on record; and that nothing but a treachery equal to it in baſeneſs can parallel it? If this were ſuch nonſenſe as Pope would willingly have it, it would be a very bad plea for me to alledge, as the truth is, that the line is in Shakeſpear's old copy; for I might have ſuppreſſed it. But I hope it is defenſible; at leaſt if examples can keep it in countenance. There is a piece of nonſenſe of the ſame kind in the Amphytrio of Plautus: Soſia having ſurvey'd Mercury from top to toe, finds him ſuch an exact reſemblance of himſelf, in dreſs, ſhape, and features, that he cries out,

Tam conſimil' eſt, atq; ego.

That is, he is as like me, as I am to myſelf. Now I humbly conceive, in ſtrictneſs of expreſſion a man can no more be like himſelf, than a thing its own parallel. But to confine myſelf to Shakeſpear. I doubt not but I can produce ſome ſimilar paſſages from him, which literally examined, are ſtark nonſenſe; and yet taken with a candid latitude have never appeared ridiculous. Mr. Pope would ſcarce allow one man to ſay to another. 'Compare and 'weigh your miſtreſs with your miſtreſs; and I 'grant ſhe is a very fair woman; but compare her 'with ſome other woman that I could name, and

'the

'the caſe will be very much altered.' Yet the very ſubſtance of this, is ſaid by Shakeſpear, in Romeo and Juliet; and Mr. Pope has not degraded it as any abſurdity, or unworthy of the author.

Pho! pho! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by;
HERSELF poiz'd with HERSELF in either eye.
But, &c.

Or, what ſhall we ſay of the three following quotations.

ROMEO and JULIET.

——Oh! ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint.

WINTER'S TALE.

—— For *Cogitation*
Reſides not in the man *that does not think.*

HAMLET.

——Try what repentance can, what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one *cannot repent.*

Who does not ſee at once, the heavieſt foot that ever trod cannot wear out the everlaſting flint? or that he who does not think has no thoughts in him? or that repentance can avail nothing when a man has not repentance? yet let theſe paſſages appear, with a caſting weight of allowance, and their abſurdity will not be ſo extravagant, as when examined by the literal touchſtone. ——

Your's, &c.

LEWIS THEOBALD.

By peruſing the above, the reader will be enabled to diſcern whether Mr. Pope has wantonly ridiculed the paſſages in queſtion; or whether Mr. Theobald has,

has, from a ſuperſtitious zeal for the memory of Shakeſpear, defended abſurdities, and palliated extravagant blunders.

The ingenious Mr. Dodd, who has lately favoured the public with a judicious collection of the beauties of Shakeſpear, has quoted a beautiful ſtroke of Mr. Theobald's, in his Double Falſehood, upon muſic.

——— Strike up, my maſters;
But touch the ſtrings with a religious ſoftneſs;
Teach ſounds to languiſh thro' the night's dull ear,
'Till Melancholy ſtart from her lazy couch,
And careleſſneſs grow concert to attention.
ACT I. SCENE III.

A gentleman of great judgment happening to commend theſe lines to Mr. Theobald, he aſſured him he wrote them himſelf, and only them in the whole play.

Mr. Theobald, beſides his edition of all Shakeſpear's plays, in which he corrected, with great pains and ingenuity, many faults which had crept into that great poet's writings, is the author of the following dramatic pieces.

I. The Perſian Princeſs, or the Royal Villain; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, printed in the year 1715. The author obſerves in his preface, this play was written and acted before he was full nineteen years old.

II. The Perfidious Brother; a Tragedy acted at the Theatre in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1716. This play is written on the model of Otway's Orphan; the ſcene is in a private family in Bruſſels.

III. Pan and Syrinx; an Opera of one act, performed on the Theatre in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1717.

IV. Decius

IV. Decius and Paulina, a Maſque; to which is added Muſical Entertainments, as performed at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in the Dramatic Opera of Circe.

V. Electra, a Tragedy; tranſlated from the Greek of Sophocles, with notes, printed in the year 1714, dedicated to Joſeph Addiſon, Eſq;

VI. Œdipus King of Thebes; a Tragedy tranſlated from Sophocles, with notes, tranſlated in the year 1715, dedicated to the earl of Rockingham.

VII. Plutus, or the World's Idol; a Comedy tranſlated from the Greek of Ariſtophanes, with notes, printed in the year 1715. The author has to this Tranſlation prefixed a Diſcourſe, containing ſome Account of Ariſtophanes, and his two Comedies of Plutus and the Clouds.

VIII. The Clouds, a Comedy; tranſlated from Ariſtophanes, with notes, printed in the year 1715.

IX. The Rape of Proſerpine; a Farce acted at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1727.

X. The Fatal Secret; a Tragedy acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, 1725.

XI. The Vocal Parts of an Entertainment, called Apollo and Daphne, or the Burgo-Maſter Trick'd; performed at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1726.

XII. Double Falſehood; which we have already mentioned.

Mr. Theobald's other Works are chiefly theſe.

The Gentleman's Library, containing Rules for Conduct in all Parts of Life, in 12mo. 1722.

The firſt Book of Homer's Odyſſey tranſlated, with notes, 8vo. 1716.

The Cave of Poverty, written in imitation of Shakeſpear.

Pindaric Ode on the Union, 1707.

A Poem ſacred to the Memory of Queen Anne, Folio 1714.

Tranſlations from Ovid's Metamorphoſes.

Lives of Antiochus, and Berenice, from the French, 1717.

Mr.

The Revd. Dr. SAMUEL CROXALL,

THE celebrated author of the Fair Circaſſian, was ſon of the revd. Mr. Samuel Croxall, rector of Hanworth, Middleſex, and vicar of Walton upon Thames in Surry, in the laſt of which places our author was born. He received his early education at Eton ſchool, and from thence was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge. Probably while he was at the univerſity, he became enamoured of Mrs. Anna Maria Mordaunt, who firſt inſpired his breaſt with love, and to whom he dedicates the poem of the Circaſſian, for which he has been ſo much diſtinguiſhed. This dedication is indeed the characteriſtic of a youth in love, but then it likewiſe proves him altogether unacquainted with the world, and with that eaſineſs of addreſs which diſtinguiſhes a gentleman. A recluſe ſcholar may be paſſionately in love, but he diſcovers it by ſtrains of bombaſt, and forced alluſions, of which this dedication is a very lively inſtance.

'The language of the Fair Circaſſian, ſays he, 'like yours, was natural poetry; her voice 'muſic, and the excellent colouring and forma- 'tion of her features, painting; but ſtill, like 'yours, drawn by the inimitable pencil of nature, 'life itſelf; a pattern for the greateſt maſter, but 'copying after none; I will not ſay angels are 'not caſt in the ſame mould.' And again in another place, 'Pardon, O lovely deity, the preſump-

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'tion of this addreſs, and favour my weak endea-
'vours. If my confeſſion of your divine power
'is any where too faint, believe it not to proceed
'from a want of due reſpect, but of a capacity
'more than human. Whoever thinks of you can
'no longer be himſelf; and if he could, ought
'to be ſomething above man to celebrate the ac-
'compliſhment of a goddeſs. To you I owe my
'creation as a lover, and in the beams of your
'beauty only I live, move, and exiſt. If there
'ſhould be a ſuſpenſion of your charms, I ſhould
'fall to nothing. But it ſeems to be out of your
'power to deprive us of their kind influence;
'wherever you ſhine they fill all our hearts, and
'you are charming out of neceſſity, as the author
'of nature is good.' We have quoted enough to ſhew the enthuſiaſm, or rather phrenzy, of this addreſs, which is written in ſuch a manner as if it were intended for a burleſque on the Falſe Sublime, as the ſpeeches of James I. are upon pedantry.

Mr. Croxall, who was intended for holy orders, and, probably, when he publiſhed the Circaſſian, had really entered into them, was cautious leſt he ſhould be known to be the author of this piece, ſince many divines have eſteemed the Song of Solomon, from which it is taken, as an inſpired poem, emblematic of the Meſſiah and the Church. Our author was of another opinion, and with him almoſt all ſenſible men join, in believing that it is no more than a beautiful poem, compoſed by that Eaſtern monarch, upon ſome favourite lady in his Seraglio. He artfully introduces it with a preface, in which he informs us, that it was the compoſition of a young gentleman, his pupil, lately deceaſed, executed by him, while he was influenced by that violent paſſion with which Mrs. Mordaunt inſpired him. He then endeavours to aſcertain who this Eaſtern beauty was, who had charms to enflame the heart of the royal poet. He is of opinion it

could not be Pharaoh's daughter, as has been commonly conjectured, because the bride in the Canticles is characterised as a private person, a shepherdess, one that kept a vineyard, and was ill used by her mother's children, all which will agree very well with somebody else, but cannot, without great straining, be drawn to fit the Egyptian Princess. He then proceeds, 'seeing we 'have so good reason to conclude that it was not 'Pharaoh's daughter, we will next endeavour to 'shew who she was: and here we are destitute of 'all manner of light, but what is afforded us by 'that little Arabian manuscript, mentioned in the 'Philosophical Transactions of Amsterdam, 1558, 'said to be found in a marble chest among the 'ruins of Palmyra, and presented to the university of Leyden by Dr. Hermanus Hoffman. The 'contents of which are something in the nature 'of Memoirs of the Court of Solomon; giving a 'sufficient account of the chief offices and posts in 'his household; of the several funds of the royal 'revenue; of the distinct apartments of his palace there; of the different Seraglios, being fifty two in number in that one city. Then there 'is an account given of the Sultanas; their manner of treatment and living; their birth and 'country, with some touches of their personal endowments, how long they continued in favour, 'and what the result was of the King's fondness 'for each of them. Among these, there is particular mention made of a slave of more exceeding beauty than had ever been known before; 'at whose appearance the charms of all the rest 'vanished like stars before the morning sun; that 'the King cleaved to her with the strongest affection, and was not seen out of the Seraglio, 'where she was kept, for about a month. That 'she was taken captive, together with her mother, 'out of a vineyard, on the Coast of Circassia, 'by

'by a Corſair of Hiram King of Tyre, and 'brought to Jeruſalem. It is ſaid, ſhe was placed 'in the ninth Seraglio, to the eaſt of Palmyra, 'which, in the Hebrew tongue, is called Tadmor; 'which, without further particulars, are ſufficient 'to convince us that this was the charming per- 'ſon, ſung with ſo much rapture by the Royal 'poet, and in the recital of whoſe amour he 'ſeems ſo tranſported. For ſhe ſpeaks of herſelf 'as one that kept a vineyard, and her mother's 'introducing her in one of the gardens of plea- 'ſure (as it ſeems ſhe did at her firſt preſenting her 'to the King) is here diſtinctly mentioned. The 'manuſcript further takes notice, that ſhe was 'called Saphira, from the heavenly blue of her 'eyes.'

Notwithſtanding the caution with which Mr. Croxall publiſhed the Fair Circaſſian, yet it was ſome years after known to be his. The ſucceſs it met with, which was not indeed above its deſert, was perhaps too much for vanity (of which authors are ſeldom entirely diveſted) to reſiſt, and he might be betrayed into a confeſſion, from that powerful principle, of what otherwiſe would have remained concealed.

Some years after it was publiſhed, Mr. Cragg, one of the miniſters of the city of Edinburgh, gave the world a ſmall volume of ſpiritual poems, in one of which he takes occaſion to complain of the proſtitution of genius, and that few poets have ever turned their thoughts towards religious ſubjects; and mentions the author of the Circaſſian with great indignation, for having proſtituted his Muſe to the purpoſes of lewdneſs, in converting the Song of Solomon (a work, as he thought it, of ſacred inſpiration) into an amorous dialogue between a King and his miſtreſs. His words are,

Curſs'd be he that the Circaſſian wrote,
Periſh his fame, contempt be all his lot,
Who baſely durſt in execrable ſtrains,
Turn holy myſteries into impious ſcenes.

The revd. gentleman met with ſome remonſtrances from his friends, for indulging ſo ſplenetic a temper, when he was writing in the cauſe of religion, as to wiſh any man accurſed. Of this cenſure he was not inſenſible; in the next edition of his poems, he ſoftened the ſarcaſm, by declaring, in a note, that he had no enmity to the author's perſon, and that when he wiſhed him accurſed, he meant not the man, but the author, which are two very diſtinct conſiderations; for an author may be accurſed, that is, damned to fame, while the man may be in as fair a way to happineſs as any body; but, continues he, I ſhould not have expected ſuch prophanation from a clergyman.

The Circaſſian, however, is a beautiful poem, the numbers are generally ſmooth, and there is a tender delicacy in the dialogue, though greatly inferior to the noble original.

Mr. Croxall had not long quitted the univerſity, e'er he was inſtituted to the living of Hampton in Middleſex; and afterwards to the united pariſhes of St. Mary Somerſet, and St. Mary Mounthaw, in the city of London, both which he held 'till his death. He was alſo chancellor, prebend, and canon reſidentiary and portioniſt of the church of Hereford. Towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne he publiſhed two original Cantos, in imitation of Spenſer's Fairy Queen, which were meant as a ſatire on the earl of Oxford's adminiſtration. In the year 1715 he addreſſed a poem to the duke of Argyle, upon his obtaining a Victory over the Rebels, and the ſame year publiſhed The Viſion, a poem, addreſſed to the earl of Halifax.

Halifax. He was concerned, with many others, in the tranſlation of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, of which the following were performed by him:

The Story of Niſus and Scylla, from the ſixth Book.

The Labyrinth, and Dædalus and Icarus, from the eighth Book.

Part of the Fable of Cypariſſus from the tenth Book.

Moſt part of the eleventh Book, and The Funeral of Memnon, from the thirteenth Book.

He likewiſe performed an entire Tranſlation of Æſop's Fables.

Subjoined to the Fair Circaſſian are ſeveral Poems addreſſed to Sylvia; Naked Truth, from the ſecond Book of Ovid's Faſtorum; Heathen Prieſtcraft, from the firſt Book of Ovid's Faſtorum; A Midſummer's Wiſh; and an Ode on Florinda, ſeen while ſhe was Bathing. He is alſo author of a curious work, in one Volume Octavo, entitled Scripture Politics: being a view of the original conſtitution, and ſubſequent revolutions in the government of that people, out of whom the Saviour of the World was to ariſe: As it is contained in the Bible.

In conſequence of his ſtrong attachment to the Whig intereſt, he was made archdeacon of Salop 1732, and chaplain in ordinary to his preſent Majeſty.

As late as the year 1750, Dr. Croxall publiſhed a poem called The Royal Manual, in the preface to which he endeavours to ſhew, that it was compoſed by Mr. Andrew Marvel, and found amongſt his MSS. but the proprietor declares, that it was written by Dr. Croxall himſelf. This was the laſt of his performances, for he died the year following, in a pretty advanced age. His abilities, as a poet, we cannot better diſplay, than by the ſpecimen we are about to quote.

On FLORINDA, Seen while she was Bathing.

'TWAS summer, and the clear resplendent moon
Shedding far o'er the plains her full-orb'd light,
Among the lesser stars distinctly shone,
Despoiling of its gloom the scanty night,
When, walking forth, a lonely path I took
Nigh the fair border of a purling brook.

Sweet and refreshing was the midnight air,
Whose gentle motions hush'd the silent grove;
Silent, unless when prick'd with wakeful care
Philomel warbled out her tale of love:
While blooming flowers, which in the meadows grew,
O'er all the place their blended odours threw.

Just by, the limpid river's crystal wave,
Its eddies gilt with Phœbe's silver ray,
Still as it flow'd a glittering lustre gave
With glancing gleams that emulate the day;
Yet oh! not half so bright as those that rise
Where young Florinda bends her smiling eyes.

Whatever pleasing views my senses meet,
Her intermingled charms improve the theme;
The warbling birds, the flow'rs that breath so sweet,
And the soft surface of the dimpled stream,
Resembling in the nymph some lovely part,
With pleasures more exalted seize my heart.

Rapt in these thoughts I negligently rov'd,
Imagin'd transports all my soul employ,
When the delightful voice of her I lov'd
Sent thro' the Shades a sound of real joy.
Confus'd

Confus'd it came, with giggling laughter mixt,
And echo from the banks reply'd betwixt.

Inſpir'd with hope, upborn with light deſire,
To the dear place my ready footſteps tend,
Quick, as when kindling trails of active fire
Up to their native firmament aſcend:
There ſhrouded in the briers unſeen I ſtood,
And thro' the leaves ſurvey'd the neighb'ring flood.

Florinda, with two ſiſter nymphs, undreſt,
Within the channel of the cooly tide,
By bathing ſought to ſooth her virgin breaſt,
Nor could the night her dazzling beauties hide;
Her features, glowing with eternal bloom,
Darted, like Heſper, thro' the duſky gloom.

Her hair bound backward in a ſpiral wreath
Her upper beauties to my ſight betray'd;
The happy ſtream concealing thoſe beneath,
Around her waſte with circling waters play'd;
Who, while the fair one on his boſom ſported,
Her dainty limbs with liquid kiſſes courted.

A thouſand Cupids with their infant arms
Swam padling in the current here and there;
Some, with ſmiles innocent, remark'd the charms
Of the regardleſs undeſigning fair;
Some, with their little Eben bows full-bended,
And levell'd ſhafts, the naked girl defended.

Her eyes, her lips, her breaſts exactly round,
Of lilly hue, unnumber'd arrows ſent;
Which to my heart an eaſy paſſage found,
Thrill'd in my bones, and thro' my marrow went:
Some bubbling upward thro' the water came,
Prepar'd by fancy to augment my flame.

Ah love! how ill I bore thy pleaſing pain!
For while the tempting ſcene ſo near I view'd,
A fierce impatience throb'd in every vein,
Diſcretion fled and reaſon lay ſubdu'd;
My blood beat high, and with its trembling made
A ſtrange commotion in the ruſtling ſhade.

Fear ſeiz'd the tim'rous Naiads, all aghaſt
Their boding ſpirits at the omen ſink,
Their eyes they wildly on each other caſt,
And meditate to gain the farther brink;
When in I plung'd, reſolving to aſſwage
In the cool gulph love's importuning rage.

Ah, ſtay Florinda (ſo I meant to ſpeak)
Let not from love the lovelieſt object fly!
But ere I ſpoke, a loud combining ſqueak
From ſhrilling voices pierc'd the diſtant ſky:
When ſtraight, as each was their peculiar care,
Th' immortal pow'rs to bring relief prepare.

A golden cloud deſcended from above,
Like that which whilom hung on Ida's brow,
Where Juno, Pallas, and the queen of love,
As then to Paris, were conſpicuous now.
Each goddeſs ſeiz'd her fav'rite charge, and threw
Around her limbs a robe of azure hue.

But Venus, who with pity ſaw my flame
Kindled by her own Amoret ſo bright,
Approv'd in private what ſhe ſeem'd to blame.
And bleſs'd me with a viſion of delight:
Careleſs ſhe dropt Florinda's veil aſide,
That nothing might her choiceſt beauties hide.

I ſaw

I ſaw Elyſium and the milky way
  Fair-opening to the ſhades beneath her breaſt;
In Venus' lap the ſtruggling wanton lay,
  And, while ſhe ſtrove to hide, reveal'd the reſt.
A mole, embrown'd with no unſeemly grace,
Grew near, embelliſhing the ſacred place.

So pleas'd I view'd, as one fatigu'd with heat,
  Who near at hand beholds a ſhady bower,
Joyful, in hope amidſt the kind retreat
  To ſhun the day-ſtar in his noon-tide hour;
Or as when parch'd with droughty thirſt he ſpies
A moſſy grot whence pureſt waters riſe.

So I Florinda——but beheld in vain:
  Like Tantalus, who in the realms below
Sees bluſhing fruits, which to increaſe his pain,
  When he attempts to eat, his taſte forego.
O Venus! give me more, or let me drink
Of Lethe's fountain, and forget to think.

The Revd. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT,

THE celebrated tranſlator of Virgil, was born in the year 1699. He received his early education in the college near Wincheſter; and in 1719 was removed from thence to new college in Oxford. When he had ſtudied there four years, he was preferred to the living of Pimperne in Dorſetſhire, by his friend and relation, Mr. George Pitt; which he held during the remaining part of his life. While he was at the univerſity, he poſſeſſed the affection and eſteem of all who knew him; and was particularly diſtinguiſhed by that great poet Dr. Young, who ſo much admired the early diſplays of his genius, that with an engaging familiarity he uſed to call him his ſon.

Amongſt the firſt of Mr. Pitt's performances which ſaw the light, were a panegyric on lord Stanhope, and a poem on the Plague of Marſeilles: But he had two large Folio's of MS. Poems, very fairly written out, while he was a ſchool-boy, which at the time of election were delivered to the examiners. One of theſe volumes contained an entire tranſlation of Lucan; and the other conſiſted of Miſcellaneous pieces. Mr. Pitt's Lucan has never been publiſhed; perhaps from the conſideration of its being the production of his early life, or from a conſciouſneſs of its not equalling the tranſlation of that author by Rowe, who executed this taſk in the meridian of his genius. Several of his other pieces were publiſhed afterwards, in his volume of Miſcellaneous Poems.

The

The ingenious writer of the Student hath obliged the world by inſerting in that work ſeveral original pieces by Mr. Pitt; whoſe name is prefixed to them.

Next to his beautiful Tranſlation of Virgil, Mr. Pitt gained the greateſt reputation by rendering into Engliſh, Vida's Art of Poetry, which he has executed with the ſtricteſt attention to the author's ſenſe, with the utmoſt elegance of verſification, and without ſuffering the noble ſpirit of the original to be loſt in his tranſlation.

This amiable poet died in the year 1748, without leaving one enemy behind him. On his tombſtone were engraved theſe words,

"He lived innocent, and died beloved."

Mr. Auditor Benſon, who in a pamphlet of his writing, has treated Dryden's tranſlation of Virgil with great contempt, was yet charmed with that by Mr. Pitt, and found in it ſome beauties, of which he was fond even to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Alliteration is one of thoſe beauties Mr. Benſon ſo much admired, and in praiſe of which he has a long diſſertation in his letters on tranſlated verſe. He once took an opportunity, in converſation with Mr. Pitt, to magnify that beauty, and to compliment him upon it. Mr. Pitt thought this article far leſs conſiderable than Mr. Benſon did; but ſays he, 'ſince you are ſo fond of 'alliteration, the following couplet upon Cardinal 'Woolſey will not diſpleaſe you,

'Begot by butchers, but by biſhops bred,
'How high his honour holds his haughty head.

Benſon was no doubt charmed to hear his favourite grace in poetry ſo beautifully exemplified, which it certainly is, without any affectation or ſtiffneſs.

Waller thought this a beauty; and Dryden was very fond of it. Some late writers, under the notion of imitating theſe two great verſifiers in this point, run into downright affectation, and are guilty of the moſt improper and ridiculous expreſſions, provided there be but an alliteration. It is very remarkable, that an affectation of this beauty is ridiculed by Shakeſpear, in Love's Labour Loſt, Act II. where the Pedant Holofernes ſays,

I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility.———

The praiſeful princeſs pierced, and prickt.——

Mr. Upton, in his letter concerning Spencer, obſerves, that alliteration is ridiculed too in Chaucer, in a paſſage which every reader does not underſtand.

The Ploughman's Tale is written, in ſome meaſure, in imitation of Pierce's Ploughman's Viſions; and runs chiefly upon ſome one letter, or at leaſt many ſtanza's have this affected iteration, as

A full ſterne ſtrieſe is ſtirr'd now,——
For ſome be grete grown on grounde.

When the Parſon therefore in his order comes to tell his tale, which reflected on the clergy, he ſays,

——— I am a ſouthern man,
I cannot jeſt, rum, ram, ruff, by letter,
And God wote, rime hold I but little better.

Ever ſince the publication of Mr. Pitt's verſion of the Æneid, the learned world has been divided concerning the juſt proportion of merit, which ought

to

to be aſcribed to it. Some have made no ſcruple in defiance of the authority of a name, to prefer it to Dryden's, both in exactneſs, as to his author's ſenſe, and even in the charms of poetry. This perhaps, will be beſt diſcovered by producing a few ſhining paſſages of the Æneid, tranſlated by theſe two great maſters.

In biographical writing, the firſt and moſt eſſential principal is candour, which no reverence for the memory of the dead, nor affection for the virtues of the living ſhould violate. The impartiality which we have endeavoured to obſerve through this work, obliges us to declare, that ſo far as our judgment may be truſted, the latter poet has done moſt juſtice to Virgil; that he ſhines in Pitt with a luſtre, which Dryden wanted not power, but leiſure to beſtow; and a reader, from Pitt's verſion, will both acquire a more intimate knowledge of Virgil's meaning, and a more exalted idea of his abilities.——Let not this detract from the high repreſentations we have endeavoured in ſome other places to make of Dryden. When he undertook Virgil, he was ſtooping with age, oppreſſed with wants, and conflicting with infirmities. In this ſituation, it was no wonder that much of his vigour was loſt; and we ought rather to admire the amazing force of genius, which was ſo little depreſſed under all theſe calamities, than induſtriouſly to dwell on his imperfections.

Mr. Spence in one of his chapters on Allegory, in his Polymetis, has endeavoured to ſhew, how very little our poets have underſtood the allegories of the antients, even in their tranſlations of them; and has inſtanced Mr. Dryden's tranſlation of the Æneid, as he thought him one of our moſt celebrated poets. The miſtakes are very numerous, and ſome of them unaccountably groſs. Upon this,

ſays

ſays Mr. Warton, " I was deſirous to examine " Mr. Pitt's tranſlation of the ſame paſſages; and " was ſurprized to find near fifty inſtances which " Mr. Spence has given of Dryden's miſtakes of " that kind, when Mr. Pitt had not fallen into " above three or four." Mr. Warton then produces ſome inſtances, which we ſhall not here tranſcribe, as it will be more entertaining to our readers to have a few of the moſt ſhining paſſages compared, in which there is the higheſt room for riſing to a blaze of poetry.

There are few ſtrokes in the whole Æneid, which have been more admired than Virgil's deſcription of the Lake of Avernus, Book VI.

Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtoque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris;
Quam ſuper haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis; talis ſeſe halitus atris,
Faucibus effundens ſupera ad convexa ferebat:
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon.
Quatuor hic primum nigrantes terga juvencos
Conſtituit, frontique invergit vina ſacerdos;
Et, ſummas carpens media inter cornua ſetas,
Ignibus imponit ſacris libamina prima,
Voce vocans Hecaten, cæloque ereboque potentem.

DRYDEN.

Deep was the cave; and downward as it went,
From the wide mouth, a rocky wide deſcent;
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends;
And there th' innavigable lake extends.
O'er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight;
Such deadly ſtenches from the depth ariſe,
And ſteaming ſulphur that infects the ſkies.

From hence the Grecian bards their legends [make,
And give the name Aornus to the lake.
Four ſable bullocks in the yoke untaught,
For ſacrifice, the pious hero brought.
The prieſteſs pours the wine betwixt their horns:
Then cuts the curling hair, that firſt oblation [burns,
Invoking Hecate hither to repair;
(A powerful name in hell and upper air.)

PITT.

Deep, deep, a cavern lies, devoid of light,
All rough with rocks, and horrible to ſight;
Its dreadful mouth is fenc'd with ſable floods,
And the brown horrors of ſurrounding woods.
From its black jaws ſuch baleful vapours riſe,
Blot the bright day, and blaſt the golden ſkies,
That not a bird can ſtretch her pinions there,
Thro' the thick poiſons, and incumber'd air,
But ſtruck by death, her flagging pinions ceaſe;
And hence Aornus was it call'd by Greece.
Hither the prieſteſs, four black heifers led,
Between their horns the hallow'd wine ſhe ſhed;
From their high front the topmoſt hairs ſhe drew,
And in the flames the firſt oblations threw.
Then calls on potent Hecate, renown'd
In Heav'n above, and Erebus profound.

The next inſtance we ſhall produce, in which, as in the former, Mr. Pitt has greatly exceeded Dryden, is taken from Virgil's deſcription of Elyſium, which ſays Dr. Trap is ſo charming, that it is almoſt Elyſium to read it.

His

His demum exactis, perfecto munere divæ,
Devenere locos lætos, & amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, ſedeſque beatas.
Largior hic campos æther & lumine veſtit
Purpureo; ſolemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt.
Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris,
Contendunt ludo, & fulva luctantur arena:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
Necnon Threicius longa cum veſte ſacerdos
Obloquitur numeris ſeptem diſcrimina vocum:
Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectine pulſat eburno.

PITT.

Theſe rites compleat, they reach the flow'ry plains,
The verdant groves, where endleſs pleaſure reigns.
Here glowing Æther ſhoots a purple ray,
And o'er the region pours a double day.
From ſky to ſky th' unwearied ſplendour runs,
And nobler planets roll round brighter ſuns.
Some wreſtle on the ſands, and ſome in play
And games heroic paſs the hours away.
Thoſe raiſe the ſong divine, and theſe advance
In meaſur'd ſteps to form the ſolemn dance.
There Orpheus graceful in his long attire,
In ſeven diviſions ſtrikes the ſounding lyre;
Acroſs the chords the quivering quill he flings,
Or with his flying fingers ſweeps the ſtrings.

DRYDEN.

Theſe holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
Where long extended plains of pleaſure lay.
The verdant fields with thoſe of heav'n may vie;
With Æther veſted, and a purple ſky:
The bliſsful ſeats of happy ſouls below;
Stars of their own, and their own ſuns they know.

Their

Their airy limbs in ſports they exerciſe,
And on the green contend the wreſtlers prize.
Some in heroic verſe divinely ſing,
Others in artful meaſures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard ſurrounded by the reſt,
There ſtands conſpicuous in his flowing veſt.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike ſeven diſtinguiſh'd notes, and ſeven at once they fill.

In the celebrated deſcription of the ſwiftneſs of Camilla in the VIIth Æneid, which Virgil has laboured with ſo much induſtry, Dryden is more equal to Pitt than in the foregoing inſtances, tho' we think even in this he falls ſhort of him.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter; celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

DRYDEN.

——The fierce virago fought, ——
Outſtrip'd the winds, in ſpeed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She ſwept the ſeas, and as ſhe ſkim'd along,
Her flying feet, unbath'd, on billows hung.

PITT.

She led the rapid race, and left behind,
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind;
Lightly ſhe flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender graſs, nor bends the golden grain;
Or o'er the ſwelling ſurge ſuſpended ſweeps,
And ſmoothly ſkims unbath'd along the deeps.

We

We ſhall produce one paſſage of a very different kind from the former, that the reader may have the pleaſure of making the compariſon. This is the celebrated ſimile in the XIth Book, when the fiery eagerneſs of Turnus panting for the battle, is reſembled to that of a Steed; which is perhaps one of the moſt picturesque beauties in the whole Æneid.

Qualis, ubi abruptis fugit præſepia vinc'lis,
Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto;
Aut ille in paſtus armentaque tendit equarum,
Aut aſſuetus aquæ perfundi flumine noto
Emicat; arrectiſque fremit cervicibus alte
Luxurians, luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos.

DRYDEN.

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains:
Or in the pride of youth, o'erleaps the mounds,
And ſnuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or ſeeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirſt, and cool his fiery blood:
He ſwims luxuriant in the liquid plain;
And o'er his ſhoulders flows his waving main.
He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample cheſt, the frothy waters fly.

PITT.

So the gay pamper'd ſteed with looſen'd reins,
Breaks from the ſtall, and pours along the plains;
With large ſmooth ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
Bathes his bright ſides, and cools his fiery blood;
Neighs as he flies, and toſſing high his head,
Snuffs the fair females in the diſtant mead;
At every motion o'er his neck reclin'd,
Plays his redundant main, and dances in the [wind.

From

From the above ſpecimens, our readers may determine for themſelves to whoſe tranſlation they would give the preference. Critics, like hiſtorians, ſhould diveſt themſelves of prejudice: they ſhould never be miſguided by the authority of a great name, nor yield that tribute to preſcription, which is only due to merit. Mr. Pitt, no doubt, had many advantages above Dryden in this arduous province: As he was later in the attempt, he had conſequently the verſion of Dryden to improve upon. He ſaw the errors of that great poet, and avoided them; he diſcovered his beauties, and improved upon them; and as he was not impelled by neceſſity, he had leiſure to reviſe, correct, and finiſh his excellent work.

The Revd. and ingenious Mr. Joſeph Warton has given to the world a compleat edition of Virgil's works made Engliſh. The Æneid by Mr. Pitt: The Eclogues, Georgics, and notes on the whole, by himſelf; with ſome new obſervations by Mr. Holdſworth, Mr. Spence, and others. This is the compleateſt Engliſh dreſs, in which Virgil ever appeared. It is enriched with a diſſertation on the VIth Book of the Æneid, by Warburton. On the Shield of Æneas, by Mr. William Whitehead. On the Character of Japis, by the late Dr. Atterbury biſhop of Rocheſter; and three Eſſays on Paſtoral, Didactic, and Epic Poetry, by Mr. Warton.

Mr. HAMMOND.

THIS Gentleman, known to the world by the Love Elegies, which ſome years after his death were publiſhed by the Earl of Cheſterfield, was the ſon of a Turkey merchant, in the city of London.

London. We cannot aſcertain where he received his education; but it does not appear that he was at any of the univerſities. Mr. Hammond was early preferred to a place about the perſon of the late Prince of Wales, which he held till an unfortunate accident ſtript him of his reaſon, or at leaſt ſo affected his imagination, that his ſenſes were greatly diſordered. The unhappy cauſe of his calamity was a paſſion he entertained for one Miſs Daſhwood, which proved unſucceſsful. Upon this occaſion it was that he wrote his Love Elegies, which have been much celebrated for their tenderneſs. The lady either could not return his paſſion with a reciprocal fondneſs, or entertained too ambitious views to ſettle her affections upon him, which he himſelf in ſome of his Elegies ſeems to hint; for he frequently mentions her paſſion for gold and ſplendour, and juſtly treats it as very unworthy a fair one's boſom. The chief beauty of theſe Elegies certainly conſiſts in their being written by a man who intimately felt the ſubject; for they are more the language of the heart than of the head. They have warmth, but little poetry, and Mr. Hammond ſeems to have been one of thoſe poets, who are made ſo by love, not by nature.

Mr. Hammond died in the year 1743, in the thirty-firſt year of his age, at Stow, the ſeat of his kind patron, the lord Cobham, who honoured him with a particular intimacy. The editor of Mr. Hammond's Elegies obſerves, that he compoſed them before he was 21 years of age; a period, ſays he, when fancy and imagination commonly riot at the expence of judgment and correctneſs. He was ſincere in his love, as in his friendſhip; he wrote to his miſtreſs, as he ſpoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine ſentiments of his heart. Tibullus ſeems to have been the model our author judiciouſly preferred to Ovid; the

the former writing directly from the heart to the heart, the latter too often yielding and addreſſing himſelf to the imagination.

As a ſpecimen of Mr. Hammond's turn for Elegiac Poetry, we ſhall quote his third Elegy, in which he upbraids and threatens the avarice of Neæra, and reſolves to quit her.

Should Jove deſcend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents ſtream from every part,
That craving boſom ſtill would heave for more,
Not all the Gods cou'd ſatisfy thy heart.

But may thy folly, which can thus diſdain
My honeſt love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight-fire involve thy ſordid gain,
And on the ſhining heaps of rapine prey.

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom,
And when thou dy'ſt, may not one heart be [griev'd:
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deſerving, tender, gen'rous maid,
Whoſe only care is her poor lover's mind,
Tho' ruthleſs age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend ſhall find.

And when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead, ſhe ſeems as in a gentle ſleep,
The pitying neighbour ſhall her loſs deplore;
And round the bier aſſembled lovers weep.

With flow'ry garlands, each revolving year
Shall ſtrow the grave, where truth and ſoftneſs [reſt,
Then home returning drop the pious tear,
And bid the turff lie eaſy on her breaſt.

Mr. JOHN BANKS.

THIS poet was the ſon of Mr. John Banks of Sunning in Berkſhire, in which place he was born in 1709. His father dying while our author was very young, the care of his education devolved upon an uncle in law, who placed him at a private ſchool, under the tuition of one Mr. Belpene, an Anabaptiſt. This ſchoolmaſter, ſo far from encouraging young Banks to make a great progreſs in claſſical learning, exerted his influence with his relations to have him taken from ſchool, and repreſented him as incapable of receiving much erudition. This conduct in Mr. Belpene proceeded from an early jealouſy imbibed againſt this young man, who, ſo far from being dull, as the ſchool-maſter repreſented him, poſſeſſed extraordinary parts, of which he gave very early proofs.

Mr. Belpene was perhaps afraid, that as ſoon as Mr. Banks ſhould finiſh his education, he would be preferred to him as miniſter to the congregation of Anabaptiſts, which place he enjoyed, independent of his ſchool. The remonſtrances of Mr. Belpene prevailed with Mr. Banks's uncle, who took him from ſchool, and put him apprentice to a Weaver at Reading. Before the expiration of the apprenticeſhip, Mr. Banks had the misfortune to break his arm, and by that accident was diſqualified from purſuing the employment to which he was bred. How early Mr. Banks began to write we cannot determine, but probably the firſt ſallies of his wit were directed againſt this ſchool-maſter,

maſter, by whom he was injuriouſly treated, and by whoſe unwarrantable jealouſy his education, in ſome meaſure, was ruined. Our author, by the accident already mentioned, being rendered unfit to obtain a livelihood, by any mechanical employment, was in a ſituation deplorable enough. His uncle was either unable, or unwilling to aſſiſt him, or, perhaps, as the relation between them was only collateral, he had not a ſufficient degree of tenderneſs for him, to make any efforts in his favour. In this perplexity of our young poet's affairs, ten pounds were left him by a relation, which he very oeconomically improved to the beſt advantage. He came to London, and purchaſing a parcel of old books, he ſet up a ſtall in Spital-Fields.

Much about this time Stephen Duck, who had wrote a poem called The Threſher, reaped very great advantages from it, and was careſſed by perſons in power, who, in imitation of the Royal patroneſs, heaped favours upon him, perhaps more on account of the extraordinary regard Queen Caroline had ſhewn him, than any opinion of his merit. Mr. Banks conſidered that the ſucceſs of Mr. Duck was certainly owing to the peculiarity of his circumſtances, and that the novelty of a threſher writing verſes, was the genuine cauſe of his being taken notice of, and not any intrinſic excellence in the verſes themſelves. This reflexion inſpired him with a reſolution of making an effort of the ſame kind; but as curioſity was no more to be excited by novelty, the attempt was without ſucceſs. He wrote, in imitation of The Threſher, The Weaver's Miſcellany, which failed producing the intended effect, and, 'tis ſaid, never was reckoned by Mr. Banks himſelf as any way worthy of particular diſtinction. His buſineſs of ſelling books upon a ſtall becoming diſagreeable to him, as it demanded a conſtant and uncomfortable attendance, he quitted that way of life,

and

and was received into the ſhop of one Mr. Montague a bookbinder, and bookſeller, whom he ſerved ſome time as a journeyman. During the time he lived with Mr. Montague, he employed his leiſure hours in compoſing ſeveral poems, which were now ſwelled to ſuch a number, that he might ſollicit a ſubſcription for them with a good grace. He had taken care to improve his acquaintance, and as he had a power of diſtinguiſhing his company, he found his intereſt higher in the world than he had imagined. He addreſſed a poem to Mr. Pope, which he tranſmitted to that gentleman, with a copy of his propoſals incloſed. Mr. Pope anſwered his letter, and the civilities contained in it, by ſubſcribing for two ſetts of his poems, and 'tis ſaid he wrote to Mr. Banks the following compliment,

'May this put money in your purſe:
'For, friend, believe me, I've ſeen worſe.'

The publication of theſe poems, while they, no doubt, enhanced his intereſt, added likewiſe ſomething to his reputation; and quitting his employment at Mr. Montague's, he made an effort to live by writing only. He engaged in a large work in folio, entitled, The Life of Chriſt, which was very acceptable to the public, and was executed with much piety and preciſion.

Mr. Banks's next proſe work, of any conſiderable length, was A Critical Review of the Life of Oliver Cromwell. We have already taken notice that he received his education among the Anabaptiſts, and conſequently was attached to thoſe principles, and a favourer of that kind of conſtitution which Cromwell, in the firſt period of his power, meant to eſtabliſh. Of the many Lives of this great man, with which the biography of this nation has been augmented, perhaps not one is written with a true diſpaſſionate candour. Men are divided in their ſentiments concerning the meaſures which, at that critical Æra, were

were purſued by contending factions. The writers, who have undertaken to review thoſe unhappy times, have rather ſtruggled to defend a party, to which they may have been ſwayed by education or intereſt, than, by ſtripping themſelves of all partiality, to dive to the bottom of contentions in ſearch of truth. The heats of the Civil War produced ſuch animoſities, that the fervour which then prevailed, communicated itſelf to poſterity, and, though at the diſtance of a hundred years, has not yet ſubſided. It will be no wonder then if Mr. Banks's Review is not found altogether impartial. He has, in many caſes, very ſucceſsfully defended Cromwell; he has yielded his conduct, in others, to the juſt cenſure of the world. But were a Whig and a Tory to read this book, the former would pronounce him a champion for liberty, and the latter would declare him a ſubverter of truth, an enemy to monarchy, and a friend to that chaos which Oliver introduced.

Mr. Banks, by his early principles, was, no doubt, biaſſed to the Whig intereſt, and, perhaps, it may be true, that in tracing the actions of Cromwell, he may have dwelt with a kind of increaſing pleaſure on the bright ſide of his character, and but ſlightly hinted at thoſe facts on which the other party faſten, when they mean to traduce him as a parricide and an uſurper. But ſuppoſing the allegation to be true, Mr. Banks, in this particular, has only diſcovered the common failing of humanity: prejudice and partiality being blemiſhes from which the mind of man, perhaps, can never be entirely purged.

Towards the latter end of Mr. Banks's life, he was employed in writing two weekly news-papers, the Old England, and the Weſtminſter Journals. Thoſe papers treated chiefly on the politics of the times, and the trade and navigation of England. They were carried on by our author, without of-

fence to any party, with an honeſt regard to the public intereſt, and in the ſame kind of ſpirit, that works of that ſort generally are. Theſe papers are yet continued by other hands.

Mr. Banks had from nature very conſiderable abilities, and his poems deſervedly hold the ſecond rank. They are printed in two volumes 8vo. Beſides the poems contained in theſe volumes, there are ſeveral other poetical pieces of his ſcattered in news-papers, and other periodical works to which he was an occaſional contributer. He had the talent of relating a tale humorouſly in verſe, and his graver poems have both force of thinking, and elegance of numbers to recommend them.

Towards the ſpring of the year 1751 Mr. Banks, who had long been in a very indifferent ſtate of health, viſibly declined. His diſorder was of a nervous ſort, which he bore with great patience, and even with a chearful reſignation. This ſpring proved fatal to him; he died on the 19th of April at his houſe at Iſlington, where he had lived ſeveral years in eaſy circumſtances, by the produce of his pen, without leaving one enemy behind him.

Mr. Banks was a man of real good nature, of an eaſy benevolent diſpoſition, and his friends ever eſteemed him as a moſt agreeable companion. He had none of the petulance, which too frequently renders men of genius unacceptable to their acquaintance. He was of ſo compoſed a temper, that he was ſeldom known to be in a paſſion, and he wore a perpetual chearfulneſs in his countenance. He was rather baſhful, than forward; his addreſs did not qualify him for gay company, and though he poſſeſſed a very extenſive knowledge of things, yet, as he had not much

much grace of delivery, or elegance of manner, he could not make ſo good a figure in converſation, as many perſons of leſs knowledge, with a happier appearance. Of all authors Mr. Banks was the fartheſt removed from envy or malevolence. As he could not bear the leaſt whiſper of detraction, ſo he was never heard to expreſs uneaſineſs at the growing reputation of another; nor was he ever engaged in literary conteſts. We ſhall conclude this article in the words of lord Clarendon. 'He that lives ſuch a life, need be leſs anxious at 'how ſhort warning it is taken from him *.'

Mrs. Lætitia Pilkington.

THIS unfortunate poeteſs, the circumſtances of whoſe life, written by herſelf, have lately entertained the public, was born in the year 1712. She was the daughter of Dr. Van Lewen, a gentleman of Dutch extraction, who ſettled in Dublin. Her mother was deſcended of an ancient and honourable family, who have frequently intermarried with the nobility.

Mrs. Pilkington, from her earlieſt infancy, had a ſtrong diſpoſition to letters, and particularly to poetry. All her leiſure hours were dedicated to the muſes; from a reader ſhe quickly became a writer, and, as Mr. Pope expreſſes it,

'She liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.'

Her performances were conſidered as extraordinary for her years, and drew upon her the admi-

* See lord Clarendon's character of the lord Falkland.

ration of many, who found more pleaſure in her converſation, than that of girls generally affords. In conſequence of a poetical genius, and an engaging ſprightlineſs peculiar to her, ſhe had many wooers, ſome of whom ſeriouſly addreſſed her, while others meant no more than the common gallantries of young people. After the uſual ceremony of a courtſhip, ſhe became the wife of Mr. Matthew Pilkington, a gentleman in holy orders, and well known in the poetical world by his volume of Miſcellanies, reviſed by dean Swift. As we have few materials for Mrs. Pilkington's life, beſide thoſe furniſhed by herſelf in her Memoirs publiſhed in 1749, our readers muſt depend upon her veracity for ſome facts which we may be obliged to mention, upon her ſole authority.

Our poteſs, ſays ſhe, had not been long married, e'er Mr. Pilkington became jealous, not of her perſon, but her underſtanding. She was applauded by dean Swift, and many other perſons of taſte; every compliment that was paid her, gave a mortal ſtab to his peace. Behold the difference between the lover and the huſband! When Mr Pilkington courted her, he was not more enamoured of her perſon, than her poetry, he ſhewed her verſes to every body in the enthuſiaſm of admiration; but now he was become a huſband, it was a kind of treaſon for a wife to pretend to literary accompliſhments.

It is certainly true, that when a woman happens to have more underſtanding than her huſband, ſhe ſhould be very induſtrious to conceal it; but it is likewiſe true, that the natural vanity of the ſex is difficult to check, and the vanity of a poet ſtill more difficult: wit in a female mind can no more ceaſe to ſparkle, than ſhe who poſſeſſes it, can ceaſe to ſpeak. Mr. Pilkington began to view her with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes, and in this ſituation, nothing but miſery was likely to be their lot. While theſe jealouſies ſubſiſted, Mr. Pilkington,

ton, contrary to the advice of his friends, went into England, in order to ſerve as chaplain to alderman Barber during his mayoralty of the city of London.

While he remained in London, and having the ſtrange humour of loving his wife beſt at a diſtance, he wrote her a very kind letter, in which he informed her, that her verſes were like herſelf, full of elegance and beauty *; that Mr. Pope and others, to whom he had ſhewn them, longed to ſee the writer, and that he heartily wiſhed her in London. This letter ſet her heart on flame. London has very attractive charms to moſt young people, and it cannot be much wondered at if Mrs. Pilkington ſhould take the only opportunity ſhe was ever likely to have, of gratifying her curioſity: which however proved fatal to her; for though we cannot find, that during this viſit to London, her conduct was the leaſt reproachable, yet, upon her return to Ireland, ſhe underwent a violent perſecution of tongues. They who envied her abilities, faſtened now upon her morals; they were induſtrious to trace the motives of her going to London; her behaviour while ſhe was there; and inſinuated ſuſpicions againſt her chaſtity. Theſe detracters were chiefly of her own ſex, who ſupplied by the bittereſt malice what they wanted in power.

Not long after this an accident happened, which threw Mrs. Pilkington's affairs into the utmoſt confuſion. Her father was ſtabbed, as ſhe has related, by an accident, but many people in Dublin believe, by his own wife, though ſome ſay, by his own hand. Upon this melancholy occaſion, Mrs. Pilkington has given an account of her father, which places her in a very amiable light. She diſcovered for him the moſt filial tenderneſs; ſhe watched round his bed, and ſeems to have been the only relation then about him, who

* An extravagant compliment; for Mrs. Pilkington was far from being a beauty.

deſerved his bleſſing. From the death of her father her ſufferings begin, and the ſubſequent part of her life is a continued ſeries of misfortunes.

Mr. Pilkington having now no expectation of a fortune by her, threw off all reſerve in his behaviour to her. While Mrs. Pilkington was in the country for her health, his diſlike of her ſeems to have encreaſed, and, perhaps, he reſolved to get rid of his wife at any rate: nor was he long waiting for an occaſion of parting with her. The ſtory of their ſeparation may be found at large in her Memoirs. The ſubſtance is, that ſhe was ſo indiſcreet as to permit a gentleman to be found in her bed-chamber at an unſeaſonable hour; for which ſhe makes this apology. 'Lovers of learning I am ſure will pardon me, as I ſolemnly declare, it was the attractive charms of a new book, 'which the gentleman would not lend me, but 'conſented to ſtay till I read it through, that 'was the ſole motive of my detaining him.' This indeed is a poor evaſion; and as Mrs. Pilkington has ſaid no more in favour of her innocence, they muſt have great charity indeed with whom ſhe can ſtand exculpated.

While the gentleman was with her, the ſervants let in twelve men at the kitchen window, who, though they might, as ſhe avers, have opened the chamber door, choſe rather to break it to pieces, and took both her and the gentleman priſoners. Her huſband now told her, that ſhe muſt turn out of doors; and taking hold of her hand, made a preſent of it to the gentleman, who could not in honour refuſe to take her, eſpecially as his own liberty was to be procured upon no other terms. It being then two o'clock in the morning, and not knowing where to ſteer, ſhe went home with her gallant: but ſhe ſincerely aſſures us, that neither of them entertained a thought of any thing like love, but ſat like ſtatues 'till break of day.

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The gentleman who was found with her, was obliged to fly, leaving a letter and five guineas incloſed in it for her. She then took a lodging in ſome obſcure ſtreet, where ſhe was perſecuted by infamous women, who were panders to men of fortune.

In the mean time Mr. Pilkington carried on a vigorous proſecution againſt her in the Spiritual Court; during which, as ſhe ſays, he ſolemnly declared, he would allow her a maintainance, if ſhe never gave him any oppoſition: but no ſooner had he obtained a ſeparation, than he retracted every word he had ſaid on that ſubject. Upon this ſhe was adviſed to lodge an appeal, and as every one whom he conſulted, aſſured him he would be caſt, he made a propoſal of giving her a ſmall annuity, and thirty pounds * in money; which, in regard to her children, ſhe choſe to accept, rather than ruin their father. She was with child at the time of her ſeparation, and when her labour came on, the woman where ſhe lodged inſiſted upon doubling her rent: whereupon ſhe was obliged to write petitionary letters, which were not always ſucceſsful.

Having paſſed the pains and peril of childbirth, ſhe begged of Mr. Pilkington to ſend her ſome money to carry her to England; who, in hopes of getting rid of her, ſent her nine pounds. She was the more deſirous to leave Ireland, as ſhe found her character ſinking every day with the public. When ſhe was on board the yacht, a gentleman of figure in the gay world took an opportunity of making love to her, which ſhe rejected with ſome indignation. 'Had I (ſaid ſhe) 'accepted the offers he made me, poverty had ne-'ver approached me. I dined with him at Park-'gate, and I hope virtue will be rewarded; for 'though I had but five guineas in the world to car-

* Of which, ſhe ſays, ſhe received only 15 l.

'ry me to London, I yet poſſeſſed chaſtity enough 'to refuſe fifty for a night's lodging, and that 'too from a handſome well-bred man. I ſhall 'ſcarcely ever forget his words to me, as they 'ſeemed almoſt prophetic.' "Well, madam, ſaid "he, you do not know London; you will be un-"done there." "Why, ſir, ſaid I, I hope you "don't imagine I will go into a bad courſe of "life?" "No, madam, ſaid he, but I think you "will ſit in your chamber and ſtarve;" which, 'upon my word, I have been pretty near doing; 'and, but that the Almighty raiſed me one wor-'thy friend, good old Mr. Cibber, to whoſe hu-'manity I am indebted, under God, both for li-'berty and life, I had been quite loſt.'

When Mrs. Pilkington arrived in London, her conduct was the reverſe of what prudence would have dictated. She wanted to get into favour with the great, and, for that purpoſe, took a lodging in St. James's ſtreet, at a guinea a week; upon no other proſpect of living, than what might ariſe from ſome poems ſhe intended to publiſh by ſubſcription. In this place ſhe attracted the notice of the company frequenting White's Chocolate-Houſe; and her ſtory, by means of Mr. Cibber, was made known to perſons of the firſt diſtinction, who, upon his recommendation, were kind to her.

Her acquaintance with Mr. Cibber began by a preſent ſhe made him of The Trial of Conſtancy, a poem of hers, which Mr. Dodſley publiſhed. Mr. Cibber, upon this, viſited her, and, ever after, with the moſt unwearied zeal, promoted her intereſt. The reader cannot expect that we ſhould ſwell this volume by a minute relation of all the incidents which happened to her, while ſhe continued a poetical mendicant. She has not, without pride, related all the little tattle which paſſed between her and perſons of diſtinction, who,

through

through the abundance of their idleneſs, thought proper to trifle an hour with her.

Her virtue ſeems now to have been in a declining ſtate; at leaſt, her behaviour was ſuch, that a man muſt have extraordinary faith, who can think her innocent. She has told us, in the ſecond volume of her Memoirs, that ſhe received from a noble perſon a preſent of fifty pounds. This, ſhe ſays, was the ordeal, or fiery trial; youth, beauty, nobility of birth, attacking at once the moſt deſolate perſon in the world. However, we find her ſoon after this thrown into great diſtreſs, and making various applications to perſons of diſtinction for ſubſcriptions to her poems. Such as favoured her by ſubſcribing, ſhe has repaid with moſt laviſh encomiums, and thoſe that withheld that proof of their bounty, ſhe has ſacrificed to her reſentment, by exhibiting them in the moſt hideous light her imagination could form.

From the general account of her characters, this obſervation reſults, That ſuch as ſhe has ſtigmatized for want of charity, ought rather to be cenſured for want of decency. There might be many reaſons, why a perſon benevolent in his nature, might yet refuſe to ſubſcribe to her; but, in general, ſuch as refuſed, did it (as ſhe ſays) in a rude manner, and ſhe was more piqued at their deficiency in complaiſance to her, than their want of generoſity. Complaiſance is eaſily ſhewn; it may be done without expence; it often procures admirers, and can never make an enemy. On the other hand, benevolence itſelf, accompanied with a bad grace, may lay us under obligations, but can never command our affection. It is ſaid of King Charles I. that he beſtowed his bounty with ſo bad a grace, that he diſobliged more by giving, than his ſon by refuſing; and we have heard of a gentleman of great parts, who went to Newgate with a greater ſatisfaction, as the judge who committed him accompanied the

ſentence with an apology and a compliment, than he received from his releaſment by another, who, in extending the King's mercy to him, allayed the Royal clemency by ſevere invectives againſt the gentleman's conduct.

We muſt avoid entering into a detail of the many addreſſes, diſappointments, and encouragements, which ſhe met with in her attendance upon the great: her characters are naturally, ſometimes juſtly, and often ſtrikingly, exhibited. The incidents of her life while ſhe remained in London were not very important, though ſhe has related them with all the advantage they can admit of. They are ſuch as commonly happen to poets in diſtreſs, though it does not often fall out, that the inſolence of wealth meets with ſuch a bold return as this lady has given it. There is a ſpirit of keenneſs, and freedom runs through her book, ſhe ſpares no man becauſe he is great by his ſtation, or famous by his abilities. Some knowledge of the world may be gained from reading her Memoirs; the different humours of mankind ſhe has ſhewn to the life, and whatever was ridiculous in the characters ſhe met with, is expoſed in very lively terms.

The next ſcene which opens in Mrs. Pilkington's life, is the priſon of the Marſhalſea. The horrors and miſeries of this jail ſhe has pathetically deſcribed, in ſuch a manner as ſhould affect the heart of every rigid creditor. In favour of her fellow-priſoners, ſhe wrote a very moving memorial, which, we are told, excited the legiſlative power to grant an Act of Grace for them. After our poeteſs had remained nine weeks in this priſon, ſhe was at laſt releaſed by the goodneſs of Mr. Cibber, from whoſe repreſentation of her diſtreſs, no leſs than ſixteen dukes contributed a guinea apiece towards her enlargement. When this news was brought her, ſhe fainted away with exceſs of joy. Some time after ſhe had taſted liberty,

berty, ſhe began to be weary of that continued attendance upon the great; and therefore was reſolved, if ever ſhe was again favoured with a competent ſum, to turn it into trade, and quit the precarious life of a poetical mendicant. Mr. Cibber had five guineas in reſerve for her, which, with ten more ſhe received from the duke of Marlborough, enabled her to take a ſhop in St. James's Street, which ſhe filled with pamphlets and prints, as being a buſineſs better ſuited to her taſte and abilities, than any other. Her adventures, while ſhe remained a ſhopkeeper, are not extremely important. She has neglected to inform us how long ſhe continued behind the counter, but has told us, however, that by the liberality of her friends, and the bounty of her ſubſcribers, ſhe was ſet above want, and that the autumn of her days was like to be ſpent in peace and ſerenity.

But whatever were her proſpects, ſhe lived not long to enjoy the comforts of competence, for on the 29th of Auguſt, 1750, a few years after the publication of her ſecond volume, ſhe died at Dublin, in the thirty ninth year of her age.

Conſidered as a writer, ſhe holds no mean rank. She was the author of The Turkiſh Court, or The London Apprentice, acted at the theatre in Caple-ſtreet, Dublin, 1748, but never printed. This piece was poorly performed, otherwiſe it promiſed to have given great ſatisfaction. The firſt act of her tragedy of the Roman Father, is no ill ſpecimen of her talents that way, and throughout her Memoirs there are ſcattered many beautiful little pieces, written with a true ſpirit of poetry, though under all the diſadvantages that wit can ſuffer. Her memory ſeems to have been amazingly great, of which her being able to repeat almoſt all Shakeſpear is an aſtoniſhing inſtance.

One of the prettieſt of her poetical performances, is the following Addreſs to the reverend

Dr. Hales, with whom ſhe became acquainted at the houſe of captain Mead, near Hampton-Court.

To the Revd. Dr. HALES.

Hail, holy ſage! whoſe comprehenſive mind,
Not to this narrow ſpot of earth confin'd,
Thro' num'rous worlds can nature's laws explore,
Where none but Newton ever trod before;
And, guided by philoſophy divine,
See thro' his works th' Almighty Maker ſhine:
Whether you trace him thro' yon rolling ſpheres,
Where, crown'd with boundleſs glory, he ap-
[pears;
Or in the orient ſun's reſplendent rays,
His ſetting luſtre, or his noon-tide blaze,
New wonders ſtill thy curious ſearch attend,
Begun on earth, in higheſt Heav'n to end.
O! while thou doſt thoſe God-like works purſue,
What thanks, from human-kind to thee are due!
Whoſe error, doubt, and darkneſs, you remove,
And charm down knowledge from her throne a-
[bove.
Nature to thee her choiceſt ſecrets yields,
Unlocks her ſprings, and opens all her fields;
Shews the rich treaſure that her breaſt contains,
In azure fountains, or enamell'd plains;
Each healing ſtream, each plant of virtuous uſe,
To thee their medicinal pow'rs produce.
Pining diſeaſe and anguiſh wing their flight,
And roſy health renews us to delight.

When you, with art, the animal diſſect,
And, with the microſopic aid, inſpect,
Where, from the heart, unnumbered rivers glide,
And faithful back return their purple tide;
How fine the mechaniſm, by thee diſplay'd!
How wonderful is ev'ry creature made!
Veſſels,

Veſſels, too ſmall for ſight, the fluids ſtrain,
Concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate, ſuſtain;
In deep attention, and ſurprize, we gaze,
And to life's author, raptur'd, pour out praiſe.

What beauties doſt thou open to the ſight,
Untwiſting all the golden threads of light!
Each parent colour tracing to its ſource,
Diſtinct they live, obedient to thy force!
Nought from thy penetration is conceal'd,
And light, himſelf, ſhines to thy ſoul reveal'd.

So when the ſacred writings you diſplay,
And on the mental eye ſhed purer day;
In radiant colours truth array'd we ſee,
Confeſs her charms, and guided up by thee;
Soaring ſublime, on contemplation's wings,
The fountain ſeek, whence truth eternal ſprings.
Fain would I wake the conſecrated lyre,
And ſing the ſentiments thou didſt inſpire!
But find my ſtrength unequal to a theme,
Which aſks a Milton's, or a Seraph's flame!
If, thro' weak words, one ray of reaſon ſhine,
Thine was the thought, the errors only mine.
Yet may theſe numbers to thy ſoul impart
The humble incenſe of a grateful heart.
Trifles, with God himſelf, acceptance find,
If offer'd with ſincerity of mind;
Then, like the Deity, indulgence ſhew,
Thou, moſt like him, of all his works below.

Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN.

THIS eminent poet was born in Dublin, on the year of the Reſtoration of Charles the IId. and received his early education at the univerſity there. In the 18th year of his age, he quitted Ireland, and as his intention was to purſue a lucrative profeſſion, he entered himſelf in the Middle-Temple. But the natural vivacity of his mind overcoming conſiderations of advantage, he quitted that ſtate of life, and entered into the more agreeable ſervice of the Muſes *.

The firſt dramatic performance of Mr. Southern, his Perſian Prince, or Loyal Brother, was acted in the year 1682. The ſtory is taken from Thamas Prince of Perſia, a Novel; and the ſcene is laid in Iſpahan in Perſia. This play was introduced at a time when the Tory intereſt was triumphant in England, and the character of the Loyal Brother was no doubt intended to compliment James Duke of York, who afterwards rewarded the poet for his ſervice. To this Tragedy Mr. Dryden wrote the Prologue and Epilogue, which furniſhed Mr. Southern with an opportunity of ſaying in his dedication, 'That the Laureat's own pen ſecured me, 'maintaining the out-works, while I lay ſafe en-'trenched within his lines; and malice, ill-nature, 'and cenſure were forced to grin at a diſtance.'

The Prologue is a continued invective againſt the Whigs, and whether conſidered as a party libel, or an induction to a new play, is in every reſpect unworthy of the great hand that wrote it. His next

* Jacob.

play

play was a Comedy, called the Diſappointment, or the Mother in Faſhion, performed in the year 1684. ——After the acceſſion of king James the IId to the throne, when the duke of Monmouth made an unfortunate attempt upon his uncle's crown, Mr. Southern went into the army, in the regiment of foot raiſed by the lord Ferrers, afterwards commanded by the duke of Berwick; and he had three commiſſions, viz. enſign, lieutenant, and captain, under King James, in that regiment.

During the reign of this prince, in the year before the Revolution, he wrote a Tragedy called the Spartan Dame, which however was not acted till the year 1721. The ſubject is taken from the Life of Agis in Plutarch, where the character of Chelonis, between the duties of a wife and daughter was thought to have a near reſemblance to that of King William's Queen Mary. 'I began this play, ſays 'Mr. Southern, a year before the Revolution, and 'near four acts written without any view. Many 'things interfering with thoſe times, I laid by what 'I had written for ſeventeen years: I ſhewed it 'then to the late duke of Devonſhire, who was in 'every regard a judge; he told me he ſaw no rea-'ſon why it might not have been acted the year of 'the Revolution: I then finiſhed it, and as I thought 'cut out the exceptionable parts, but could not get 'it acted, not being able to perſuade myſelf to the 'cutting off thoſe limbs, which I thought eſſential 'to the ſtrength and life of it. But ſince I found 'it muſt pine in obſcurity without it, I conſented 'to the operation, and after the amputation of every 'line, very near to the number of 400, it ſtands on 'its own legs ſtill, and by the favour of the town, 'and indulging aſſiſtance of friends, has come ſuc-'ceſsfully forward on the ſtage.'. This play was inimitably acted. Mr. Booth, Mr. Wilks, Mr. Cibber, Mr. Mills, ſen. Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Porter, all performed in it, in their heighth of reputation, and the full vigour of their powers.

Mr.

Mr. Southern acknowledges in his preface to this play, that the laſt ſcene of the third Act, was almoſt all written by the honourable John Stafford, father to the earl of Stafford. Mr. Southern has likewiſe acknowledged, that he received from the bookſeller, as a price for this play, 150 l. which at that time was very extraordinary. He was the firſt who raiſed the advantage of play writing to a ſecond and third night, which Mr. Pope mentions in the following manner,

——Southern born to raiſe,
The price of Prologues and of Plays.

The reputation which Mr. Dryden gained by the many Prologues he wrote, induced the players to be ſollicitous to have one of his to ſpeak, which were generally well received by the public. Mr. Dryden's price for a Prologue had uſually been five guineas, with which ſum Mr. Southern preſented him when he received from him a Prologue for one of his plays. Mr. Dryden returned the money, and ſaid to him; 'Young man this is too little, I muſt 'have ten guineas.' Mr. Southern on this obſerv'd, that his uſual price was five guineas. 'Yes anſwered Dryden, it has been ſo, but the players 'have hitherto had my labours too cheap; for the 'future I muſt have ten guineas*.

Mr. Southern was induſtrious to draw all imaginable profits from his poetical labours. Mr. Dryden once took occaſion to aſk him how much he got by one of his plays; to which he anſwered, that he was really aſhamed to inform him. But Mr. Dryden being a little importunate to know, he plainly told him, that by his laſt play he cleared ſeven hundred pounds; which appeared aſtoniſhing to Mr. Dryden,

* From the information of a gentleman perſonally acquainted with Mr. Southern, who deſires to have his name conceal'd.

as he himſelf had never been able to acquire more than one hundred by any of his moſt ſucceſsful pieces. The ſecret is, Mr. Southern was not beneath the drudgery of ſollicitation, and often ſold his tickets at a very high price, by making applications to perſons of diſtinction: a degree of ſervility which perhaps Mr. Dryden thought was much beneath the dignity of a poet; and too much in the character of an under-player..

That Mr. Dryden entertained a very high opinion of our author's abilities, appears from his many expreſſions of kindneſs towards him. He has prefixed a copy of verſes to a Comedy of his, called the Wife's Excuſe, acted in the year 1692, with very indifferent ſucceſs: Of this Comedy, Mr. Dryden had ſo high an opinion, that he bequeathed to our poet, the care of writing half the laſt act of his Tragedy of Cleomenes, 'Which, ſays Mr. Southern, when it comes into the world will appear to be ſo conſiderable a truſt, that all the town will pardon me for defending this play, that preferred me to it.'

Our author continued from time to time to entertain the public with his dramatic pieces, the greateſt part of which met with the ſucceſs they deſerved. The night on which his Innocent Adultery was firſt acted, which is perhaps the moſt moving play in any language; a gentleman took occaſion to aſk Mr. Dryden, what was his opinion of Southern's genius? to which that great poet replied, 'That he thought him ſuch another poet as Otway.' When this reply was communicated to Mr. Southern, he conſidered it as a very great compliment, having no ambition to be thought a more conſiderable poet than Otway was.

Of our author's Comedies, none are in poſſeſſion of the ſtage, nor perhaps deſerve to be ſo; for in that province he is leſs excellent than in Tragedy. The preſent Laureat, who is perhaps one

one of the beſt judges of Comedy now living, being aſked his opinion by a gentleman, of Southern's comic dialogue, anſwered, That it might be denominated Whip-Syllabub, that is, flaſhy and light, but indurable; and as it is without the Sal Atticum of wit, can never much delight the intelligent part of the audience.

The moſt finiſhed, and the moſt pathetic of Mr. Southern's plays, in the opinion of the critics, is his Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave. This drama is built upon a true ſtory, related by Mrs. Behn, in a Novel; and has ſo much the greater influence on the audience, as they are ſenſible that the repreſentation is no fiction. In this piece, Mr. Southern has touched the tender paſſions with ſo much ſkill, that it will perhaps be injurious to his memory to ſay of him, that he is ſecond to Otway. Beſides the tender and delicate ſtrokes of paſſion, there are many ſhining and manly ſentiments in Oroonoko; and one of the greateſt genius's of the preſent age, has often obſerved, that in the moſt celebrated play of Shakeſpear, ſo many ſtriking thoughts, and ſuch a glow of animated poetry cannot be furniſhed. This play is ſo often acted, and admired, that any illuſtration of its beauties here, would be entirely ſuperfluous. His play of The Fatal Marriage, or The Innocent Adultery, met with deſerved ſucceſs; the affecting incidents, and intereſting tale in the tragic part, ſufficiently compenſate for the low, trifling, comic part; and when the character of Iſabella is acted, as we have ſeen it, by Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Woffington, the ladies ſeldom fail to ſympathiſe in grief.

Mr. Southern died on the 26th of May, in the year 1746, in the 86th year of his age; the latter part of which he ſpent in a peaceful ſerenity, having by his commiſſion as a ſoldier, and the profits of his dramatic works, acquired a handſome fortune; and being an exact œconomiſt, he improved what fortune

fortune he gained, to the beſt advantage: He enjoyed the longeſt life of all our poets, and died the richeſt of them, a very few excepted.

A gentleman whoſe authority we have already quoted, had likewiſe informed us, that Mr. Southern lived for the laſt ten years of his life in Weſtminſter, and attended very conſtant at divine ſervice in the Abbey, being particularly fond of church muſic. He never ſtaid within doors while in health, two days together, having ſuch a circle of acquaintance of the beſt rank, that he conſtantly dined with one or other, by a kind of rotation.

The Revd. Mr. JAMES MILLER.

THIS gentleman was born in the year 1703. He was the ſon of a clergyman, who poſſeſſed two conſiderable livings in Dorſetſhire *. He received his education at Wadham-College in Oxford, and while he was reſident in that univerſity he compoſed part of his famous Comedy called the Humours of Oxford, acted in the year 1729, by the particular recommendation of Mrs. Oldfield.

This piece, as it was a lively repreſentation of the follies and vices of the ſtudents of that place, procured the author many enemies.

Mr. Miller was deſigned by his relations to be bred to buſineſs, which he declined, not being able to endure the ſervile drudgery it demanded. He no ſooner quitted the univerſity than he entered into holy orders, and was immediately preferred to be lecturer in Trinity-College in Conduit-Street, and preacher of Roehampton-Chapel. Theſe livings were too inconſiderable to afford a genteel ſubſiſtence, and therefore it may be ſuppoſed he had recourſe to dramatic writing to encreaſe his finances. This kind of compoſition, however, being reckoned by ſome very foreign to his profeſſion, if not inconſiſtent with it, was thought to have retarded his preferment in the church. Mr. Miller was likewiſe attached to the High-Church intereſt, a circumſtance in the times in which he lived, not

* The account of this gentleman is taken from the information of his widow.

very

very favourable to preferment. He was ſo honeſt however in theſe principles, that upon a large offer being made him by the agents for the miniſtry in the time of a general oppoſition, he had virtue ſufficient to withſtand the temptation, though his circumſtances at that time were far from being eaſy. Mr. Miller often confeſſed to ſome of his friends, that this was the fiery trial of his conſtancy. He had received by his wife a very genteel fortune, and a tenderneſs for her had almoſt overcome his reſolutions; but he recovered again to his former firmneſs, when upon hinting to his wife, the terms upon which preferment might be procured, ſhe rejected them with indignation; and he became aſhamed of his own wavering. This was an inſtance of honour, few of which are to be met with in the Lives of the Poets, who have been too generally of a time-ſerving temper, and too pliant to all the follies and vices of their age. But though Mr. Miller would not purchaſe preferment upon the terms of writing for the miniſtry, he was content to ſtipulate, never to write againſt them, which propoſal they rejected in their turn.

About a year before Mr. Miller's death, which happened in 1743, he was preſented by Mr. Cary of Dorſetſhire, to the profitable living of Upſun, his father had before poſſeſs'd, but which this worthy man lived not long to enjoy; nor had he ever an opportunity of making that proviſion for his family he ſo much ſollicited; and which he even diſdained to do at the expence of his honour.

Mr. Miller's dramatic works are,

I. Humours of Oxford, which we have already mentioned.

II. The

II. The Mother-in-Law, or the Doctor the Diſeaſe; a Comedy, 1733.
III. The Man of Taſte, a Comedy; acted in the year 1736, which had a run of 30 nights *.
IV. Univerſal Paſſion, a Comedy, 1736.
V. Art and Nature, a Comedy, 1737.
VI. The Coffee-Houſe, a Farce, 1737.
VII. An Hoſpital for Fools, a Farce, 1739.
VIII. The Picture, or Cuckold in Conceit.
IX. Mahomet the Impoſtor, a Tragedy; during the run of this play the author died.
X. Joſeph and his Brethren; a ſacred Drama.

Mr. Miller was author of many occaſional pieces in poetry, of which his Harlequin Horace is the moſt conſiderable. This Satire is dedicated to Mr. Rich, the preſent manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, in which with an ironical ſeverity he laſhes that gentleman, in conſequence of ſome offence Mr. Rich had given him.

Mr. Miller likewiſe publiſhed a volume of Sermons, all written with a diſtinguiſhed air of piety, and a becoming zeal for the intereſt of true religion; and was principally concerned in the tranſlation of Moliere's comedies, publiſhed by Watts.

Our author left behind him a ſon, whoſe profeſſion is that of a ſea ſurgeon. Propoſals for publiſhing his Poems have been inſerted in the Gentleman's Magazine, with a ſpecimen, which does him honour. The profits of this ſubſcription are to be appropriated to his mother, whom he chiefly ſupported, an amiable inſtance of filial piety.

* Theſe two pieces were brought on the ſtage, without the author's name being known; which, probably, not a little contributed to their ſucceſs; the care of the rehearſals being left to Mr. Theo. Cibber, who played the characters of the Man of Taſte, and Squire Headpiece.

Mr.

Mr. NICHOLAS AMHURST.

THIS gentleman, well known to the world, by the ſhare he had in the celebrated anti-court paper called The Craftſman, was born in Marden in Kent, but in what year we cannot be certain. Mr. Amhurſt's grandfather was a clergyman, under whoſe protection and care he received his education at Merchant-Taylors ſchool. Having received there the rudiments of learning, he was removed to St. John's College, Oxford, from which, on account of the libertiniſm of his principles, and ſome offence he gave to the head of that college, it appears, he was ejected. We can give no other account of this affair, than what is drawn from Mr. Amhurſt's dedication of his poems to Dr. Delaune, Preſident of St. John's College in Oxford. This dedication abounds with mirth and pleaſantry, in which he rallies the Dr. with very pungent irony, and hints at the cauſes of his diſgrace in that famous college. In page 10, of his dedication, he ſays,

'You'll pardon me, good ſir, if I think it ne-
'ceſſary for your honour to mention the many
'heinous crimes for which I was brought to
'ſhame. None were indeed publicly alledged a-
'gainſt me at that time, becauſe it might as well
'be done afterwards; ſure old Engliſhmen can
'never forget that there is ſuch a thing as hang-
'ing a man for it, and trying him afterwards:
'ſo fared it with me; my proſecutors firſt proved
'me,

'me, by an undeniable argument, to be no fellow 'of St. John's College, and then to be———the 'Lord knows what.

'My indictment may be collected out of the 'faithful annals of common fame, which run thus,

'Advices from Oxford say, that on the 29th of 'June, 1719, one Nicholas Amhurst of St. John's 'College was expelled for the following reasons;

'Imprimis, For loving foreign turnips and Pres-'byterian bishops.

'Item, For ingratitude to his benefactor, that 'spotless martyr, Sir William Laud.

'Item, For believing that steeples and organs 'are not necessary to salvation.

'Item, For preaching without orders, and pray-'ing without a commission.

'Item, For lampooning priestcraft and petti-'coatcraft.

'Item, For not lampooning the government and 'the revolution.

'Item, For prying into secret history.

'My natural modesty will not permit me, like 'other apologists, to vindicate myself in any one 'particular, the whole charge is so artfully drawn 'up, that no reasonable person would ever think 'the better of me, should I justify myself 'till 'doomsday.' Towards the close of the dedication, he takes occasion to complain of some severities used against him, at the time of his being excluded the college. 'But I must complain of one 'thing, whether reasonable or not, let the world 'judge. When I was voted out of your college, 'and the nusance was thereby removed, I thought 'the resentments of the holy ones would have pro-'ceeded no further; I am sure the cause of vir-'tue and sound religion I was thought to offend, 'required no more; nor could it be of any possible 'advantage to the church, to descend to my private 'affairs, and stir up my creditors in the univer-

sity

'sity to take hold of me at a disadvantage, be-
'fore I could get any money returned; but there
'are some persons in the world, who think nothing
'unjust or inhuman in the prosecution of their im-
'placable revenge.'

It is probable, that upon this misfortune happening to our author, he repaired to the capital, there to retrieve his ruined affairs. We find him engaged deeply in the Craftsman, when that paper was in its meridian, and when it was more read and attended to than any political paper ever published in England, on account of the assistance given to it by some of the most illustrious and important characters of the nation. It is said, that ten thousand of that paper have been sold in one day.

The Miscellanies of Mr. Amhurst, the greatest part of which were written at the university, consist chiefly of poems sacred and profane, original, paraphrased, imitated, and translated; tales, epigrams, epistles, love-verses, elegies, and satires. The Miscellany begins with a beautiful paraphrase on the Mosaic Account of the Creation; and ends with a very humorous tale upon the discovery of that useful utensil, A Bottle-Screw.

Mr. Amhurst died of a fever at Twickenham, April 27, 1742. Our poet had a great enmity to the exorbitant demands, and domineering spirit of the High-Church clergy, which he discovers by a poem of his, called, The convocation, in five cantos; a kind of satire against all the writers, who shewed themselves enemies of the bishop of Bangor. He translated The Resurrection, and some other of Mr. Addison's Latin pieces.

He wrote an epistle (with a petition in it) to Sir John Blount, Bart. one of the directors of the South-Sea Company, 1720.

Oculus Britanniæ, an Heroi-panegyrical Poem, on the University of Oxford, 8vo. 1724.

In a poem of Mr. Amhurſt's, called, An Epiſtle from the Princeſs Sobieſky to the Chevalier de St. George, he has the following nervous lines, ſtrongly expreſſive of the paſſion of love.

Relentleſs walls and bolts obſtruct my way,
And guards as careleſs, and as deaf as they;
Or to my James thro' whirlwinds I would go,
Thro' burning deſarts, and o'er alps of ſnow,
Paſs ſpacious roaring oceans undiſmay'd,
And think the mighty dangers well repaid.

Mr. GEORGE LILLO,

WAS by profeſſion a jeweller. He was born in London, on the 4th of Feb. 1693. He lived, as we are informed, near Moorgate, in the ſame neighbourhood where he received his birth, and where he was always eſteemed as a perſon of unblemiſhed character. 'Tis ſaid, he was educated in the principles of the diſſenters: be that as it will, his morals brought no diſgrace on any ſect or party. Indeed his principal attachment was to the muſes.

His firſt piece, brought on the ſtage, was a Ballad Opera, called Sylvia; or, The Country Burial; performed at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, but with no extraordinary ſucceſs, in the year 1730. The year following he brought his play, called The London Merchant; or, The True Story of George Barnwell, to Mr. Cibber junior, (then manager of the ſummer company, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane) who originally played the part of Barnwell.—The author was not

not then known. As this was almoſt a new ſpecies of tragedy, wrote on a very uncommon ſubject, he rather choſe it ſhould take its fate in the ſummer, than run the more hazardous fate of encountering the winter criticks. The old ballad of George Barnwell (on which the ſtory was founded) was on this occaſion reprinted, and many thouſands ſold in one day. Many gaily-diſpoſed ſpirits brought the ballad with them to the play, intending to make their pleaſant remarks (as ſome afterwards owned) and ludicrous compariſons between the antient ditty and the modern drama. But the play was very carefully got up, and univerſally allowed to be well performed. The piece was thought to be well conducted, and the ſubject well managed, and the diction proper and natural; never low, and very rarely ſwelling above the characters that ſpoke. Mr. Pope, among other perſons, diſtinguiſhed by their rank, or particular publick merit, had the curioſity to attend the performance, and commended the actors, and the author; and remarked, if the latter had erred through the whole play, it was only in a few places, where he had unawares led himſelf into a poetical luxuriancy, affecting to be too elevated for the ſimplicity of the ſubject. But the play, in general, ſpoke ſo much to the heart, that the gay perſons before mentioned confeſſed, they were drawn in to drop their ballads, and pull out their handkerchiefs. It met with uncommon ſucceſs; for it was acted above twenty times in the ſummer ſeaſon to great audiences; was frequently beſpoke by ſome eminent merchants and citizens, who much approved its moral tendency: and, in the winter following, was acted often to crowded houſes: And all the royal family, at ſeveral different times, honoured it with their appearance. It gained reputation, and brought money to the poet, the managers, and the performers. Mr. Cibber, jun. not only gave the author his uſual

profits of his third days, &c. but procured him a benefit-night in the winter ſeaſon, which turned out greatly to his advantage; ſo that he had four benefit-nights in all for that piece; by the profits whereof, and his copy-money, he gained ſeveral hundred pounds. It continued a ſtock-play in Drury-Lane Theatre till Mr. Cibber left that houſe, and went to the Theatre in Covent-Garden. It was often acted in the Chriſtmas and Eaſter holidays, and judged a proper entertainment for the apprentices, &c. as being a more inſtructive, moral, and cautionary drama, than many pieces that had been uſually exhibited on thoſe days, with little but farce and ribaldry to recommend them.

A few years after, he brought out his play of The Chriſtian Hero at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

And another Tragedy called Elmerick.

His tragedy of three acts, called Fatal Curioſity, founded on an old Engliſh ſtory, was acted with ſucceſs at the Hay-Market, in 1737.

He wrote another tragedy, never yet acted, called Arden of Feverſham.

He was a man of ſtrict morals, great good-nature, and ſound ſenſe, with an uncommon ſhare of modeſty.

He died Sept. 3. 1739. and was buried in the vault of Shoreditch church.

Mr. CHARLES JOHNSON.

MR. Charles Johnſon was deſigned for the law; but being an admirer of the muſes, turned his thoughts to dramatic writing; and luckily being an intimate of Mr. Wilks, by the aſſiſtance of his friendſhip, Mr. Johnſon had ſeveral plays acted,

ſome

ſome of which met with ſucceſs. He was a conſtant attendant at Will's and Button's coffee-houſes, which were the reſort of moſt of the men of taſte and literature, during the reigns of queen Anne and king George the firſt. Among theſe he contracted intimacy enough to intitle him to their patronage, *&c.* on his benefit-nights; by which means he lived (with œconomy) genteelly. At laſt he married a young widow, with a tolerable fortune, and ſet up a tavern in Bow-ſtreet, which he quitted on his wife's dying, and lived privately on the ſmall remainder of his fortune.

He died about the year 1744. His parts were not very brilliant; but his behaviour was generally thought inoffenſive; yet he eſcaped not the ſatire of Mr. Pope, who has been pleaſed to immortalize him in his Dunciad.

His dramatic pieces are,

1. The Gentleman Cully, a Comedy; acted at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, 1702.

2. Fortune in her Wits, a Comedy; 1705. It is a very indifferent tranſlation of Mr. Cowley's Naufragium Joculare.

3. The Force of Friendſhip, a Tragedy, 1710.

4. Love in a Cheſt, a Farce, 1710.

5. The Wife's Relief; or, the Huſband's Cure; a Comedy. It is chiefly borrowed from Shirley's Gameſter, 1711.

6. The Succeſsful Pirate, a Tragi-Comedy, 1712.

7. The Generous Huſband; or, the Coffee-houſe Politician; a Comedy, 1713.

8. The Country Laſſes; or, the Cuſtom of the Manor; a Comedy, 1714.

9. Love and Liberty; a Tragedy, 1715.

10. The Victim; a Tragedy, 1715.

11. The Sultaneſs; a Tragedy, 1717.

12. The Cobler of Preſton; a Farce of two Acts, 1717.

13. Love in a Foreſt; a Comedy, 1721. Taken from Shakeſpear's Comedy, As you like it.

14. The Maſquerade; a Comedy, 1723.

15. The Village Opera, 1728.

16. The Epheſian Matron; a Farce of one Act, 1730.

17. Celia; or, the Perjured Lovers; a Tragedy, 1732.

PHILIP FROWDE, Eſq;

THIS elegant poet was the ſon of a gentleman who had been poſt-maſter-general in the reign of queen Anne. Where our author received his earlieſt inſtructions in literature we cannot aſcertain; but, at a proper time of life, he was ſent to the univerſity of Oxford, where he had the honour of being particularly diſtinguiſhed by Mr. Addiſon, who took him under his immediate protection. While he remained at that univerſity, he became author of ſeveral poetical performances; ſome of which, in Latin, were ſufficiently elegant and pure, to intitle them to a place in the Muſæ Anglicanæ, publiſhed by Mr. Addiſon; an honour ſo much the more diſtinguiſhed, as the purity of the Latin poems contained in that collection, furniſhed the firſt hint to Boileau of the greatneſs of the Britiſh genius. That celebrated critick of France entertained a mean opinion of the Engliſh poets, till he occaſionally read the Muſæ Anglicanæ; and then he was perſuaded that they who could write with ſo much elegance in a dead language, muſt greatly excel in that which was native to them.

Mr. Frowde has likewiſe obliged the publick with two tragedies; the Fall of Saguntum, dedicated to ſir Robert Walpole; and Philotas, addreſſed

dressed to the earl of Chesterfield. The first of these performances, so far as we are able to judge, has higher merit than the last. The story is more important, being the destruction of a powerful city, than the fall of a single hero; the incidents rising out of this great event are likewise of a very interesting nature, and the scenes in many places are not without passion, though justly subject to a very general criticism, that they are written with too little. Mr. Frowde has been industrious in this play to conclude his acts with similes, which however exceptionable for being too long and tedious for the situations of the characters who utter them, yet are generally just and beautiful. At the end of the first act he has the following simile upon sedition:

Sedition, thou art up; and, in the ferment,
To what may not the madding populace,
Gathered together for they scarce know what,
Now loud proclaiming their late, whisper'd grief,
Be wrought at length? Perhaps to yield the city.
Thus where the Alps their airy ridge extend,
Gently at first the melting snows descend;
From the broad slopes, with murm'ring lapse they glide
In soft meanders, down the mountain's side;
But lower fall'n streams, with each other crost,
From rock to rock impetuously are tost,
'Till in the Rhone's capacious bed they're lost.
United there, roll rapidly away,
And roaring, reach, o'er rugged rocks, the sea.

In the third act, the poet, by the mouth of a Roman hero, gives the following concise definition of true courage.

True courage is not, where fermenting spirits
Mount in a troubled and unruly stream;
The soul's its proper seat; and reason there
Presiding, guides its cool or warmer motions.

The repreſentation of beſiegers driven back by the impetuoſity of the inhabitants, after they had entered a gate of the city, is ſtrongly pictured by the following ſimile.

Imagine to thyſelf a ſwarm of bees
Driv'n to their hive by ſome impending ſtorm,
Which, at its little peſt, in cluſtering heaps,
And climbing o'er each other's backs they enter.
Such was the people's flight, and ſuch their haſte
To gain the gate.

We have obſerved, that Mr. Frowde's other tragedy, called Philotas, was addreſſed to the earl of Cheſterfield; and in the dedication he takes care to inform his lordſhip, that it had obtained his private approbation, before it appeared on the ſtage. At the time of its being acted, lord Cheſterfield was then embaſſador to the ſtates-general, and conſequently he was deprived of his patron's countenance during the repreſentation. As to the fate of this play, he informs his lordſhip, it was very particular: "And I hope (ſays he) it will not be im-"puted as vanity to me, when I explain my mean-"ing in an expreſſion of Juvenal, Laudatur & al-"get." But from what cauſe this misfortune attended it, we cannot take upon us to ſay.

Mr. Frowde died at his lodgings in Cecil-ſtreet in the Strand, on the 19th of Dec. 1738. In the London Daily Poſt 22d December, the following amiable character is given of our poet:

"But though the elegance of Mr. Frowde's "writings has recommended him to the general "publick eſteem, the politeneſs of his genius is "the leaſt amiable part of his character; for he "eſteemed the talents of wit and learning, only "as they were, conducive to the excitement and "practice of honour and humanity. Therefore, with

" with a ſoul chearful, benevolent, and virtuous,
" he was in converſation genteelly delightful; in
" friendſhip punctually ſincere; in death chriſtianly
" reſigned. No man could live more beloved; no
" private man could die more lamented."

Mrs. MARY CHANDLER,

WAS born at Malmſbury in Wiltſhire, in the year 1687, of worthy and reputable parents; her father, Mr. Henry Chandler, being miniſter, many years, of the congregation of proteſtant diſſenters in Bath, whoſe integrity, candour, and catholick ſpirit, gained him the eſteem and friendſhip of all ranks and parties. She was his eldeſt daughter, and trained up carefully in the principles of religion and virtue. But as the circumſtances of the family rendered it neceſſary that ſhe ſhould be brought up to buſineſs, ſhe was very early employed in it, and incapable of receiving that polite and learned education which ſhe often regretted the loſs of, and which ſhe afterwards endeavoured to repair by diligently reading, and carefully ſtudying the beſt modern writers, and as many as ſhe could of the antient ones, eſpecially the poets, as far as the beſt tranſlations could aſſiſt her.

Amongſt theſe, Horace was her favourite; and how juſt her ſentiments were of that elegant writer, will fully appear from her own words, in a letter to an intimate friend, relating to him, in which ſhe thus expreſſes herſelf: " I have been reading
" Horace this month paſt, in the beſt tranſlation I
" could procure of him. O could I read his fine
" ſentiments cloathed in his own dreſs, what would
" I, what would I not give! He is more my fa-

" vourite than Virgil or Homer. I like his sub-
" jects, his easy manner. It is nature within my
" view. He doth not lose me in fable, or in the
" clouds amidst gods and goddesses, who, more
" brutish than myself, demand my homage, nor
" hurry me into the noise and confusion of battles,
" nor carry me into inchanted circles, to conjure
" with witches in an unknown land, but places me
" with persons like myself, and in countries where
" every object is familiar to me. In short, his pre-
" cepts are plain, and morals intelligible, though
" not always so perfect as one could have wished
" them. But as to this, I consider when and where
" he lived."

The hurries of life into which her circumstances at Bath threw her, sat frequently extremely heavy upon a mind so intirely devoted to books and contemplation as hers was; and as that city, especially in the seasons, but too often furnished her with characters in her own sex that were extremely displeasing to her, she often, in the most passionate manner, lamented her fate, that tied her down to so disagreeable a situation; for she was of so extremely delicate and generous a soul, that the imprudences and faults of others gave her a very sensible pain, though she had no other connexion with, or interest in them, but what arose from the common ties of human nature. This made her occasional retirements from that place to the country-seats of some of her peculiarly intimate and honoured friends, doubly delightful to her, as she there enjoyed the solitude she loved, and could converse, without interruption, with those objects of nature, that never failed to inspire her with the most exquisite satisfaction. One of her friends, whom she highly honoured and loved, and of whose hospitable house, and pleasant gardens, she was allowed the freest use, was the late excellent Mrs. Stephens, of Sodbury in Gloucestershire, whose seat she celebrated

brated in a poem inſcribed to her, inſerted in the collection ſhe publiſhed. A lady, that was worthy of the higheſt commendation her muſe could beſtow upon her. The fine uſe ſhe made of ſolitude, the few following lines ſhe wrote on it, will be an honourable teſtimony to her.

Sweet ſolitude, the Muſes dear delight,
Serene thy day, and peaceful is thy night!
Thou nurſe of innocence, fair virtue's friend,
Silent, tho' rapturous, pleaſures thee attend.
Earth's verdant ſcenes, the all-ſurrounding ſkies
Employ my wondring thoughts, and feaſt my eyes.
Nature in ev'ry object points the road,
Whence contemplation wings my ſoul to God.
He's all in all. His wiſdom, goodneſs, pow'r,
Spring in each blade, and bloom in ev'ry flow'r,
Smile o'er the meads, and bend in ev'ry hill,
Glide in the ſtream, and murmur in the rill.
All nature moves obedient to his will.
Heav'n ſhakes, earth trembles, and the foreſts nod,
When awful thunders ſpeak the voice of God.

However, notwithſtanding her love of retirement, and the happy improvement ſhe knew how to make of it; yet her firm belief that her ſtation was the appointment of providence, and her earneſt deſire of being uſeful to her relations, whom ſhe regarded with the warmeſt affection, brought her to ſubmit to the fatigues of her buſineſs, to which, during thirty-five years, ſhe applied herſelf with the utmoſt diligence and care.

Amidſt ſuch perpetual avocations, and conſtant attention to buſineſs, her improvements in knowledge, and her extenſive acquaintance with the beſt writers, are truly ſurpriſing. But ſhe well knew the worth of time, and eagerly laid hold of all her leiſure hours, not to laviſh them away in faſhionable unmeaning amuſements, but in the purſuit

of

of what ſhe valued infinitely more, thoſe ſubſtantial acquiſitions of true wiſdom and goodneſs, which ſhe knew were the nobleſt ornaments of the reaſonable mind, and the only ſources of real and permanent happineſs: and ſhe was the more deſirous of this kind of accompliſhments, as ſhe had nothing in her ſhape to recommend her, being grown, by an accident in her childhood, very irregular in her body, which ſhe had reſolution enough often to make the ſubject of her own pleaſantry, drawing this wiſe inference from it, "That as her perſon "would not recommend her, ſhe muſt endeavour "to cultivate her mind, to make herſelf agree-"able."

And indeed this ſhe did with the greateſt care; and ſhe had ſo many excellent qualities in her, that though her firſt appearance could never create any prejudice in her favour, yet it was impoſſible to know her without valuing and eſteeming her.

Wherever ſhe profeſſed friendſhip, it was ſincere and cordial to the objects of it; and though ſhe admired whatever was excellent in them, and gave it the commendations it deſerved, yet ſhe was not blind to their faults, eſpecially if ſuch as ſhe apprehended to be inconſiſtent with the character of integrity and virtue. As ſhe thought one of the nobleſt advantages of real friendſhip, was the rendering it ſerviceable mutually to correct, poliſh, and perfect the characters of thoſe who profeſſed it, and as ſhe was not diſpleaſed to be kindly admoniſhed herſelf for what her friends thought any little diſadvantage to her character, ſo ſhe took the ſame liberty with others; but uſed that liberty with ſuch a remarkable propriety, tenderneſs, and politeneſs, as made thoſe more ſincerely eſteem her, with whom ſhe uſed the greateſt freedom, and has loſt her no intimacy but with one perſon, with whom, for particular reaſons, ſhe thought herſelf obliged to break off all correſpondence.

Nor

Nor could one, who had ſo perfect a veneration and love for religion and virtue, fail to make her own advantage of the admonitions and reproofs ſhe gave to others: and ſhe often expreſſed a very great pleaſure, that the care ſhe had of thoſe young perſons, that were frequently committed to her friendſhip, put her upon her guard, as to her own temper and conduct, and on a review of her own actions, leſt ſhe ſhould any way give them a wrong example, or omit any thing that was really for their good. And if ſhe at any time reflected, that her behaviour to others had been wrong, ſhe, with the greateſt eaſe and frankneſs, aſked the pardon of thoſe ſhe had offended; as not daring to leave to their wrong conſtruction any action of hers, leſt they ſhould imagine that ſhe indulged to thoſe faults for which ſhe took the liberty of reproving them. Agreeable to this happy diſpoſition of mind, ſhe gave, in an off-hand manner, the following advice to an intimate friend, who had ſeveral children, whom ſhe deſervedly honoured, and whom ſhe could not eſteem and love beyond his real merits.

To virtue ſtrict, to merit kind,
With temper calm, to trifles blind,
Win them to mend the faults they ſee,
And copy prudent rules from thee.
Point to examples in their ſight,
T' avoid, and ſcorn, and to delight.
Then love of excellence inſpire,
By hope their emulation fire,
You'll gain in time your own deſire.

She uſed frequently to complain of herſelf, as naturally eager, anxious, and peeviſh. But, by a conſtant cultivation of that benevolent diſpoſition, that was never inwrought in any heart in a ſtronger and more prevailing manner than in hers, ſhe, in a good meaſure, diſpoſſeſt herſelf of thoſe inward ſources of

of uneaſineſs, and was pleaſed with the victory ſhe had gained over herſelf, and continually ſtriving to render it more abſolute and complete.

Her religion was rational and prevalent. She had, in the former part of her life, great doubts about chriſtianity, during which ſtate of uncertainty, ſhe was one of the moſt uneaſy and unhappy perſons living. But her own good ſenſe, her inviolable attachment to religion and virtue, her impartial inquiries, her converſe with her believing friends, her ſtudy of the beſt writers in defence of chriſtianity, and the obſervations ſhe made on the temper and conduct, the fall and ruin of ſome that had diſcarded their principles, and the irregularities of others, who never attended to them, fully at laſt releaſed her from all her doubts, and made her a firm and eſtabliſhed chriſtian. The immediate conſequence of this was, the return of her peace, the poſſeſſion of herſelf, the enjoyment of her friends, and an intire freedom from the terror of any thing that could befall her in the future part of her exiſtence. Thus ſhe lived a pleaſure to all who knew her, and being, at length, reſolved to diſengage herſelf from the hurries of life, and wrap herſelf up in that retirement ſhe was ſo fond of, after having gained what ſhe thought a ſufficient competency for one of her moderate deſires, and in that ſtation that was allotted her, and ſettled her affairs to her own mind, ſhe finally quitted the world, and in a manner agreeable to her own wiſhes, without being ſuffered to lie long in weakneſs and pain, a burthen to herſelf, or thoſe who attended her: dying after about two days illneſs, in the 58th year of her age, Sept. 11, 1745.

She thought the diſadvantages of her ſhape were ſuch, as gave her no reaſonable proſpect of being happy in a married ſtate, and therefore choſe to continue ſingle. She had, however, an honourable offer from a country gentleman of worth and large for-

fortune, who, attracted merely by the goodneſs of her character, took a journey of an hundred miles to viſit her at Bath, where he made his addreſſes to her. But ſhe convinced him that ſuch a match could neither be for his happineſs, or her own. She had, however, ſomething extremely agreeable and pleaſing in her face, and no one could enter into any intimacy of converſation with her, but he immediately loſt every diſguſt towards her, that the firſt appearance of her perſon tended to excite in him.

She had the misfortune of a very valetudinary conſtitution, owing, in ſome meaſure, probably to the irregularity of her form. At laſt, after many years illneſs, ſhe entered, by the late ingenious Dr. Cheney's advice, into the vegetable diet, and indeed the utmoſt extremes of it, living frequently on bread and water; in which ſhe continued ſo long, as rendered her incapable of taking any more ſubſtantial food when ſhe afterwards needed it; for want of which ſhe was ſo weak as not to be able to ſupport the attack of her laſt diſorder, and which, I doubt not, haſtened on her death. But it muſt be added, in juſtice to her character, that the ill ſtate of her health was not the only or principal reaſon that brought her to, and kept her fixed in her reſolution, of attempting, and perſevering in this mortifying diet. The conqueſt of herſelf, and ſubjecting her own heart more intirely to the command of her reaſon and principles, was the object ſhe had in eſpecial view in this change of her manner of living; as being firmly perſuaded, that the perpetual free uſe of animal food, and rich wines, tends ſo to excite and inflame the paſſions, as ſcarce to leave any hope or chance, for that conqueſt of them which ſhe thought not only religion requires, but the care of our own happineſs, renders neceſſary. And the effect of the trial, in her own caſe, was anſwer-

anſwerable to her wiſhes; and what ſhe ſays of herſelf in her own humorous epitaph,

That time and much thought had all paſſion extinguiſh'd,

was well known to be true, by thoſe who were moſt nearly acquainted with her. Thoſe admirable lines on *Temperance*, in her Bath poem, ſhe penned from a very feeling experience of what ſhe found by her own regard to it, and can never be read too often, as the ſenſe is equal to the goodneſs of the poetry.

Fatal effects of luxury and eaſe!
We drink our poiſon, and we eat diſeaſe,
Indulge our ſenſes at our reaſon's coſt,
Till ſenſe is pain, and reaſon hurt, or loſt.
Not ſo, O temperance bland! when rul'd by thee,
The brute's obedient, and the man is free.
Soft are his ſlumbers, balmy is his reſt,
His veins not boiling from the midnight feaſt.
Touch'd by Aurora's roſy hand, he wakes
Peaceful and calm, and with the world partakes
The joyful dawnings of returning day,
For which their grateful thanks the whole creation pay,
All but the human brute. 'Tis he alone,
Whoſe works of darkneſs fly the riſing ſun.
'Tis to thy rules, O temperance, that we owe
All pleaſures, which from health and ſtrength can flow,
Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reaſon, ſentiments refin'd,
Unmixt, untainted joys, without remorſe,
Th' intemperate ſinner's never-failing curſe.

She was obſerved, from her childhood, to have a fondneſs for poetry, often entertaining her companions,

panions, in a winter's evening, with riddles in verſe, and was extremely fond, at that time of life, of Herbert's poems. And this diſpoſition grew up with her, and made her apply, in her riper years, to the ſtudy of the beſt of our Engliſh poets; and before ſhe attempted any thing conſiderable, ſent many ſmall copies of verſes, on particular characters and occaſions, to her peculiar friends. Her poem on the Bath had the full approbation of the publick; and what ſets it above cenſure, had the commendation of Mr. Pope, and many others of the firſt rank, for good ſenſe and politeneſs. And indeed there are many lines in it admirably penn'd, and that the fineſt genius need not to be aſhamed of. It hath ran through ſeveral editions; and, when firſt publiſhed, procured her the perſonal acknowledgments of ſeveral of the brighteſt quality, and of many others, greatly diſtinguiſhed as the beſt judges of poetical performances.

She was meditating a nobler work, a large poem on the Being and Attributes of God, which was her favourite ſubject; and, if one may judge by the imperfect pieces of it, which ſhe left behind her in her papers, would have drawn the publick attention, had ſhe liv'd to finiſh it.

She was peculiarly happy in her acquaintance, as ſhe had good ſenſe enough to diſcern that worth in others ſhe juſtly thought was the foundation of all real friendſhip, and was ſo happy as to be honoured and loved as a friend, by thoſe whom ſhe would have wiſhed to be connected with in that ſacred character. She had the eſteem of that moſt excellent lady, who was ſuperior to all commendation, the late dutcheſs of Somerſet, then counteſs of Hertford, who hath done her the honour of ſeveral viſits, and allowed her to return them at the Mount of Marlborough. Mr. Pope favoured her with his at Bath, and complimented her for her poem on that place. Mrs. Rowe, of Froom, was one of her par-

particular friends. 'Twould be endleſs to name all the perſons of reputation and fortune whom ſhe had the pleaſure of being intimately acquainted with. She was a good woman, a kind relation, and a faithful friend. She had a real genius for poetry, was a moſt agreeable correſpondent, had a large fund of good ſenſe, was unblemiſhed in her character, lived highly eſteemed, and died greatly lamented.

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